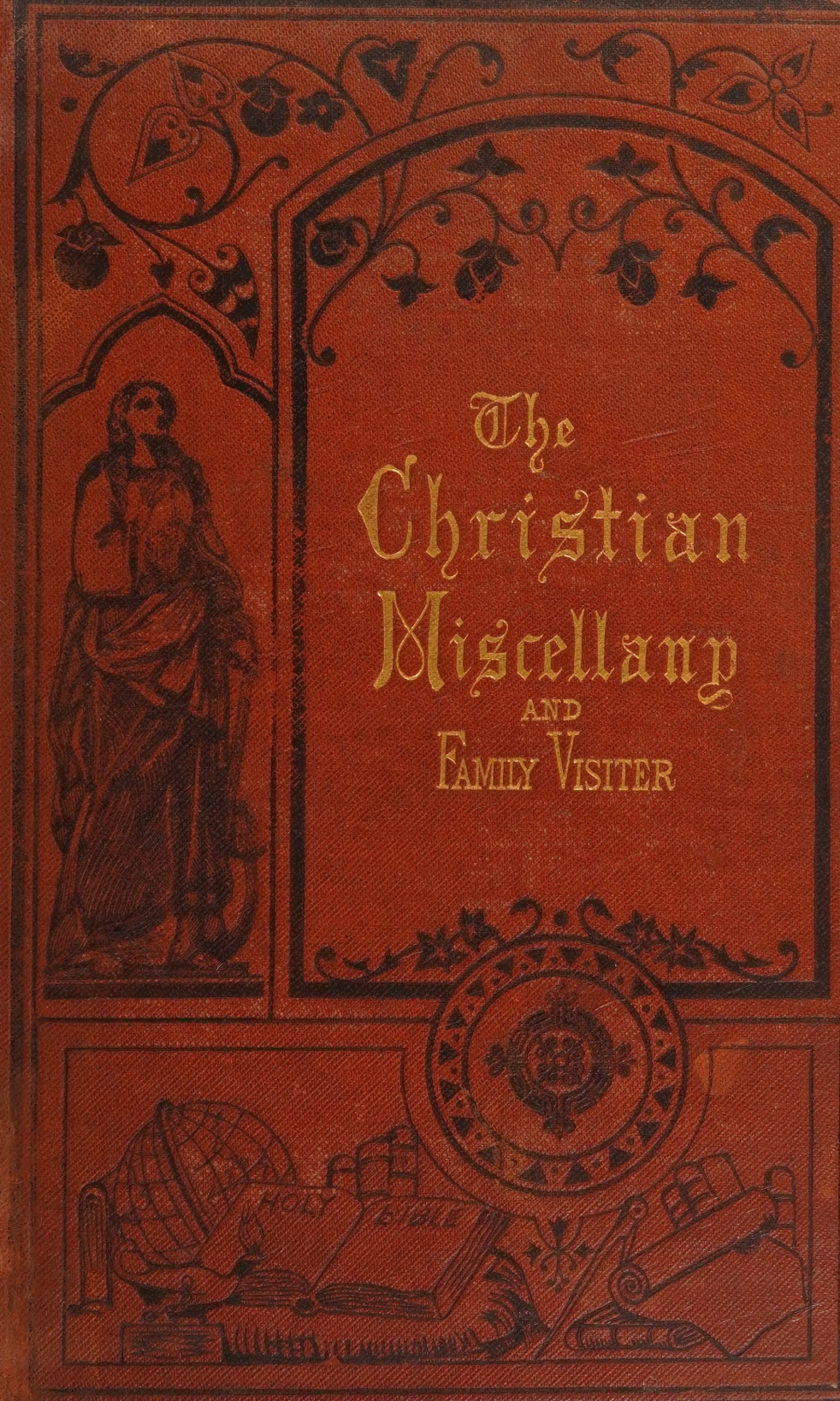
The
Christian
Miscellany
AND
Family Visiter
HOLY BIBLE

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

SECOND SERIES.—VOL. VII.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

"The natal soil to all how strangely sweet!
The place where first he breathed, who can forget?"

The engraving presented to our readers with the first Number of the "Miscellany," for the year 1861, represents one of the most impressive and deeply-interesting incidents in Wesley's long and marvellous career. He had commenced his glorious itinerancy and proclaimed the Gospel in many pulpits of the land, and to gathering crowds in the open fields and market-places of the country; and now the time had come when his native neighbourhood must hear his trumpet-voice calling sinners to repentance, and offering them salvation in the name of Christ. The last time he was on the spot where he first breathed the vital air was to commend his dying sire to the mercy of God, give security for the payment of some of his father's debts, and commit the dear old man's body to its last resting-place, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Seven years had passed away, during which time he had obtained the blessing of a new heart, published many admirable books, both in prose and verse, preached thousands of sermons, laid the foundations of a distinct Christian community, and filled the whole United Kingdom with his fame.

On Saturday, June 5th, 1742, he arrived in Epworth, and "went to an inn in the middle of the town," not knowing whether there were any left in it who would not be ashamed of his acquaintance. He had not gone, however, to pay a quiet visit to the cottage of his birth, to roam unknown over the scenes of his boyhood, or to weep at the shrine of his honoured sire. He was on the "King's business;" he had "a message from God," and he must make himself known in order to deliver it. His name had become "familiar as household words" to the dwellers of his native place. The very truths which he preached had been proclaimed there, and he found a company of disciples who gladdened his heart with the clear statements of their own inward experience of the things of God. The first to greet him was an old maid-servant of his father's, who hastened to him with two or three other poor women. The "man of one business" was instantly made manifest. There was no talk of old times; no gossip about the old people who knew him when he was a boy. He had a higher mission, and at once began to fulfil it. "Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?" was almost his first question; and the answer thrilled him with delight: "I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith." "Have you then

the peace of God? Do you know that He has forgiven your sins?" "I thank God, I know it well: and many here can say the same thing."

The next day was the Sabbath, and, as was his wont, Wesley called upon Mr. Romley, the Curate, a little before service-time, and offered to assist him, either by preaching or reading prayers. The Curate, however, was no friend to the new evangelical movement, and declined the offer. The church in the afternoon was densely crowded, a rumour having spread abroad that Wesley was to preach. Mr. Romley girded himself for the occasion, and, "in a very florid and oratorical manner," warned the vast congregation against quenching the Spirit by enthusiasm. The sermon was distasteful to most of the hearers, who had gone expecting to hear Wesley expound and enforce his own doctrine, and not to hear him and his teaching assailed. As the vast congregation streamed from the church-porch, John Taylor—of whom we know nothing more *—gave notice that "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here,"—in the churchyard,—"at six o'clock."

At the hour of six "such a congregation as Epworth never saw before" covered the places of the dead, earnestly awaiting the arrival of the faithful evangelist. Near the east end of the church, "toward the sun-rising," there is "a plain grit tomb-stone, supported by brick-work," on which is cut the following inscription:—

Here
Lyeth all that was
Mortal of SAMUEL WESLEY,
A.M. He was rector of EP-
WORTH 39 years and departed
this Life 25 of April 1735
Aged 72.
As he liv'd so he died,
in the true Catholick Faith
of the Holy Trinity in Unity,
And that JESUS CHRIST is God
incarnate: and the only
Saviour of Mankind,
Acts iv. 12.
Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord, yea
saith the Spirit that they may
rest from their Labours and
their works do follow them.
Rev. xiv. 13.†

* The American historian of Methodism says that this was "David Taylor, Lady Huntingdon's servant, who was with" Mr. Wesley. This is a manifest error, as is evident from the following passage which Wesley wrote eight days afterwards on *leaving* Epworth:—"Monday, 14th. Having a great desire to see David Taylor, whom God had made an instrument of good to many souls, I rode to Sheffield." It would be well if Dr. Stevens's interesting volumes were a little more accurate in dates and names, both of persons and places.

† Pressing and continuous engagements having prevented my visiting Epworth

Here, on this solemn spot, Wesley takes his stand, and over the ashes of his sainted father, and the former Pastor of his assembled hearers, he announces that, "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." What emotions must have stirred his heart, what thoughts and reminiscences must have swept through his mind, during that one service! Among the thousand topics which rose to his memory would not his departed sire's last words hold a prominent place? "Be steady," said the venerable man, as he laid his trembling hands upon the head of his youngest son, "Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom: you shall see it, though I shall not." Blessed words! so prophetic at the time of their utterance, and so soon to be fulfilled by the godly toils of his own gifted sons. Whatever Wesley felt on this memorable occasion, he locked up the secret in his own breast: not one word in his Journals or letters hints at any peculiar emotion. He has been accused of great want of feeling for standing over his father's remains, even to publish the Gospel; and Southey, who undertakes to rebuke the accusation, supposes him to have been influenced in his selection of a rostrum by the conviction, "that he should derive a deeper passion from the ground upon which he stood; like the Greek tragedian, who when he performed 'Electra,' brought into the theatre the urn containing the ashes of his own child!" All this may be very pretty and very classical; but to apply it to John Wesley shows a lamentable ignorance of his true character. He was neither stoic, enthusiast, nor play-actor; but a sober, earnest, and godly Minister, who never descended even to tricks of oratory, much less to tricks of the stage, under the false idea that they would give effect to the truths which he proclaimed. His father's tomb was probably the most convenient spot for commanding his congregation, "and he had not stood with a holier or more reverential feeling beside that grave" when his eyes rained down their rivers of tears upon his father's coffin than he now stands over the very spot and preaches "the kingdom of God." To his congregation the scene was, no doubt, impressive and monitory; and Wesley, with his accustomed facility of seizing hold of every circumstance calculated to render his discourses impressive, might possibly press the fact into the service of illustration; but that he deliberately selected this solemn standing-place for the sake of effect, is a flight of fancy too wonderful for our wildest imaginings to take.

Eight successive nights did he stand upon the same spot; and in few places during his whole life did he preach with more glorious results. Every day the interest became more intense; and every night augmented crowds hung upon his lips, and felt that his doctrine dropped as the rain, his speech distilled as the dew, "as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass," because he published the name of the

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before writing this paper, I have been compelled to take the inscription at second-hand. It is copied from Dr. Clarke's "Wesley Family," where the Doctor says, "I give it line for line with the original." I have no doubt, therefore, of its accuracy.

Lord. (Deut. xxxii. 2, 3.) On the *sixth* night he expounded and applied Ezekiel's vision of the resurrection of the dry bones: "and great indeed was the shaking among them; lamentation and great mourning were heard; God bowing their hearts, so that on every side, as with one accord, they lift up their voice and wept aloud." The *seventh* night was more remarkable still. He preached from one of his favourite subjects,—"the righteousness of the law, and the righteousness of faith;" and, while he was speaking, "several dropped down as dead; and among the rest, such a cry was heard, of sinners groaning for the righteousness of faith, as almost drowned" his "voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving; being assured they now had the desire of their soul,—the forgiveness of their sins."

On this memorable night, also, there was one case of religious awakening too deeply interesting to be passed over without a separate notice. Somewhere in the neighbourhood there resided a wealthy, godless man, in well-to-do circumstances, who boasted that he was "of no religion," and had not been to any service of public worship for more than thirty years. From some motive or other he swelled the crowd of Wesley's hearers; and the Preacher's earnest and pungent appeals found a way to his heart. At the close of the sermon he stood motionless as a statue. Wesley, who had observed him during the service, asked him abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner?" "Sinner enough!" was the prompt reply: "and he continued staring upwards till his wife and a servant or two, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home." Nearly ten years afterwards Wesley found this same gentleman still in the neighbourhood, "and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though exceeding weak in body." For some years "he had been rejoicing in God, without either doubt or fear; and was then waiting for the welcome hour, when he should depart and be with Christ."

The *eighth* and last night of his stay, the devoted evangelist preached on the beginning of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, to "a vast multitude gathered from all parts." He continued among them nearly three hours, from six to nine; and they then scarcely knew how to part. As he surveys the result of his week's hallowed toil, and looks upon the whitened harvest-field inviting the sickle of the reaper, he exclaims, "O, let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too; and my strength also seemed spent in vain. But now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since, now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins."

We should, however, form but a very imperfect conception of the labours of these eight days of refreshing, if we confined our attention to the evening sermon delivered from the tombstone. Epworth was made the head of a Circuit for the time being, from which Wesley sallied forth, on horseback or on foot, to many surrounding villages. Burnham,

Ouston, where the Clergyman "offered him the church, and then altered his mind;" Belton, where he stood "under a shady oak;" Overthorpe, Haxey, and Wroote, where John Whitelamb, his brother-in-law, lent him the church, which "could not contain the people, many of whom came from far,"—were all summoned to repentance by the clarion-blast of his trumpet. In addition to this, he visited the sick, and as many others as desired it, at their own homes; he held long conversations with some who had gone astray from the simple doctrine of Christ; and he carefully examined the members of Society "one by one." He had also to throw his shield over some of the poor people who were harassed and "persecuted for righteousness' sake;" his own record of which is really too choice to be omitted. "Wednesday, 9th.—I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a Justice of Peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom, I was informed, their angry neighbours had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people: and, besides, they prayed from morning to night.' Mr. S. asked, 'But have they done nothing besides?' 'Yes, Sir,' said an old man: 'an't please your Worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb.' 'Carry them back, carry them back,' replied the Justice, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'"

We have thus sketched Wesley's first evangelistic visit to his native place; and, if our space permitted, we would gladly follow him through the deeply-interesting records of his subsequent labours in that interesting spot. The town held a large place in his affections to the end of life. "I rode to Epworth," says, he, on one occasion, "which I still love beyond most places in the world." At least fifty-one times did he visit it in forty-eight years; and generally one Sabbath, and two or three week-days, were spent within its borders. He saw what he regarded as a large and handsome "house" of worship erected; he beheld the Society "multiply and grow," until they became a model to all the Societies in England; he had to mourn over their decline in piety and numbers, until, at his last visit, he was compelled to tell them frankly that they were but "a shadow of their former selves." His visits on several occasions were at the time of his birth-day; and in the place of his nativity he wrote two or three of the loveliest pictures of old age which ever flowed from human pen. To the end of his days his Epworth congregations continued to increase rather than decline; and on his last visit, only seven months before his death, he writes: "As soon as the afternoon service ended," that is, in the church, "I began in the market-place to press that awful question, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' on such a congregation *as was never seen at Epworth before.*" It is worthy of remark that his pulpit on this occasion was not his "father's tomb," but the "Market Cross." The year after his first visit, he again stood over the ashes of his father, and preached

from, "And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know Me, from the least to the greatest." (Heb. viii. 11.) But ever after that he preached either in "the house," or in the "market-place." The reason probably was, that Mr. Romley, the intolerant Curate, who was the first Clergyman to refuse him the holy Sacrament of the Supper, forbad Wesley any more to preach on his father's tomb. J. K.

THE SICK MAN'S MISTAKE; OR, AM I RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BELIEF?

In a large hospital-ward, where lay many sick men, there was one whom we will call Green, though that was not his name, who was one of those strange compounds of oddities and talent, very useful when they are good, but very difficult to manage when unrestrained by right principle. His life had been crowded with incident: he was a travelled man: born in America, he served in her navy, knew her cities, visited her prairie-lands, and imbibed much of her spirit and tone. Afterwards he entered the East India Company's service; and when, happily, both masters and men were discharged from further active duty, he enlisted into a distinguished English regiment, in whose hospital he now lay sick. At his bed-head hung a paper on which were entered his name, age, rank, disease, diet, order, and religion. The latter was "Wesleyan;" and as such he was visited; and he gave his spiritual adviser as much difficulty in dealing with the disease of his heart and soul, as he did his physician with his complication of bodily ailments. There was some strange terrible disorder of mind or soul, that baffled all attempts at cure. With a new month, there was a new description-paper at the bed-head; and now his religion was marked "Roman Catholic." His Wesleyan visiter, sitting on the next bed talking with another sick one of his flock, noticed the alteration, and called him by name; but there was no reply: there was a suppressed titter among his comrades; but, as he saw that feigned sleep would not be taken for sufficient excuse, he turned in bed, and looked at his visiter.

"Why, Green, how is it you are called Roman Catholic on your card this month? Do you want the Priest?"

"No, no, Sir," said he; "but the fact is, I am as much one thing as another. I have gone to all sorts of religions. I go where I like best. Just now, at this garrison, I go to the Wesleyans; but, may be, I should change at the next station, if the Parson didn't suit. I am no ways particular where I go."

"But you are doing wrong by that sort of thing: there is no consistency in such conduct."

"Very true, Sir; but indeed I've met with very little of that article, consistency, in all my travels. But to me it seems that all religions are alike: Parson and Priest say the same things, or pretty nearly that. So my custom is, to go and hear the man that can say what he has to say in the best style: anyhow, I'm consistent in that. I always choose the Parson that pleases me most. Some folks quarrel a vast deal about their faith, as they call it: Catholic and Protestant get to blows about their religion; a pretty proof to me that neither is worth much: so I have no faith, and am neither Protestant nor Papist, and therefore never quarrel."

"Well, I intend to talk the whole question with you; because it is of great importance, and I shall try to impress on you the fact that you are

responsible to God for your belief, and that that responsibility is very, very great. First of all, let us settle as to names. You are neither Protestant nor Papist, you say; but what were you originally? What should you be, say, if you took your parents' faith?"

"A strange compound, Sir; a mixture of the two; and indeed in faith much like the wine they give us in hospital, none the better for its dilution. My father was a Protestant, who never protested; my mother a Catholic, who never confessed: what in the world should I be, Sir, if I followed them?"

This conversation became very popular among the sick soldiers in the ward; for it was on a subject that had often been mooted in barrack and hospital, and was one on which Green was great: consequently several men were very attentive listeners.

The visiter said, "We will leave the question of Protestantism and Romanism alone for awhile, because there is a matter of more pressing importance to you. Here you lie sick; your disease is chronic; the rest of your life will be spent between duty and hospital, and most likely the largest part of your time will be spent under medical treatment: now this cannot last very long, a few years at most,—and what then? You have had many a change in your life; have been in the service of two countries; been in the navy of one, in the army of another, and borne arms in a third; you have been a sailor, a soldier in the line, and are now in the cavalry; you are living; you will die: you are on earth now, where God's truth is taught you; you will be—where?"

"O, Sir! how solemn you talk! I've scarce ever thought about that seriously. But I ain't like some fellows, that *don't believe nothing*, and make a mock at everything: only I believe one thing as much as another; that is, that all religions are good: and you know a man can't help what he believes; it is as he is made to believe; and if God does not make me believe right, what can I do?"

He had become serious in tone, and appeared anxious. The reply was,—

"That is the very thing you ought to think about. You are certainly wrong: what can you do to be set right? Now let me tell you plainly, that the great mistake of your life is, that you imagine you are not responsible for your belief. But you are responsible for it, and that responsibility is heavy. Just think how important God makes it in the Bible. After our Saviour Jesus Christ had died for us, and risen from the dead, He came to His disciples, and told them to 'go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;' and He said to them, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' So that you see your eternal salvation depends on your believing on Christ: if you believe aright on Him, you will be saved; if you do not so believe, you will be damned."

"I never disbelieved the Bible, Sir," said he.

"No, that may be; but there is a great difference between not disbelieving the Bible, and believing on Jesus Christ for salvation."

"How, Sir?" asked poor Green earnestly.

"Why, in this way: a man may believe all that the Bible says, and yet fail to secure for himself the blessings of the salvation of Jesus Christ. As I passed up the garden just now, the sun was shining gloriously. It was very bright and warm. A number of the patients were out sunning themselves, and looking very happy: but under the porch, and in the corridors, were some others, who were cool and hidden from the sunshine; but then the fault was their own: they knew that the sun shone brilliantly outside, and, if they would, they could go and

bask in its rays; but if they preferred the dark, long, brick corridor to the open air and green sward and sunlight, they must take the consequences. So in reference to religion, the Sun of Righteousness is shining, and every one that comes under His beams rejoices. He shines for every person in the world; but God gives to each one liberty to choose whether he will go in the sun, or stop in the shade. Hitherto you have preferred the shade. You believe the Bible, you say; and those comrades of yours in the corridors believe that the sun is shining; but, like them, you have not come into the warmth and light."

"No, that is true; but how am I to do it?"

"By exercising the power which God is willing to give you; by believing in Christ. You have never yet tried to believe in Him: and therefore you cannot say you are not responsible for your lack of faith; for you do not know that you do lack power to believe. God has given the men down-stairs limbs by which they can walk to the sun-light; and He has given you a heart by which you can believe unto salvation, through His promised grace."

"The fact is, Sir, I don't think the importance of the thing ever fixed itself on my mind before."

"Well, be thankful if you see the need of deeper thought on the subject now. You are an old sailor: just tell me what you would do, if some day at sea you were sent out with the boats to another ship, and the yellow flag was hoisted as you pulled towards her."

"O, I should keep as far off the strangers' ship as possible, and get back to my own as soon as I could."

"But why?"

"Because I should suppose that there was infection on board."

"Yes, but if you did not believe it, what then?"

"Ah! that would be my look out."

"True; you would be responsible for your unbelief: so in reference to the affairs of your soul. The flag of danger is hoisted, the flag of salvation too: if you will not heed them, the fault is yours. If you will, you may be saved; or, in the words of St. Paul, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"This is a thing I shall think about till you come round again, Sir: anyhow, I sha'n't trifle about it again. It seems something terrible to me, looking at it in your way; and yet my mind was peaceable enough about the future before. You see I did not know, I did not think: everything seemed great about me, and I felt safe: just like a Muscovy duck that I have seen washed overboard at sea; it swam so proudly in the waters as the ship dashed on; it was free from coops and the knife. I felt free like that, bound by no creeds, but swimming where I liked."

"That is rather a strange illustration, Green; but, as you have given it, let us press it a little further. Did you ever think that though that poor bird was free from coops, free on the broad waters, swimming proudly enough, yet that it would never reach a shore of safety, never meet its mate, but must ultimately perish on those waters?"

"Bless me, Sir, how the things turn against me: you mean that in my freedom I shall be lost."

"No, I do not mean that exactly; for, thank God, there is a refuge for you. If you stayed on the troubled waters of unbelief, you could reach no shore of safety; but Jesus, who of old walked on the waters to His disciples, comes now to you, and will guide you to Himself, if you are willing. Now, I must leave you. Say these two prayers very earnestly from your heart: 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' 'Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.'"

C. H. K.

ALONE IN DEATH AND JUDGMENT.*

We all speak of death familiarly, as if we knew what it was, as if we had taken its measure and weighed its import. But who amongst the living can tell us what it is? There are some points in the subject which are only painful, only humiliating; not practical, and not profitable. But there is one point which is truly and deeply so: I mean, that in death we shall be alone, and shall feel ourselves so to be. Friends may or may not be around us; they will have ceased to be with us. We must feel that we are going, and they (for the present) staying; we have that in hand with which they cannot intermeddle; we have that in prospect, which is only for us, not for them; to give in an account, in which their names indeed may occur, but not as the debtor, only as creditors; they may have been sinned against, and they may have forgiven, yet are we not hereby justified; for no man may deliver his brother from the consequences of sin even against himself, nor make agreement unto God for him. Often, indeed, the presence of mourning friends must be an aggravation, rather than alleviation, of the pains of dying. We shrink instinctively from the thought of dying in solitude: in proportion as it is the latest moment of human companionship, it is clung to with tenacity, though we know that it is the latest, and even then superficial, if not illusory. Already is the soul, if consciousness be granted and truth felt, alone with God; viewing itself as in His sight, and preparing for a yet closer access. The words of a Christian friend may suggest thoughts of solemnity or of hope; his prayers may encourage, comfort, and help: but he is no longer with us as he once was: he speaks to us as departing, as going, and that alone: he prays for the dying man as for one in circumstances not his, circumstances different from any others, and in which there is no partaker.

In death we shall be alone; and can we follow the soul one step further, and see it standing in judgment before the throne of God? Whatever be the actual meaning of the word judgment as applied to that last act of decision and discrimination by which the eternal state of each one of us is to be determined, thus much we may say of it, that it will be an individual act; that neither nations, nor churches, nor families, will, in that sense, be the subjects of judgment, but the soul itself, and by itself; that, in the strictest meaning which can be given to the words, "every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

You must all die alone; you must all be judged alone. Do not hide from yourself these two certainties. It is most important that you should well remember them. They have a direct bearing upon your life here and now. If you are to die alone, if you are to be judged alone, must it not be good for you sometimes to live alone; to practise it as a thing which has to be learned, and cannot be learned too early?

There are two senses, at least, in which you ought all of you to practise the being alone.

First. One of these is, being alone in prayer. I do not mean that you must necessarily be in a place by yourselves in order to pray: if this were essential to prayer, then the poor and the young, in most cases, could never pray. But I mean that in praying, whether by yourselves (which is, no doubt, a great advantage) or in the presence of others, you should try to shut out the recollection of any other presence than that of God: you should feel yourselves to be alone with a Father who is in secret; as much alone with Him as if you were in a waste wilderness: upon your being able so to feel depends the question whether your prayer is a

* From *Memorials of Harrow Sundays*. By Charles John Vaughan, D.D. Second Edition. London Macmillan and Co.

reality or a formality, heart-deep or only from the lips, accepted or unheard by Him who calls that alone worship which is offered in spirit and in truth. Be alone with God twice at least every day in prayer, and then it will be no shock to you to find yourself often left alone with Him in the events of this life, alone with Him at all events in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.

Second. Again, if you are to die alone, and if you are to be judged alone, be not afraid also to think alone; and, if necessary, to act alone. What good will it bring to any of us to have had a whole multitude with us in doing wrong? What will that excuse be worth, on a death-bed on which we are lying alone, at a judgment-seat before which we are standing alone, "Others said so, every one did so?" That is not the question: Was it right to do so? Did you feel it to be right to do so? Was your conscience satisfied that it was right to do so, and had you taken proper pains to inform your conscience on the subject? O, my brethren! we should not be such servile followers of one another, if we could only realize and remember the fact that we must stand alone at last before God. Far better to be singular now than to be condemned then. Far better to have been blamed a little now for being too precise, than, because you feared the word of a companion whose power to harm you was, after all, extremely limited, to have incurred the wrath of Him who is "able to destroy both soul and body in hell." They whom you now so much fear, that you are ready to give up to their dictation the very safety of your immortal soul, will themselves too be standing one day alone before God, not able to deliver themselves, much less to screen you. Be independent of them now. Perhaps they will thank you one day for having stood aloof from them when they did wrong. Be alone in your judgments upon things: it does not therefore follow that you will be singular in acting: you may be so, or you may not: be prepared to be so if necessary, and commit the keeping of your life as of your soul to God.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

More than three centuries ago, a little treatise, entitled "The Benefit of Christ's Death," appeared in Italy. Emanating from presses in Venice, in Stuttgart, in Lyons, it swiftly found its way into the hands of the readers of Europe. In Tuscan, in Italian, in French, in German, in Croatian versions, it was eagerly read and widely circulated. Forty thousand copies of it were within a few years uttering its voices and bearing to multitudes its warm illustrations of "the glorious riches of God's free grace, which every true believer receives by Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Rich in evangelical theology, fervid in expression, loving in application, it is not strange that it thus won its way to the hearts of God's hidden ones in Papal lands, as well as to the embrace of many others in realms in which the Reformation was giving the word of the true Gospel to the people.

The little book was too true to Christ and His cross to escape the ban of Rome. It was condemned by the Inquisition. Under their curses and threats it sank from sight, as a stream in Eastern lands sinks amid burning sands before the sun. "The Benefit of Christ's Death" disappeared. Its forty thousand copies were sought out in their homes, and destroyed. So utterly was it rooted out, that in 1840 Macaulay said of it, in the "Edinburgh Review," "The Inquisitors proscribed it; and it is now as utterly lost as the second decade of Livy."

But Macaulay was mistaken. The stream that had disappeared before the fires of Inquisitorial hatred was not totally lost. It still existed, though

unseen. Many a soul had drunk at it and been refreshed, and it had become within him a well of living water. And, besides this, after three centuries, beneath the arid sands the stream still survived; and now it rises again to the upper air, sparkling in the sunlight, and offering refreshment to the thirsty soul.

Dr. M'Crie, the Scotch historian, had learned from the will of one Thomas Bassinden, printer in Edinburgh, who died in 1577, that an English version of this treatise must have existed previous to the death of Bassinden. This statement induced the Rev. John Ayre to search for a volume which he thought might still survive in the English language. In 1843 or 1844 he succeeded in discovering it, and in 1847 he reprinted it; stating in the Introduction that no copy of the original Italian work was known to exist. This republication awakened a new interest in the subject, and led to the discovery by antiquaries of three copies in Italian, of one in French, one in German, and of a copy of the Croatian version, as well as of several English copies.

It was found that there was in existence also a manuscript English translation of the book, in the library of the University at Cambridge. This version was made from the Italian by Edward Courtenay, the twelfth Earl of Devonshire, in 1558, whilst lying a prisoner in the tower. Its interest is increased by the fact that King Edward the Sixth, of England, had evidently read, and in two places had written in it.

The English translation, which has been republished in London, was made from the French version, and printed at London in 1573. An Italian version has also been re-issued at Pisa, and at Florence; thus giving it again to the land of its birth. In German, Dutch, Danish, and French, it has likewise renewed its race; and recently it has been given also to the American public. The lost stream will soon flow broader and deeper than ever.

But who was the author of this book? It bears the name of no writer. To proclaim the precious truth of salvation by Christ's death alone was too dangerous a deed in Italy, three centuries since, to make evangelical authors anxious to be known. They wrote for Christ, not for fame. Yet there can be scarce a doubt that the author of the "Benefit of Christ's Death" was an Italian scholar and Professor, Antonio dalla Paglia; or, as he ordinarily called himself, and is called by others, Aonio Paleario.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW AMERICAN PLOUGH.

The "Western Christian Advocate" gives a very interesting account of this invention, and of the uses to which its inventor is applying the proceeds of his skill.

The Rev. James Peeler, now of Louisville, Ga., was for sixteen years a laborious, zealous, and useful "Travelling Preacher" in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. His health having failed, he was obliged, at the expiration of that period, to locate, as it is called. He settled on a small farm. He was a poor man; his itinerant Preacher's life had not resulted in the accumulation of wealth. He had a family to provide for, and he cast about for some employment, some means of earning his bread, and he had recourse to the plough. He thought he could make an implement of that kind better adapted to its uses, more effective, and cheaper than any he could procure; and thereupon he constructed a plough himself. The good man had no more idea of taking out a patent for that plough than he had of reaping wheat or navigating the water with his plough. But his neighbours saw extraordinary merit in this simple but effective contrivance for agricultural

purposes, and induced him to enter it for a patent. The patent was granted 21st June, 1859; and in every portion of the United States where the plough has been introduced, it has excited unusual interest, proved a great favourite with the people, and in most instances seems destined to supersede all the other varieties of ploughs. So extraordinary was the success of the plough in practice, that the patent acquired a market-value almost without a parallel in the history of patented implements in America. Mr. Peeler has actually sold out rights—state, county, and territorial rights—to his patent, to an amount exceeding five hundred thousand dollars!

Finding himself growing unexpectedly rich, this worthy man made it the subject of reflection and earnest inquiry: "I am becoming rich. I don't need all this money; no reasonable wants of my family require so much money. Why, then, was the money *deposited* with me? Why did I *make* a plough? *Who* arranged all the circumstances of the case?"

He concluded the whole matter was providential. Thenceforward, after decently providing for his family, he devoted his gains to the cause of Missions, the building of churches, &c. To these various interests Mr. Peeler has already given, in the aggregate, hundreds of thousands of dollars: and the work of doing good still goes on, and *is* to go on; for Mr. P. said to the writer who gives these facts: "I will not *trust* myself with a large amount of money. It belongs to God; and I shall administer it as I go along to promote the best interests of man."

What he has given is only the beginning of what he *intends* to give, as the patent will probably become more and more productive as it becomes more and more extensively introduced. Much of the proceeds of sales of the patent consists in obligations for money, payable in sums from year to year. The amount of those payments depends, in some cases, on the success of the patent. So that Mr. Peeler's benefactions will depend, as to their ultimate amount, on the success of his patent in the localities thus contracted for. Some of the larger and most productive States are still held by Mr. Peeler. We are not fully informed as to the various benefactions paid, and to be paid, from the proceeds of this patent. Some of these donations, which have come to our knowledge, are as follows:—To be paid out of profits in hands of agents and assignees, to be applied to educational purposes, under the direction of the Conferences, in Illinois, 4,000 dollars; in Missouri, 4,000 dollars; in Minnesota, Hamline University, 5,000 dollars; in Indiana, Asbury University, 5,000 dollars; in Wisconsin, to Lawrence University and other institutions, 4,000 dollars; in Iowa, Wesleyan University and others, 4,000 dollars; and in Ohio, Ohio Wesleyan University, 7,000 dollars, payable in annual instalments of 1,000 dollars per annum, beginning 1st October, 1861, out of any profits that may accrue: and if the success be adequate, the assignee designs aiding the Ladies' Home Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cincinnati. Mr. Peeler's *heart* is large enough to multiply these donations; and this he will do as soon as his means shall adequately increase, so as to enable him to *execute* as well as to "*devise* liberal things."

A writer remarks, in relation to the simplicity of the Peeler plough:—

"A straight piece of board for a beam, an upright wooden piece and handles,—fifteen cents' worth of lumber,—make the *wood-work*. Four simple iron bars bolted to the beam, and crossing in pairs below, so as to act respectively as braces and counter-braces, make the *iron-work*. The plough may carry *two blades*, one to *turn the soil*, and the other to *subsoil* at the same time, by the same hand,

with the same team, and at *one* operation. If the subsoil-plough is not needed, it may be detached and laid aside for future use *in one minute*. Then, to the principal bar may be attached, in half a minute, any kind of blade or mould that ever has been made,—turning-blade, shovel, bull-tongue, garden-plough, ditching-plough, &c.; thus converting the plough into a new variety every time a new blade is attached."

A GHOST STORY.

The Court, as the villagers call it, is a good specimen of a substantial, cozy house, built somewhere in the after-part of the last century. The front looks out on a large, close-shaven lawn, encircled with a carriage-drive, beyond which are strips of grass of varying widths, flower-beds, and at the back a well-grown shrubbery shutting in all. If you walked across the lawn, bearing a little to the right, and passed through the shrubbery, you would find it bounded by a very low wall, dividing it from the churchyard. If you went up that short, narrow path opposite the front-door, you would find yourself in an extensive ruin of an old manorial residence, thickly covered with ivy. In front of the shrubbery, to the right of the house, and overhanging the grass-border beyond the carriage-drive, is a very fine evergreen oak, beneath the shade of which is placed a garden-seat.

I am thus particular in my description in order that you may better understand the strange thing I have to tell, and which happened no longer since than this last summer.

One beautiful moonlight night, after the family had gone to their several rooms, a lady—who, with her husband, was visiting at the house, and occupied one of the front bed-rooms—drew up the blind of the large bow-window, and looked out over the lawn at the encircling belt of trees, with their leaves all bathed in the cool, clear brightness, and the heavy shadows beneath, broken up here and there with flecks and patches of moonlight.

As the visiter looked round towards the right, her eye was arrested by a figure seated beneath the large tree to which I referred. It seemed to be a woman, clad in white, or very light-coloured garments.

The gentleman, coming to the window, also saw the robed form distinctly, and agreed with his wife that their hostess should be informed of the presence of this untimely intruder. She was accordingly fetched, and had the proof of her own eyes that the garden-seat was occupied by some one, but whether by any *body* there really seemed room to doubt. The thing was so serious that the master of the house, who had been laughing at the affair, must be called. He was very far from being a credulous or fanciful man; but there was no gainsaying the witness of his own eyes. There, beneath the great dark tree, sat the spectral form, white and motionless as marble. It was not thirty yards off; so there could be no mistake.

Let every matter-of-fact sceptic weigh well the evidence in this case. This was no apparition seen by one frightened person and invisible to every one else; but the sheeted form sat clear and still before the eyes of four intelligent and educated people,—one of them a lawyer.

But there was other and independent testimony. The groom occupied a front-room in a sort of wing at the left of the house. He had been watching the spectre for an hour, but was afraid to make it known.

Two of the maid-servants had a room on the floor above. As one of them drew up the blind, she exclaimed, "Why, there's mistress sitting in the garden, with a muslin dress on!" Her companion, knowing this to be impossible, was frightened, and urged her to look no more, but to get to bed.

The little party in the room below were sorely perplexed. Wishing to find out whether the pale visitant was mortal, the master of the house threw up the sash, and shouted as people are wont to do to a trespasser. The apparition never moved, but sat still as the moonlit-tree above it. The host then resolved to get a nearer view of the weird object, by looking from the window of a room on the same floor, but much further to the right, and, therefore, nearly opposite the garden-seat. He went quietly, and looked: the seat was empty, and the pale ghost had vanished. A slender stream of moonlight poured through the dark tree just above the garden-seat, and passed out slantingly towards the lawn. A moment's reflection solved the mystery, and spoiled my ghost story. The observer noticed that, as he altered his position, the streak of light showed in a different form; and that as he moved away to the left, it became collected into a smaller space, and wore the spectral shape which had caused all this disturbance.

I am not going to hazard a universal negative as to ghostly apparitions; but suppose that the inquiry in this case had not been completed. Imagine the excitement which must have followed; made more intense by every conversation about the matter; the report spreading, gathering much garnish as it went; the testimony of six trustworthy witnesses to confirm the fact. How few such rehearsals are backed by such evidence!

I wonder how many ghosts, and house-hauntings, if perseveringly searched into, would also turn out to be—all moonshine.

THE OLD SUN-DIAL.

MANY persons now living in London must remember the vertical sun-dial, with a very remarkable motto, which was placed on the front of a building at the Temple in London. But most of them probably never heard of the curious tradition, probably a true one, respecting the motto. When, a few years ago, the building was taken down and rebuilt, it is likely the Benchers were either ignorant of the tradition, or had forgotten it, else they would have restored the sun-dial, with its motto. Perhaps they may even yet be induced to do so.

The tradition is this:—That when the sun-dial was put up, the artist inquired whether he should (as was customary) paint a motto under it. The Benchers assented; and appointed him to call at the library at a certain day and hour, at which time they would have agreed upon the motto. It appears, however, that they had totally forgotten this; and when the artist or his messenger called at the library at the time appointed, he found no one but a cross-looking old gentleman poring over some musty book. "Please, Sir, I am come after the motto for the sun-dial." "What do you want?" was the pettish answer: "why do you disturb me?" "Please, Sir, the gentlemen told me I was to call at this hour for a motto for the sun-dial." "Begone about your business!" was the testy reply. The man, either by design or by mistake, chose to take this as the answer to his inquiry, and accordingly painted in large letters under the dial, "BEGONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS."

The Benchers, when they saw it, decided that it was very appropriate, and that they would let it stand; chance having done their work for them as well as they could have done it for themselves.

Anything that reminds us of the lapse of time, should remind us also of the right employment of time in doing whatever business is required to be done.

A similar lesson is solemnly conveyed in the Scripture motto to a sun-

dial: "The night cometh, when no man can work."

Another useful lesson is conveyed in the motto to a sun-dial erected by the late Bishop Copleston in a village near which he resided: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

THE TIDE OF GRACE.

Let me now urge on you, says Dr. Guthrie, the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favourable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers; which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean? The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbour, when, through a favourable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring-tides; the husbandman has his spring-time, and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barn-yard depends.

If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us. She was a fair enough professor, but had been living a careless, godless, Christless life. She awoke one morning, and, most strange and unaccountably, her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn; and what more natural than that she should say, There is time enough; meanwhile, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep?" As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm: "This desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny; this the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return." She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and, like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow Him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

When Pompeii was destroyed, there were many buried in the ruins of it, who were afterward found in different situations. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found who were in the streets, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city-gate, with his hand still grasping his war-weapon, where he had been placed by his Captain; and there where the heavens threatened him, there where the earth shook beneath him, there where the lava-stream rolled, he stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years had passed away, he was found. So let Christians learn to stand to their duty, willing to stand at the post on which their Captain has placed them, and they will find that grace will support and sustain them.

Our Home Work.

NEED OF HOME-MISSIONARY LABOUR.

The following extract from the Report of the Rev. N. G. Pilkington, Chaplain of Walsingham Bridewell, to the Norfolk Quarter Sessions, October 26th, 1860, will be read with deep and painful interest by all who are concerned about the moral and religious interests of their fellow-men.

REPORT.

I beg next to draw your attention to tables similar to the ones I drew out last year, and which again prove the frightful amount of ignorance prevailing in our agricultural districts.

READING.

Out of 219 *prisoners*—

Could not read a letter in a book .	81
Could read very imperfectly	65
Could read fairly	40
Could read well	32
Unknown	1
Total	219

WRITING.

Out of 219 *prisoners*—

Could not sign their names	120
Could write very imperfectly ..	63
Could write fairly	29
Could write well	6
Unknown	1
Total	219

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Out of 219 *prisoners*—

Could not say the Lord's Prayer .	61
Only could say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer	85
Only could say the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments	72
Unknown	1
	219

Thus showing that 146 out of 219 did not know a word of one of the Ten Commandments.

Fifty-two, or nearly one-fourth, must be classed as home heathens; meaning by the term, persons totally ignorant of the common truths of Christianity; who were as unable to tell me anything whatever respecting the birth, life, and death of Jesus Christ, as though they had lived all their lives in a heathen instead of a Christian country; who had no notion whatever of the atonement considered by itself, or of its necessity; and who not unfrequently attributed the death of our Redeemer to the transgression of some human law or other, and for which He had deserved punishment. Five had no notion of what was meant by the word Queen; eight could not tell me how many months there were in the year; while many more could not tell me the names of the months; and, incredible as it may seem, one labourer positively could not name the days of the week, knowing only Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

These are simple, plain, and ugly facts; and they speak for themselves.

The questions put to the prisoners were not in any single instance put abruptly or without leading questions to gain their confidence and remove any embarrassment they might feel; and in the worst instances were afterwards repeated by either the schoolmaster or head-turnkey of the prison, but with no better result. There is the wretchedness of a heathen ignorance in our villages as well as large towns; at our doors, and, not unfrequently, amongst some of our domestic servants, in our very homes.

The "Norfolk News," of November 3d, 1860, observes on this Report:—

"We observe that out of 219 prisoners 81 could not read a letter in a book, 65 more could read very imperfectly, and only 32 could read well. Of these 219, more than half—namely, 120—could not sign their names; and only 6 could write well. The religious knowledge of these poor creatures was in a miserably low state. Specimens are given in the Report,

of their barbarous ignorance, which almost surpasses belief.

"Mr. Pilkington properly designates these pitiable objects 'home heathen.' Such they are, and as such they should be regarded. It is a distressing reflection that such a mass of moral destitution exists within reach of our churches, our chapels, our halls, and our mansions. Thousands of miles do we send, at a vast cost, numbers of earnest and devoted Missionaries, to supply to savages the means of salvation; whilst here, at our very doors, a multitude is herding, whose souls are dying out of them for want of religious knowledge, and whose mental powers are perishing from neglect of culture. Mr. Pilkington tells us that it is only neglect; for that they are mostly capable of culture, his figures fully demonstrate.

"These wretched Pariahs of England, it should be remembered, are not mere negative evils. It is true that all in them that was allied to the Divine seems well nigh lost, and that they are degenerating to the level of the animal. This is true; but it is not half the truth. It is not into imbecility that they fall. A potency remains in them, a form of life, but its tendency and adaptation are for crime. These poor wretches, owing in many cases to no fault of theirs, are absolute pests and nuisances in the neighbourhood where their lot is cast."

It is gratifying to state that the spiritual necessities of this county have been practically considered by our Connexion. Five additional Ministers have been recently appointed to our Circuits in it. This addition must, however, only be regarded as the earnest of greater Home-Missionary efforts where they are so much needed.

CHARLES PREST.

THE EXHORTERS IN BIRMINGHAM WEST.

Birmingham, Oct. 31st, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS deeply interested the other evening in what is called the "Exhorters' Tea-Meeting," held in Howard-street school-room, in this Circuit. The place was full. The guests, for the most part, had come from those scenes of humble life which the Exhorters had done much to evangelize. They were come together, in part, to countenance those whom they felt to be their friends. And it really was refreshing to see them, and many of the leading members of our Societies, both male and female, mingling and sitting at table together. I never saw a tea-meeting, I think, in which cheerfulness and Christian propriety were more happily combined. Most of the Exhorters were present, and gave short addresses in the course of the evening. Nor was it a small joy to know that we had such men among us. Men of such heart, prepared with so much simplicity and warmth to use their talent in preparing the way for others. The proceeds of the meeting went towards defraying the incidental expenses of the movement; such as lighting and cleaning the various rooms in which religious services are occasionally held. Will you permit me to introduce an extract or two from the Report? It struck me as worthy of notice.

"The Exhorters have been an organized body in the Wesleyan-Methodist West Circuit, Birmingham, for about thirty-five years. During that time, in spite of much discouragement, they have been cheered with much fruit. A few men, mostly poor in this world, but by the grace of God fitted for such work, have given themselves to God, and live to speak for Him in the dwellings of the poor; to whom they have means of access such as many others cannot command. They have often pioneered the way for the larger forces of Methodism. One case may show the character of their work. The cause at Smith-street room began with an open-air service. Then one of the neighbours opened his house for weekly meetings. Two houses were by-and-by filled to overflowing. And at length the present room was opened, a Society formed, a Sunday-school established, and now all are in efficient operation under ministerial oversight.

"The Exhorters have successfully laboured to draw the people into our ordinary congregations. Many find their way from the cottage-services to the free

seats in the chapels. 'I have noticed them,' said one old man, 'coming in their working clothes, almost ashamed, and dropping into the first empty seat. But they have improved and improved every Sunday, till I have had to show them their own seat in a pew upstairs. And so they get up and up, till they get up to heaven.'

"There are at present twelve Exhorters; and nine houses, in various localities, in which the people gather to hear the truth.

"The Eye Infirmary, in Steel-house-lane, is a most interesting place. The attendance, we are sorry, in one sense, to say, has lately been larger than usual. All the patients who are not confined to bed are present in a room made very dark. Sometimes it is the Exhorter's lot, after there has been a general operation on the patients, to go up into the ward when it is so dark that he cannot see either the beds or those who occupy them; and the word only of the nurse, or the occasional groan of a sufferer, is the only evidence he has that living creatures are listening to the words he utters. This place offers a fine opportunity for doing good. The sinner, in many cases, is indeed drawn aside from the world, and shut in from its gaieties, so as to have solemn hours for reflection on spiritual and unseen things. And many instances have occurred which seem to show that God had brought wanderers aside, that in darkened solitude they might hear His voice, and be saved. Many have learnt there to say, with the Psalmist, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word.'

"In Nelson-street we meet in a bake-house. It is always full; and there sinners often receive the bread of life for the first time, and unite themselves to the neighbouring Society at Summer-hill.

"Hunter's-vale is a place opened about two years ago. A good work is going on there. Many of the earnest and zealous converts are devoting themselves to God's work. The class which was begun a year ago now numbers seventeen. All these have been converted on the spot. The services are always crowded; two rooms being quite full, and the Exhorter having to stand in the door-way between them."

These extracts are given as mere specimens from the Report; but they may serve to show that it is possible for many of our people to act for Christ and His church in the double capacity of recruiting-parties and pioneers; while they indicate the fact, that where Methodism is faithful to God, and true to herself, she is still equal to a large share in the work of evangelizing the masses.

I am yours truly,

S. W. CHRISTOPHERS.

To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."

Religion and Morals.

"I CAN'T FIND IT IN THE BIBLE."

SUCH is the reason often given by a parent for not having a child baptized. "I can't find it in the Bible: if I could see it there, I would have my child baptized at once." The answer to this objection is simple: "You may find it in the Bible, if you look for it in a teachable spirit. Only bring to the reading of God's word the same fairness and candour with which you are expected to treat the things of every-day life, and you will have no difficulty in the matter." If, for instance, some one were to write word to you that Edward Clarke and his household were gone to Australia, and that William Jones and all his were gone with them, and that the household of Charles Evans had sailed in the same ship, you would at once understand that these three persons, their wives and all their children, old and young, had emigrated. You would never think of asking, "Have their children gone with them?" Yet, this is exactly what the Bible tells us about the baptism of three families in the days of the Apostles.

In Acts xvi. it is said of Lydia, "She was baptized and her household;" and of

the jailer, "He was baptized and all his;" and in 1 Cor. i. St. Paul says, "I baptized also the household of Stephanas." Now, what you would naturally infer in the case of the emigrant families, you should also infer in the case of the baptized families; and that is, that the children were included, whatever might have been their age. With regard to the jailer, when the Apostle said to him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," he could not possibly know of what the jailer's house consisted. He clearly meant what he said to apply to all his children, even to the babe in arms, which he might have had. If it had been intended that the children should be left out in the above baptisms, it would, according to the usual plan of the Scriptures, have been so said. Thus, in the last chapter of Genesis, when "all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house," went up to bury his father, it is said, "Their little ones they left in the land of Goshen." The exception of the little ones is expressly mentioned. But there is nothing of the kind in the case of these baptisms.

Besides, the words "house" and "household" occur in many other passages of Scripture, where they signify the whole family, without respect to the age of its members.

Does the objection, "I can't find it in the Bible," mean that we have in the New Testament no direct command to baptize infants? Such a command was not necessary, and therefore was not to be expected. Infant baptism is taken for granted in the New Testament. The very fact of its not being forbidden is enough.

When the Crystal Palace was in London, at the time of the Great Exhibition, I took all my children to see it, and we were readily admitted. Since that time, this palace has been taken down and rebuilt in another place, much enlarged, and with increased attractions. The other day I went to see it again: not having heard of any prohibition of children, and therefore taking it for granted that all classes and all ages were still admissible, I had with me all my family, as on the former occasion. I need not say, that we were all gladly received. If, indeed, I had seen some such notice as this put up over the entrance, "No admission for little ones," I should have known that I ought not to have presented mine; but the very absence of any such notice was an assurance that my children were as much entitled to go in as myself. The principle which thus holds good in the common matters of life, applies also to baptism. Children were admitted into the church of God in its early days; the command to admit them has never been done away, and therefore they are to be admitted still.

Does an objector say, "Your reasoning goes upon the principle that the old Crystal Palace and the new Crystal Palace were the same buildings, only under different circumstances: prove to me that the Jewish and New-Testament church are one church, and I will allow your reasoning to apply." This is easily done. Look at that pear-tree standing in my orchard. It has been there for many years. Some time ago, finding it unproductive, I grafted upon it a different kind of pear, removing most of the old branches to make way for the graft. But it is still the old tree; still only one tree. No one would dream of calling it two trees. Now, this is the very kind of illustration which St. Paul employs in order to show the oneness of the Jewish church and the Gentile church. Read Romans xi., and you will find that the Apostle there represents the Jewish church as an olive-tree, putting forth branches, which, being unfruitful, are broken off; and the branches of a wild olive-tree, (that is, the Gentiles,) being grafted upon the old stock, take their place. But, after all, it is the old olive-tree. All along it has been, and still is, one and the same tree.

Look again at my house. It's of many years standing. Some time since, finding it unsuitable to my wants, I added to it a new wing, pulling down the partition-wall, and throwing it all under the same roof. But it has ever been, and still is, one dwelling. This, also, is in another of the Apostle's illustrations, by which he sets forth the oneness of the Jewish and Gentile churches. Thus, in Ephesians ii., speaking of Jesus, he says, "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

Nay, we may go to a greater than the Apostle Paul, in proof of the oneness of the two churches. Our Lord once said to the Jews, "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." From this threat of the Saviour, we learn that the church of the Jews ("the kingdom of God") was not to be done away—it was to be continued—but it was to be transferred to Christians. Still, it was only to be a transfer. The thing transferred remained, in its elements and principles, the same. Sometimes now, when a borough has been proved to be corrupt, the right of sending a Member to Parliament is taken away from it, and transferred to some other town. But the same classes of persons who had this right in the one town, have it also in the other. Exactly in the same way, those parties, namely, children, as well as adults, who were admitted to a share in the privileges of the Old-Testament church, are entitled to a share of these privileges in the transferred or New-Testament church. The channels, or sacraments, by which these privileges are conveyed, are, indeed, changed, as the changed character of the Christian church required; the passover having given place to the Lord's supper, and circumcision to baptism; but the parties entitled to them remain unchanged. Is it said circumcision and baptism are two very different things, having no connexion with each other? The Apostle Paul teaches the contrary. In his Epistle to the Colossians, he mentions them together in such a way as clearly to prove their resemblance, blending them with each other, or rather merging the one in the other. The passage is this: "In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead."

The argument, "I find no direct command in the Bible for infant baptism, and therefore I see no necessity to have my child baptized," proves too much. It goes upon the principle that we are to do nothing which the Bible does not literally and expressly command. Be it so. Where do we find in the Bible any command not to baptize infants? There is not a single passage in which such a command is to be met with. So that those persons who keep their children from the font, because they find in the Bible no command to take them, act directly against their own principle.

The truth is, that the Bible sanctions, and indirectly enjoins, many things which it does not expressly command. There is no instance mentioned in Scripture of a female partaking of the Lord's supper; yet the most rigid Baptist would not on this account exclude women from the table. Neither is there any direct command to keep holy the first day of the week, instead of the seventh; but Baptists universally do this. Again, we are nowhere commanded to teach children to pray, or to send them to school; but no right-minded parent would plead this as an excuse for neglecting these duties.

Thus far, I have supposed that there is no positive command in the Bible that infants should be baptized. But I am much mistaken if a remark made by our Lord about children does not amount to a command to baptize them. Some parents once brought their little ones to Jesus, in order that He might touch them, thinking that even a touch from Him would convey a blessing. The disciples, in the spirit of those who plead, "I can't find it in the Bible," supposing that the Saviour would not care to notice children, found fault with these parents, and bade them to go away. "But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." "Of such is the kingdom of God." This is the remark to which I allude. Its plain meaning is, "The church of God receives little children." Now, the only way in which little children can be received into the church is by baptism. So that in this remark of our Lord we have virtually a command to baptize them.

If a public hospital had this notice over its gate, "Children received here," it would be an invitation to take children there for relief. No parent of a sick child could say, "I don't find that my

child can be admitted, and therefore it is of no use to apply."

Putting together all that has been said, it must, I think, be clear to every candid person that there is really no ground for the plea, "I can't find it in the Bible;" and that a parent who makes this a reason for neglecting the baptism of his child, is guilty of disobedience to God, and does a grievous wrong to that child's soul.

Hear the words of the Gospel written by St. Mark, in the tenth chapter, at the thirteenth verse:—

"They brought young children to Christ, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

The Household.

WHO'S YOUR DRESSMAKER?

"I CAN'T tell how you always look so well, Fanny: meet you where one will, people might think you had just come out of a band-box. Not that you are too smart or stiff, or the like of that, for everything about you appears quiet and easy enough; but, somehow, nobody ever catches you in a mess, nothing is ever out of place with you, and everything fits as if it had grown there. Who's your dressmaker?"

"Why, as to my dressmaker, Sarah, you must not think that I am like the folks who keep dressmakers always going; and who have nothing to do themselves but to be pleased with a dress to-day, and to get out of love with it to-morrow, because something else strikes their fancy, and then to pay their dressmaker's bill, without asking how many poor fingers have been kept at it night as well as day to meet their whims. I am sure dressmakers would get on quite as well, and perhaps better, both in body and soul, if such people would spend some of their money in helping their poor neighbours to get a garment or a bed-cover now and then, and think less of what they shall wear themselves. And I tell you what, Sarah, I think it is a shame to girls, such as you and I are, to be going to almost first-rate mantua-makers, and milliners, and to be spending so much of their gettings in order to be like other folks, or because they will have what's 'just come out.' And, after all, who thinks the better of them? They only get laughed at for their would-be finery, and poor sort of pride. For my part, I would rather appear to be what I am. If one can be nothing more than decent, the decency should be real and thorough; something of which a body need never be ashamed; something that would put it out of people's power to make fun of us as they do of a puffing shopkeeper, who has little or nothing but what's in his window, and that more show than worth."

"Yes, yes; 'tis easy to talk like that, Fan; but what's the use of it? You would never have a girl rigged up like her grandmother: one must go along with the times: fashion is fashion all the world over."

"Ah! there's the mischief, Sarah: people will make fools of themselves rather than be out of fashion. Fashion is fashion, you say, all the world over: now that brings to my mind what a young woman of my acquaintance told me the other day."

"What was that, Fan?"

"Well, I was going to say, the young woman a few years ago was taken by a lady across the water, and they stayed some time in France. She told me that in one part, I think it was somewhere in the south, all the girls looked so nice, though they dressed very much alike; only

showing a little difference of fancy as to colour here and there; but the fashion was the same as it had been in their grandmothers' days. They never thought of changing; and, as she said, 'nobody that looked at them would ever wish them to change, they looked so well. It was quite a treat,' says she, 'to see them in the market. They wore a full petticoat or skirt of white woollen, with a red band above the hem; a light jacket of scarlet cloth, trimmed with black velvet or braid. Their apron was sometimes of a dark mulberry-colour, fastened, perhaps, with a pretty sash, and pinned up in front over their white stomacher. Ah!' says she, 'you should have seen their shoes and stockings—such pictures of tidiness; and the beautiful snow-white caps fitting so nicely over their plain hair.' I have often said, Sarah, that I should like to see them; they must be patterns, sure enough; and I can't help thinking that it must look a great deal more becoming, and be more comfortable, both for body and mind, to dress like that always, than to have so many tawdry, flimsy, fly-away things about one. I am sure I think sometimes that if the poor heathen people that we pity so, could but see us in our tip-top fashion, they would think that we were the real savages."

"But stop, Fanny: would you have us all dress alike, and never change? Why, what would become of the world?"

"It is not for me to say what would become of the world, Sarah; but I do think that the world is too fond of change; and as to going along with the times, as you say, why, it is enough to ruin a poor body to try to keep up with the times, they go so fast,—too fast for me a great deal. One has scarcely begun to feel at home in a dress, before it is 'gone out,' as the saying is, and you have to look out for something else, and to spend your last penny to keep yourself in the fashion. And when you have to be always getting something new, you can't have anything very good; at least, such as you and I can't."

"Well, but do tell me, Fanny, what one is to do. You seem to have your own notions of things: I should like to know how you manage. Now I think of it, you don't seem to change so often as some people, and yet you never appear to be so much out of fashion as to look odd or dowdy-like. As I said before, I always like you, somehow. Come now, who's your dressmaker?"

"Wait a bit, and I'll tell you. 'Tis true I have my own notions about things, and everybody should; for if things are to be done well, they must be thought about, and one must have one's plans. I have my own way of managing my own little matters too, although I owe a great deal to my dear mother's example and teaching. Bless her! she is gone to a better world; but I never put on a new dress without thanking God for the lessons about tidiness, comfort, and proper care, which the dear saint used to give me. Ah, Sarah, we young folks think little of a mother's value while she is with us: we begin to find it out only when her loving eye becomes dim, and her gentle hand is cold. O, Sarah! it seems to me that my heart never felt all the music of my mother's voice, till death had silenced her precious lips. But I was going to say, as to my notion about dress. We may mind the fashion far enough to save ourselves from being laughed at, and yet never mind it so as to put on things that don't agree with one's look, or figure, or place. Why should I make a scarecrow of myself in order to be like people that, after all, I can't be like? If the fashion suits my looks or fits my figure, when I am really in want of anything, why, I take it as it comes; but you'll not catch me making my own face worse than it is, by hanging bad colours and ghastly shapes about it; nor will I ever make myself uncomfortable, or give up the right of judging for myself what I look best in,—no, not to please all the fashion-makers in the world. But let me say one thing,—a great deal more depends upon little tidy ways about ourselves than upon the clothes we get. I don't mean that anybody may be careless as to the colour or cut of their dress. What fits one may not suit another. A thing may be 'all the go,' as they say, and yet you or I might look frightful in it. We must learn to be a bit tasty, and know how to choose what is most becoming for ourselves. But I mean that, though everything we put on may agree exactly with the colour of our skin, and our size, and

our walk, and the like of that; yet, if we didn't mind one or two little things, nothing about us will go for much."

"What little things do you mean, Fanny?"

"Why, just listen. Whether girls think of it or not, one great secret of looking well in what you wear is to be nice yourself. What matters a good bonnet over a grimy face? What's the use of a pretty shawl around a dirty neck? Who likes a girl that plasters her hair, but seldom combs it? And though I like to see a quiet-colour glove when it is a good fit, a clean hand, after all, has a greater charm. Nothing is worse than a filthy paw; and to see a girl's dirty finger-ends poking through greasy holes in her gloves is about the most nasty eyesore one can meet with. Mind that, Sarah. I need not say that a bright, well-fitted shoe or boot upon a spotless stocking always tells a good tale. Dirty heels are seldom friendly with clean pates. And though pins are little things, they often help you to great lessons. If you mark some people, Sarah, you will find that their way of dealing with a pin is just their way with greater things. A girl that never passes along without picking up a pin, that happens to be on the floor, will be sure at other times to act on the old saying, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' And you may guess, too, pretty well, whether a young woman is tidy or not, if you can find out how she uses her pins. There's a sluttish way, and a neat way, even in fixing a pin. A pin's head is not very big, and needs no trouble to keep clean; but I have seen people who never show a pin's head, but it is dull and dirty. Not that one must let every pin's head be seen,—we may use them without showing them much; but if they do peep, don't let them look as if they had just come out of the grease-pot."

"Come, come, Fan, you are cutting it too fine. Some of us have too much dirty work to be so nice as you want us to be."

"No, I don't think I'm unfair, Sarah. I know what dirty work is as well as most; and yet, from what I've seen among those who are worst off in that matter, 'tis plain enough to me that nobody has any excuse for being untidy. I know many girls who work in cotton-mills, and many who get what some think dirtier work still, among nails and buttons, and the like of that; and then you have had enough of household work to be sure that there's plenty of what is not very clean to be done at home: but what of all that? You may pitch upon a real tidy body any day in the midst of her work; for she's known by the way in which her very working-clothes are kept about her. Then when the work is over, why, one can make herself just what she likes. Talk of dirty work, you should see what I have seen in the west country among the girls that work in the mines. There they are, a long row of them in an open shed, breaking up lumps of ore with hammers. Let anybody go and look, and it would be harder to find dirty women there than clean ones in some places that I know, where the hands set up for much finer things, and turn up their noses at low gettings. A mine-girl would not think herself fit to be seen without a snow-white cotton bonnet, made so as to shade her face, and cover her neck from the sun. She manages, too, to keep her boots black, and her working-dress whole and clean. Nor would she work without gloves, not she; and when her hammering is over for the day, and she puts on her pretty cotton-print frock, and sits to sew or knit in her clean stone cottage on the hill-side or by the road, you would never think, while you looked at her fine bright face, or watched the motion of her nice healthy-looking hands, that she had been so long pounding stones and earthy stuff that very day. I don't mean to deny that untidy girls may be met with there; but I do think that, taking them as a lot, the mine-girls show you how people may be clean and really dress well, though they have very dirty work to do."

"Well, I must give in, Fanny: it's no use trying to speak for a slut where you are, I see; you meet a body at every turn, and nobody but decent people stand any chance with you. Not that I like loose ways and untidy looks; no, no: 'tis because I like what you like that I want to know a little more about how you manage for yourself. Now I have been trying all this time to get out of you who your dressmaker is, and you keep it close still. I should like to know; for I am sure

I would go to her. My things never seem so nicely done as yours, somehow."

"The truth must come out, Sarah: I do a great deal for myself. It always does me good to help myself; and I find that when I am doing my best in that way, other people seem most inclined to help me. And I think there's something in what I've heard a great man used to say, that 'if he wanted anything done well, he did it himself.' I don't mean that I make all my own dresses: but I do manage everything for common wear; and try to keep my best clothes right; for you know, Sarah, that the best things will soon be fit for nothing, unless they are looked after. Now, when I buy anything new, I like to have it as good as I can afford to get. Good things last longest, and are cheapest in the long run. And as to fashion, why, I always try to have my things made so that they may be altered a bit now and then, if need be; and so I keep them, one way or another, as near to the fashion as is becoming for me."

"But how can you find the time for all that, Fanny?"

"Time: why, I suppose everybody has some bits of time on hand now and then; and some people spend them in gossip, or trifle them away. For my part, I try to use up my scraps of time stitching and thinking."

"What in the world have you got to think about, Fan?"

"What have I got to think about, Sarah? Why, about making sure of my fortune."

(*To be continued.*)

Narratives.

THE NEW YEAR'S TEMPTATION.

The tide of business and of pleasure flowed rapidly along the streets of ———, on New-Year's Eve. Happy children, free for the holidays, sauntered along in groups, stopping at each of the gaily-decorated shops to gaze upon the tempting articles exhibited for sale, and to speculate upon the probable cost of book or toy, and upon the chances of their ever possessing them. Here and there were persons intent on business: bright-looking matrons passing from one store to another in the selection of new-year's gifts for their children; the respectable artisan's wife filling her basket with a bountiful provision for the new-year's-day dinner; while amongst the crowds there was a genial exchange of good wishes for the new year. But the tide of business and of pleasure flowed past one house whose inmates had little acquaintance with either. A pale woman stood in the small room, just in the dusk of evening, preparing a meal for the children who surrounded her; and as she placed it on the table, and all gathered towards it, God's blessing was reverently asked; but there were no bright looks of enjoyment on the faces of any in the group. The mother had been struggling for many years to maintain her children; for the father, who had worked with a strong arm for their support, had been removed by death. It was a fierce and daily contest with poverty; and, poor woman, she seemed to have the worst in the fight: the leanness of their daily fare had sapped the strength of her eldest child, and just before the night we name, she had, with an aching heart, taken him to a neighbouring infirmary, and left him there to become a cripple for life; the doctors having decided that white-swelling in one of his limbs rendered amputation necessary.

And now on this new-year's eve the poor widow had much to weigh down her heart, and make her very sad. Her rent was due, but the needed sum was not nearly raised. A stock of tea-cakes, whose sale usually added a little to her small earnings, lay almost untouched; for the respectable families whom she generally supplied, had not, amidst their profusion of Christmas fare, this week required any.

But she did not despair. God had for

many years been her reconciled Father through her faith in the atonement of His Son; and she could remember wonderful deliverances which He had wrought for her in times of distress as great as the present. So she took as her new-year's motto, "I will trust, and not be afraid. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me!" And, casting her burden on the Lord, she was able to turn to her children with a cheerful face; and the homely meal was brightened by her loving words, and pleasant stories of the past.

The new year and the hallowed Sabbath dawned together; and as she rose next morning, and looked forward into the probable trials of the future, the widow felt thankful that this "first day" might be given entirely to God, and strength be sought to take its discipline and its duties in the spirit of a Christian. The trial of her faith was nearer than she thought. Scarcely was breakfast over, before her door was besieged by applications for tea-cakes from her neighbours who hallowed not the Sabbath. They knew her conscientiousness, and had not generally disturbed her in this way; but to-day she must make an exception to her rule: it was holiday-time, and people must enjoy themselves; and surely she would be glad to get her children a hearty meal. These, and many other pleas were urged by the would-be customers: some tried ridicule, and some abuse, to shake her purpose: and stronger than all these rose the voice of the tempter, suggesting that He to whom she had entrusted her case had not supplied her wants so very liberally; and that in this instance, when relief was at hand, she might certainly avail herself of it. But through all the strife of human and satanic temptation there breathed the still, small voice of Divine guidance: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." "This is the way, walk ye in it." "He that believeth shall not make haste;" and Mrs. ——, keeping a firm hold on the promise of the widow's God, was able "to stand in the evil day."

"Mother!" cried little Johnny, dashing into the room next morning with very unusual animation, "here is a letter from uncle William: perhaps he has sent you a new-year's gift!" "No, dear," said his mother sadly, "your uncle has never spoken to me since I was married; and I fear it is too late to expect him to change now:" but she hastily opened the letter, and written upon it she might have read the triumphant inquiry, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Her brother had relented towards her; and, in a kindly letter, had enclosed the exact sum required to make up her rent, and it had reached her only an hour or two before the landlord was expected to call for it!

"A Judge of the widow, and a Father of the fatherless, is God in His holy habitation."

Our Servants.

TRUTH.

The year 1860 being now past, and the year 1861 having come, without unnecessary grief at our own short-comings, or unkindly remembrance of other people's misdoings, who does not wish to begin the new year better than he has lived the old one? A better year would be a happier year, and we wish every one "a happy new year."

The pride of Great Britain is the sanctity, seclusion, union, and comfort of her families. The family is God's own institution for the concentration and diffusion of the greatest social good. Look at a well-ordered family which way you will, it ever impresses you with respect and delight. But we are apt, perhaps, to under-estimate the importance of "our servants," as an element of well-being and happiness in our families. "Our Times" may be called, on sundry occasions, critical, eventful, spirit-stirring, and the like; but the term that comprehends most fully, and most perfectly, the spirit of "Our Times," is "Money-seeking Times."

Everybody wonders and inquires what everybody else is *worth:* he that has most money is of the greatest worth; and he that has none is nothing worth. We know that such-like talk is, indeed, nothing worth; for we are very sure that thousands of most worthy people are poor people; and if much money were really necessary to make us worth much, one wonders why God has not taken greater care of His own children, after that fashion. This sort of talk, we say, is unwise; and is damaging to our right judgment and peace of mind. And we would at once express our sorrow at finding that "our servants," carried away by the stream of "our times," can indulge so far as they often do, in calculations about what their situations are *worth*, and how much themselves also are *worth*. This is a habit of thinking which quite saps the mind of all considerations but one, which is just this: How can I get *the most* out of my situation; and what is *the least* I can render in return? Fie upon such thoughts! They are genuine fruits of a covetous heart, and are themselves fraught with untold mischief and misery. No honourable persons can either indulge this disposition in themselves, or respect those who do gratify it. To assist "our servants" in making themselves, and the families wherein they reside, sure of happiness, is our purpose in writing the following paragraphs.

Truth. There is nothing like truth. It is the first and best of all qualities. It is the foundation of honour, the line of righteousness, the plummet of exactness, the pendulum of punctuality, true strength of character; it makes threats terrible, and promises reliable; without it friendship is flattery, and contracts are lies. No matter what else perishes, truth perishes not. Truth abides for ever. Such is the common estimate of truth, that every one despises falsehood; and nobody can be called a false man without offending him. Truth is, of all qualities, the most valuable in "our servants." It does not follow that there should be any less of what besides may form a good servant; of kindliness, modesty, and so on; but unless truth, the fair, the firm, white stone of truth, lie at the foundation, some day or other, everything you heap up will tumble down, because it was not built up on truth. Therefore take truth into your very heart: there it will cure the deceit of the heart itself, and regulate your judgment, and give law to your lips, and unity to your actions, and it will look out at the windows of your eyes, and it will render your whole character clear as crystal. Be sure of this, that you will find many temptations to depart from the truth. An enemy may suggest that the matter being little, the lie to cover it cannot be great; or the matter being great, it is worth a lie to cover it. Horrid! No lie is little. Nothing can be worth a lie. Therefore may you pray, with the devout Psalmist, "Save me from the way of lying." Save me from equivocation, prevarication, hypocrisy, guile, simulation, dissimulation, false looks, false tones; everything that is untrue. Make me, O God of truth, like Thyself in truth: let my yea be yea; and my nay, nay. In truth, let me liken Jesus, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." God loves truth, and will hear and answer such a prayer as that, for Christ's sake. Then, should slander breathe upon you, it will be but as breath upon a diamond: the diamond is dim one moment, bright the very next.

Poetry.

JESUS, SWEET NAME.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

Jesu! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High!

Jesu! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;

Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus! what Thou art.

O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O Victor! glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be express'd,
And altogether loveliest!

"WILT THOU NOT REVIVE US AGAIN?"

O FOR the all-reviving grace,
The quickening power Divine,
This deadness from our souls to chase,
But chiefly, Lord, from mine!

We, the dear people of Thy love,
Why cleave we to the dust,
Neglect our glorious hopes above,
And trifle with our trust?

Thy nature and Thy law, we know
Severely righteous still;
And yet how slothful, and how slow
Our progress in Thy will!

We tread the very edge of doom,
And worlds of woe or bliss
O'erhang the other side our tomb;
And yet we sport on *this*.

Hell's hosts conspire against our weal,
Angels our burden bear;
Yet, O, we seem but half to feel
Our own eternal care.

Almighty Spirit! ere Thou make
The long-dead world alive,
Thy living church from slumber wake,
Thy work in *us* revive.

—*Rev. William M. Bunting.*

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XIII.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

"WHAT was it?" you are ready to say, "what was it you saw?" Why, it was not the effigy of Sir James Tillie putting forth tokens of life; but it was a living thing mysteriously peering over the old Knight's stony shoulder; it was an owl: and he looked at me from under the ivy, and rolled his lustrous eyes, as if he would say, "Who is this that dares to disturb my first delicious moments of communion with the gathering shadows?" "So it is come to this!" murmured I within myself, as I dropped from the window of the desolate place, and threaded my way down through the darkling wood, "it is come to this: the poor Knight can no longer choose his company; his mortal part, at all events, could it speak, would have to say, 'I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.'" Nevertheless he ought scarcely to complain; for night-birds had their home in that mountain-knoll long before Sir James Tillie was born: he chose to come to them, not they to him. And it may be hard even for an owl to suffer encroachment. But, after all, to think of one's bones reposing where the silence is never broken but by the voice of a solemn bird keeping "watch and ward," is much more pleasant than to conceive of being buried in some open yard, where the sod which covered one is to be trodden down and worn away by the feet of those who pay no respect to dust which fetches nothing in the market. Yes, and much more agreeable than to suppose one's mortal tenement pressed beneath the squat slabs of some cemetery, whose stones serve the double purpose of covers for the dead, and pavement for the living. To look at some of our graveyards, is to be tempted towards the opinion that, as to any tasteful care of departed friends' memorials, many are disposed to say, as a primitive Jew said about his brother's blood, "What profit is it?" How little there is in such cases to remind us that

"The dust we tread upon was once alive!"

I have not much affection for Paris; but I do love the example of her "*Père la Chaise.*" If she has no "homes" for the living, she becomingly provides them for the dead; and if no heart is to be found under the accomplishments of her social life, she manifests a lovely feeling in her attention to the tombs of her children,

But I am getting out of my way. My returning steps were bent towards Halton. It was now dark; and I felt, as I entered the porch, that the light from a mullioned window promised me a cheerful home. The walls of my chamber, like those of the parlour below, were adorned with panelled oak. The room had been evidently one of the best of the family-apartments. Here then, said I to myself, as with the aid of my tiny candle I looked around through the dim space; here then, perhaps, the good Sir Anthony Rous used to repose after the hospitable toils of the day: for who could forget the name of one whom Thomas Fuller puts among his "worthies?" The humorous biographer has left but few words, it is true, as he never gives more than the living pith of his material; but in this case, as in every other, he throws a charm over the place where the subject of his notice lived and moved. "Give me leave," says he, "to transcribe what I find written of him: 'He employeth himself to a kind and uninterrupted entertainment of such as visit him, upon his not sparing inviting; or their own occasions; who (without the self-guilt of an ungrateful wrong) must witness, that his frankness confirmeth this welcome, by whatsoever means provision, the fuel of hospitality, can in the best manner supply.' He was father to Francis Rous, late Provost of Eton, whose industry is more commendable than his judgment in his many treatises." It is pleasant to know a little about the places into which Providence leads us. One can relish a meal all the better for knowing that men of honourable memory had dined in that room; and one's chamber has a deeper charm if he can call up its former occupants, and spend a sleepless hour in mystic communion with them. So I thought as I pushed open a small door in the wainscot, and found myself in what, it may be, was the old Lord of Halton's private closet; where, probably, he had taken godly counsel from Master Fitz-Geffrey, the Parson of the parish, who lived to see both the Squire and his lady laid low. Nor has the merit of his quaintly-titled funeral-sermons for them helped to keep their names fresh, or his own, as a theologian, popular, or even alive; though the worthy Pastor still figures, now and then, in a rare catalogue, as "a Cornish poet," and the author of "Sir Francis Drake, his Honourable Life's Commendacion, and his Tragical Death's Lamentation." Other memories came; so that mine was a watchful night. The bed afforded repose, but no sleep. For a time my musings were broken now and then by certain strange movements behind the wainscot; but one soon gets used even to such things; and towards midnight, Milton was in my mind, and I thought I could understand a little of the feeling which he expresses in one of those gemmy bits of his, which make us feel the witching power of pure English, when used by a true poet:—

> "Let my lamp, at midnight hour,
> Be seen in some high lonely tower,
> Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
> With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato, to unfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> The' immortal mind that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshy nook."

I was not in a "lonely tower," though in deep stillness; there was no "lamp" to break the gloom; and yet I was on the watch: not that I wanted to "unsphere the spirit of Plato," but my soul seemed alive to any intimations it could catch about one immortal mind at least, which had probably begun its life in that very chamber, and had performed by no means a common career before it left its "fleshy nook." Where was the spirit of Francis Rous? A sentence which once fell from his pen came now so vividly, that it might have been borne to one by living breath: "I was first breathed from heaven; and I came from God in my creation..... Where should a low spirit find happiness but in the Highest Spirit? and where should a created spirit seek happiness but in the Spirit that created it? Wherefore, being a spirit, I fasten myself in a spiritual happiness; and this spiritual happiness I look for in no other but in the first and best Spirit, beyond whom there is neither good nor being." One could never doubt the heavenly rest of the old Republican's soul, though I confess I could never fully take in either his political belief, or his religious creed. He was born within the walls which now sheltered me. His training was completed at Oxford. In the first Parliament called by Charles I., he ap-

peared as the Member for Truro, in his native county. At a later session, he represented Tregony; and then Truro again claimed the honour of giving him a seat. As a Radical reformer, he struck right and left, and at every real or fancied abuse in turn; now at the Church, and now at the Court; here at taxes, and there at Arminianism. In the Parliament of 1653 he sat for Devonshire, and figured first as Chairman, and then as Speaker. It was now that he conceived the notion of forming an English commonwealth after the model of ancient Judaism. But when he found that those about him were not prepared for a theocracy, he took what seemed to be the next best plan, and proposed the Protectorate under Cromwell, in whom, he thought, the virtues of both Moses and Joshua were combined. His reward was a place in the Privy Council of His Highness. In 1656 he entered Parliament as a Member for Cornwall, and very soon after was promoted to the House of Lords. His remarkable career was finished at Acton, on January 7th, 1659; and he was buried in great state at Eton, of which he had been Provost for sixteen years. Clarendon is unfair to his memory, and leaves a sketch of his character among the few wickedly or carelessly daubed portraits which disfigure his noble work. Cromwell's "Parliament repaired to the Parliament House," he tells us, "and made choice of one Rous to be their Speaker; an old gentleman of Devonshire, who had been a Member of the former Parliament, and in that time been preferred and made Provost of the College of Eton, which office he then enjoyed, with an opinion of having some knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues, but of a very mean understanding, but thoroughly engaged in the guilt of the times." To the eye of a Royalist there would be many dark shadows on the character of a man who had done so much "to change times and laws;" and indeed the mere fact that Rous had acted as a chief Trier of public Preachers, and as Commissioner for putting out "scandalous and ignorant Ministers," was quite enough to disturb the balance between prejudice and truthfulness in the mind of a Court historian. The stern "Trier" was, however, far above contempt. Nor will a calm student of his writings believe that he was "of a very mean understanding." Among the "Treatises and Meditations" which he dedicated "to the saints, and to the excellent throughout the three nations," may be found "Diseases of the Time, attended by their Remedies," and "Oyl of Scorpions, or the Miseries of these Times turned into Medicines for curing themselves;" and, if one may judge by the manner in which he deals with popular evils, it was woe to the blind and godless Cleric whose abilities were tried by Francis Rous. In the theological branch he would have as little mercy in some cases, perhaps, as a Divine whom I heard bawl once after a Methodist Preacher, "Arminianism is a lie; it was never true, it was never ordained to be true!" Yet, perhaps, an Arminian even might manage to admit the old "Trier's" leading aphorism, "The root of predestination is unsearchable, the wit of man is short and shallow;" especially when he was told from the bench that, "in these and the like depths of God, no man is to wade above his stature. Every man should understand according to sobriety; that is, according to the measure which he containeth. Let not the homer tear itself to pieces by stretching itself to be an ephah, but every member (for members are different) aspire to his proper fulness; and though they reach not to such mysteries, they may converse in points of more absolute necessity to salvation." But unsound doctrine even would stand a better chance in the presence of the Commissioner than practical vice. It might do some people of our own times a great deal of good to be rebuked by him; for, alas! he might be speaking of these days when he said, "Another great sin of this land is deceitfulness of trades. Single trades are grown to be double, for there are two trades in one; the one is a skill of doing it truly, the other of doing it deceitfully. And he is the most skilful tradesman that knoweth the falsehood of his trade, rather than he who knoweth the truth of it." Nor would some of his utterances on "monstrousness of apparel" be out of place were they issued against the present rage for appearances. "For by the ambition of clothes there is a general remove," says he, "and the lower is stept into the place of the higher, and each goes about to be like them who are unlike

him. Besides, the whole shape of this notion is changed, and clothes are no longer interpreters, but need themselves an interpretation. So that if a man that forsook this land some forty years since, should now return again, in good manners he could not but say, your Lordship, to a gentleman; and your Worship, to the son of a farmer....Such a confusion hath this vice bred, that by it both men and their degrees are grown out of knowledge; for unknown they are both to themselves and others." The old Republican censor was both hard and sharp, some will think; but he had his amiable points; and were it only for the filial piety which breathes in the dedication of his works to his father, one must cherish an affection for his memory. A dutiful son cannot be a graceless man. So I thought at least, as I lay ruminating in that old room at Halton; where at length sleep fell upon me, as I was dreamingly trying to picture to myself the forms and features of the worthy father, and his reverent and grateful son.

Five-ways. X.

Anecdotes.

CLEANING THE OUTSIDE OF THE PLATTER.

The Mohammedans repeat certain forms of prayer five times every day. Whether at home, in their shops, in the streets, or on a journey, as soon as the appointed time arrives, they fall on their knees, and go through with the whole routine of prayers and bodily prostrations. One day several Moslems called upon us, at the eighth hour of the day, (about two o'clock P.M.,) and after they had been sitting some time engaged in conversation, one of them arose, and said to his companions, "I must pray." They all asked, "Why? It is not the hour of prayer." "Because," said he, "when I went to the mosque at noon to pray, I had an ink-spot on my finger-nail, and did not perceive it until after I came out, and hence my prayer was of no avail. I have just now scraped it off, and must repeat my noon-prayer." So saying, he spread his cloak upon the floor, and then kneeling upon it, with his face towards Mecca, commenced his prayers, while his companions amused themselves by conversing about his ceremonial strictness. He proceeded, with his head turned sufficiently to hear their conversation, and after he had finished, disputed a remark one of them had made while he was praying. Truly it may be said of the prayers of this people, that they are solemn words on thoughtless tongues. They worship God with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him. —*Henry Harris Jessup.*

A HAPPY EXPERIENCE.

The following conversation took place with a slave, an old man, in one of the Southern plantations in the United States of America:—

"You are an old man: will you not die soon?"

"Yes, I know I must."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I think I shall go to the good land."

"Why do you think you will go there?"

"I cannot tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow Jesus and I get nearer together."

Good reasoning; blessed experience. "Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am."

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Rev. William Shaw, late General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in South Eastern Africa, has furnished a thoroughly good book, under the title of *The Story of my Mission.* He was, as most of our readers know, the pioneer of the Wesleyan Missionary operations among the colonists and native tribes in that interesting portion of Africa. He gives ample information respecting the habits and customs, manners and superstitions, of the untutored children of nature with whom he met; and tells, with characteristic modesty and force, a tale of

successful labour among them. The facts he gives, and the observations he makes, on many topics of deepest interest to the colonists, will amply repay an attentive perusal. A sound and discriminating judgment is everywhere apparent; and no one, after reading these pages, will wonder at the extraordinary influence which their author acquired amongst all classes in the land of his toil. It is interesting to know that a copy of this book reached Her Majesty a day after Prince Alfred returned from his African travels, and which she was pleased graciously to accept.

Whoever wishes to obtain, within a moderate compass, the information the Scriptures give of heaven, will do well to procure *Edmondson's Scripture Views of the Heavenly World*, now re-published at the Methodist Book-room. New and cheap editions of the truly valuable *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and the instructive *Letters on the Distinguishing Excellencies in the Character of Remarkable Scripture Personages, by the Rev Robert Huston*, are issued this month. Mr. Mason has also added three Tracts to those published under the direction of "the Wesleyan-Methodist Tract Committee." The first of these is the capital article, written by one of the ablest living Methodist Ministers, entitled *Who's your Dressmaker?* the beginning of which our readers have in some preceding pages of our present Number. Another Tract, belonging to the Large-Type Series, entitled *I am no Scholar*, by one of our most successful Tract-writers, deals well and wisely with the objection couched in those words, so often used by the ignorant to excuse their neglect of religion and of the means of grace. *A Story of the Irish Revival* gives an account, in the man's own language, of a wonderful instance of the power of Divine grace in the conversion and the reclamation of a terrible backslider.

Our friend who makes the inquiry, and others who wish for information on the subject of class-meetings, will do well to read the Rev. John Hartley's *Plea for Class-Meetings*, Price 2*d.*; the Rev. R. Newstead's *Advices to One who meets in Class*, Price 2*d.*; the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman's *Thoughts on Class-Meetings*, Price 4*d.*; the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer's *Absence from Class*, Price 1*d.*; and the Rev. Edmund Grindrod's *Duties, Qualifications, and Encouragements of Class-Leaders*, Price 4*d.*

Memorials of the Departed.

Mr. John Lloyd was a native of Madeley, in Shropshire. His father was a miner, and was killed by an explosion of foul air, whilst his son John was a mere boy. Little is known of John's early youth, except that his school-education was very limited, and that he was accustomed to the dangers and privations of a miner's life from a tender age. The character of his parents does not appear to have been decidedly Christian: they were, however, deemed respectable people. In 1832 John was living at Bilston, Staffordshire, with his mother and two sisters, who all died of cholera in that year. He was then a "decent, steady" youth, but not religious. A fellow-workman, afterwards for many years a Leader at Bilston and Ettingshall, was a friend to him; took him to God's house, and sought his conversion. One afternoon, perhaps on a Monday, when the miners in this district seldom work, the two young men spent their time in singing hymns. In the evening they attended a prayer-meeting, in the course of which Mr. Lloyd obtained redemption in the blood of Jesus. He repeatedly spoke of this in after-life; and always regarded his conversion as a sudden one. For a period of more than twenty-two years, the character which he maintained proved the reality of the good work then begun. He now met in class, grew in grace and in knowledge, taught in the Sunday-school, and, in about three or four years, was received on the "Plan" as a Local Preacher. In 1836 he removed to Ettingshall, near Bilston. Here he became a Class-Leader; married; and, through the help of one of his Methodist friends, rose from the position of an ordinary workman to that of a "butty." This odd expression designates a contractor; one who undertakes

to work the mine, and raise the mineral to the surface at a certain sum per ton. After considerable difficulty and discouragement, he eventually prospered in business, and realized property. He built a house for himself at Monmore-Green; and then, like David, had it in his heart to build a house for God's worship at the same place. This was desirable, as the place was destitute of one, and as the population was fast increasing. A Wesleyan chapel was built, and opened in the spring of 1847. Here Mr. Lloyd sustained the office of Trustee, Chapel-Steward, Society-Steward, and Leader. In 1854, Mr. Lloyd's employers requested him to take the management of a colliery near Longton. He rather reluctantly consented, and removed thither with his family in May. He immediately connected himself with the Wesleyan Society there, raised a class, frequently preached with great enlargement and power, and did what his hand found to do, while it was day: alas! the night was at hand. Here he lost his second daughter by death. This event, doubtless, reminded him impressively of the uncertainty of life, and the nearness of eternity. He often said in the family-circle, "I sit loose to all below;" "This world has little attraction to me;" with other observations of the same import. His wife could not help noticing decided progress in piety and heavenly-mindedness. On the morning of May 25th, 1855, he left home to attend to business as usual, and proceeded to examine the workings of a mine, when an explosion, similar to that which caused the death of his father, terminated his life. The Rev. John Kirk, then of Wolverhampton, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Lloyd at the time, remarks, "Your beloved husband was indeed a blessed man of God. I cannot express the high esteem I had for him. He would be found ready. Sudden death would be to him sudden glory." Mr. Lloyd's early education was, as we have said, defective. He felt that; and though he had business to attend to, a young and increasing family, appointments on the "Plan," two classes, and other church-engagements, yet he found time to improve his mind. He had a plan of reading, which marked out work for each day in the week. In the relations of husband and father he was remarkably kind and considerate. True religion and good sense blessed him for both worlds. They will do the same for every friendless youth.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bunting, Robert,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	43	Oct. 1st, 1860.
Huggins, Mrs. Rachel,	Thetford,	Thetford,	69	Oct. 15th, 1860.
Jessop, Mrs. E.,	Wickersley,	Rotherham,	64	Oct. 4th, 1860.
Lock, Mrs.,	Coronation-square,	Lynn,	69	Oct. 23d, 1859.
Norton, Mrs.,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	67	Oct. 13th, 1860.
Olivent, Mr. G.,	Park-gate,	Rotherham,	50	Sept. 30th, 1860.
Parkes, Eliza,	Duke-street,	Birmingham, East,	56	Aug. 14th, 1860.
Pascoe, Mrs.,	Redruth,	Redruth,	37	Sept. 15th, 1860.
Pymer, Mr. John	Thetford,	Thetford,	80	Oct. 13th, 1860.
Richardson, Margaret,	Ravenstonedale,	Hawes,	15	Dec. 31st, 1859.
Shepard, John,	Wickersley,	Rotherham,	56	April 23d, 1860.
Snare, Mr. Henry,	Thomas-street,	Lynn,	70	Oct. 30th, 1859.
Sutherby, William,	Selby,	Selby,	16	Jan. 9th, 1859.
Taylor, James,	Selby,	Selby,	48	March 8th, 1859.
Wade, Mrs. B.,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	47	Oct. 15th, 1860.
Ward, Martin,	Selby,	Selby,	65	Jan. 9th, 1859.
Whiteley, Mr. James,	Edingley,	Mansfield,	79	July 11th, 1860.
Wood, Mrs.,	Pardshaw,	Cockermouth,	94	Oct. 6th, 1860.

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THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

It is very interesting to observe how different means may conduce to the same end, and to watch the way in which similar results are attained by persons situated at great distances, and surrounded by very different circumstances. Oneness with diversity is a stamp which the Creator has put on the works of His hands; and it is a sign that man is made in His image, when we see him able to use various means for the accomplishment of the same final purpose. One interesting form, under which to trace this modifying and applying power, is found in examining the buildings of distant ages, and those of different countries at the present time; in noticing the forms under which most races of men, except uncivilized nations and wandering tribes, have reared habitations for themselves, and larger buildings for religious and public purposes. It would be curious to have a complete history of the various materials which have been employed; and to see how, while man has made them serve his great purpose, they, in their turn, have made modifications necessary which have given a peculiar stamp to the buildings of one nation or age, and have led to the existence of circumstances which did

not enter into the calculations of the man who first used them. Where no rock sufficiently hard for the purpose was to be found, some artificial mixture has been used. Thus, of the first city of which we have any details, we read, "Go to, let us make brick, and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." Those millions of earth-made bricks have crumbled to earth, forming vast hills of ruins which look like natural elevations from the "plain" on which they rise.

There is a great contrast to this in that mighty city, Rome, in the substance of which its massive and most remarkable buildings are composed; and, from that as much as from anything, it derives, perhaps, its title to the name "eternal." Time would have left much more than yet remains, had not the hand of man been diligent, during many years, in pulling down, and using for comparatively modern buildings, the great remains of antiquity. Yet, even now, the Coliseum stands with its massive blocks of travertine fitted together, unaided by cement, which time seems only to harden. It is to its buildings that it owes its catacombs; at least, to the cement used in them.* The soil around the city is peculiar, being of volcanic formation; consisting of a compact tufa, with beds overlying it of more recent formation, formed of ashes and cinders, with currents of compact lava intermixed. Among the volcanic ashes, a peculiar kind is found, called "pozzolana:" it is unequally distributed, more in patches than in veins, or continuous beds. This, mixed with lime, formed the cement which has so greatly contributed to the durability of Rome. When a deposit of pozzolana was discovered, it was dug out by means of subterranean galleries, much in the same way as our coal-mines; and then abandoned. Thus, as Rome increased in size, there were formed around it, chiefly outside the walls, not large caves and caverns, but here and there galleries and passages, unequal in height and width; perhaps, on an average, nine feet high, and five feet wide; sometimes swelling out almost into small underground chambers, with one or two ways branching from them; again narrowing so as to allow barely a way through, rising and ascending according as the material had been found out; not at a very great depth below the surface, but sufficiently so to be dark and obscure.

Most likely, at first, these catacombs were isolated; but after they began to be used for refuge and a place of burial, communications were formed between them, and many miles might be traversed without ascending to the light of day. That it would be difficult to find the right road in such a labyrinth may easily be imagined. Stories are told of those who, taking a lamp and a piece of cord, have sallied forth to explore, and have been unfortunate enough to find their light extinguished, and at the same moment to lose the precious cord which was to reconduct them to the outer world. It would not be easy to over-colour the intense anxiety with which groping search would be made for the missing guide, or the feeling of despair experienced in case it were found impossible to recover it. Owing to the great danger of getting lost among these various

* Murray's Hand-Book.

windings, most of the entrances to the catacombs are now closed. On going over many of the Roman churches, it is a common thing to hear the guide say, "And there was an entrance to the catacombs, but it is now closed." Only one is freely opened to visiters, that of San Sebastiano: others may be seen on Friday, by a little trouble, on obtaining an introduction to Padre Marchi, who takes much interest in them. This is the origin and present state of the Roman catacombs, and were this all, other cities might boast of much the same thing, similar excavations being found at Naples, Palermo, Syracuse, and Malta. In Egypt, something of the same kind is known, and in the more modern city of Paris.

It is the use which has been made of the catacombs at Rome which has given so great an interest to them, and caused them to be the subject of such long and eager controversy. Though, no doubt, too much has, in many cases, been made of a little; and Romanism, ever inclined to fabricate marvellous tales, has often supplied striking histories to unknown remains; still, there is enough resting upon good evidence to give a feeling of confidence in looking at the testimony which these dark retreats have furnished to the faith of the early church, and to afford a stronger sympathy with those who, sometimes in life, as well as in death, were compelled to take refuge "in dens, and in caves of the earth."

At the time of the birth of Christ, it was usually the custom among the Romans to burn the bodies of the dead; and though there is much in this repugnant to the ideas of the present day, it, too, has connected with it, its associations of interest, and its sacred memories. The remains of the departed were not guarded with less care because they were reduced to a shapeless mass; and two very remarkable remains now existing in Rome, the Mausoleum of Augustus, and the yet better-known fortress of St. Angelo, built by Hadrian as the resting-place of his ashes, bear witness to the anxiety which was shown to preserve what was mortal. The tombs lining the Via Appia, stretching across the desolate Campagna, show that man's natural desire for immortality would fain have bestowed it on his body, if possible. And the Columbaria prove that, as far as the preservation of the body goes, the very burning, which seems so destructive, can yet guard the precious dust as well as the earth in which we fondly lay our dead. These buildings seem frequently to have been intended for one family or tribe of people, sometimes the slaves and freedmen of an Emperor. They are square buildings, occasionally met with in the gardens of the larger villas, descending into the ground some depth, the bottom reached by a flight of steps on one side. Round the walls are niches, from about one to two feet square, each containing an earthen vessel called "olla," in the shape of a saucer with a cover to it; they are even now full of ashes, among which pieces of bone may be distinguished. Frequently there is an inscription on the "olla," or over the niche. A model of one of these may be seen in room X of the British Museum.

The Christians, thinking much of the resurrection, and probably supposing it to be near at hand, were anxious to preserve the form of their

departed friends as long as possible. To them had been given the promise that the "body also itself shall be delivered from corruption;" and they perhaps wished to imitate, as far as they could, the external circumstances of the death of their Saviour: they had no power to burst the bonds of the grave, but at least those dear to them, should lie down as He had done, in the hope that His voice would be heard bidding the dead live, before what was once so precious had again returned to dust. Besides, their first teachers were Jews, men who naturally carried with them their cherished ideas of the way in which it was most suitable to dispose of the bodies of their departed friends. Thus it came to pass that the Roman Christians were not long before they had recourse to the winding paths and recesses of the catacombs, as the most suitable and secure resting-place for their dead. The lowest order of the people, not able to obtain the honour of a funeral pile, seem usually to have practised burying, and employed for that purpose the excavations left on the Esquiline Hill. "The sand-diggers were of the lowest grade: there is reason to suppose that Christianity spread very early among them;" and that, from their thorough acquaintance with the underground passages, they were able to shelter themselves and their fellow-Christians in time of persecution; while, in using them as a burying-place, they carried out an idea which was familiar to them, from having before seen many bodies deposited there. The rage of enemies must have been intense indeed, to have made men wander about these gloomy abodes merely to wreak vengeance on dead bodies; and the place would be generally shunned from the association connected with it. Be the beginning what it may, it is certain, from the inscriptions, that as early as the second century the catacombs came to be used as the general burying-place of the Christians.* About the year 314 they were formally made over to the Christians, as church-property; and they are called the burial-place of the martyrs. It is the inscriptions which form the chief interest attaching to what now remains; and they have almost all been removed from the places where they were first discovered, and are placed with much care in the Vatican and in the Lateran Museums. The slabs containing inscriptions are usually let into the wall; and other remains, in the form of sarcophagi and bas-reliefs, are ranged by the side: for in later times these were sculptured by far abler hands than those which traced many of the first rude inscriptions. Yet these perhaps possess a deeper interest: they place before us the circumstances of the church in its early ages before it was corrupted by wealth, while it was comparatively free from superstition. They show that it was at first chiefly among the poor that the Gospel prevailed; that the noblest hopes and strongest faith were possessed by those who had little of this world's good. It is in the gallery of inscriptions in the Vatican, containing more than three thousand, that those found in the catacombs have chiefly been placed; though many are now being arranged round the gallery of the Lateran, where what is called a Christian Museum is

* Maitland.

formed, in which are the more elaborate sarcophagi. Among them is one of great beauty, with bas-reliefs of the Good Shepherd surrounded with angels gathering grapes. The gallery of the Vatican derives increased interest from having not only Christian inscriptions, which are ranged on one side, but also Pagan ones, on the other; which latter are classified according to ranks and professions, from nobles to slaves. Thus it is easy to compare and contrast the ideas of death possessed by the Christians, with those of the Pagans. Take the following in illustration:—

Pagan.

Caius Julius Maximus, aged 11 years, and 5 months. O relentless Fortune, that delightest in cruel death; why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me? He who lately used to lie joyful on my bosom. This stone now marks his tomb. Behold his mother.

I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched me away innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set up this.

Christian.

Petronia, a Deacon's wife. The type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones. Spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace on the third before the nones of October, in the Consulate of Festus.

(Fragment.)

Who gave and hath taken. . . . blessed . . . . . of the Lord . . . . who lived . . . . years. . . in peace, in the Consulate of. . .

The letters on the Christian monuments are from half an inch to four inches high, generally coloured red: they are often very roughly done, and not unfrequently badly spelt. Many are in Greek; and sometimes Latin inscriptions are in Greek letters, and Greek ones in Latin.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY JOHN S. MAYSON, ESQ.

The great object of Christian Missions is so familiar to us that, on that account even, it is possible that while it engages our attention in raising funds for its support, we may neglect sufficiently to sustain the true Missionary spirit, first enkindled in a mortal's breast when he has found a long-sought Saviour, and then manifesting itself in a thousand loving ways.

Embracing first all within its immediate influence, it soon seeks and finds extended action. It is but natural that the good man's personal labours of love commence with those nearest and dearest to him; and well if they most abound amid the misery which surrounds his home. Yet, while retaining these in its embrace, his charity will ever take a widening range. Kindred, country, home, never neglected, he is not, or cannot remain, unmindful of those millions of his fellows dwelling in darkness on which no single ray of Gospel light has ever dawned; where sin and sorrow reign supreme. To these he must needs extend the high privileges of his happiness; privileges how much enhanced by his church-communion!

Feeble if isolated but a giant when roused to exertion by contact with

others of kindred spirit, he unites his money, his prayerful efforts, his time and talents with theirs, and for a common cause.

How grateful ought we to be, that we (laymen with Ministers) can thus act in joyous union, and so share in that great work which is everywhere being effected by commissioned heralds of God's grace! These for a moment let us regard! Sent forth by human, by *our* instrumentality, see them well nigh fainting in the contest with the powers of this world; but, strengthened from above, spending a lifetime in their Master's service; in all their conflict encouraged by the blameless and blessed memory of their Saviour's suffering experience,—His shameful but atoning death; His last command and promise, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" "I will be with you always."

Whom else, what else, need they?

> "Happy, if with their latest breath
> They may but gasp His Name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> 'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

Much has been done in the world's wide field, and some fruit the writer has delightedly seen during a short sojourn in a far-off clime; but how very much more remains to be done! The harvest is rich in promise. Providence is offering souls to our charge; but the "labourers are few." Pray we, therefore, that more labourers be sent.

O that our Wesleyan-Methodist Society, so pre-eminently Missionary in its origin and constitution, may receive such an abounding measure of active love as shall evidently hasten that happy day when one man shall not have occasion to say to another, "Know the Lord," but when "all shall know Him from the least even to the greatest."

Manchester.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION, AND ITS MANIFESTATIONS.

"Wilt Thou not revive us again: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?" (Psal. lxxxv. 6.)

"A REVIVAL of religion," according to the popular understanding of the expression, conveys a somewhat complex idea. Our conception of the idea may be practically clear; but it may be well that we give it a definite and descriptive statement.

By a revival of religion we understand a special and unusual manifestation of *Divine power*, quickening the spiritual life of Christians, and securing conversions in unwonted numbers.

It will be observed that this statement lifts our thoughts above all means and activities possible to human agencies, and fixes it upon God as the source of this quickening life and this converting power. And if we advance to speak of the process of a revival, we find that this sense of dependence upon the Holy Spirit, the Author of that special Divine influence, is often the first thing brought vividly home to the heart. There has been, perhaps, with some minds, a dissatisfaction with the spiritual state of the church,—their own included,—and a growing concern for the spiritual interests of the community.

In this restlessness of rekindling spiritual desires, they undertake to do more than they have done. They utter something of their burden privately to their brethren, something publicly in the social religious meeting, and begin to address their unconverted fellow-men as they have opportunity. But all the while their own hearts are heavy and uncheered; and all the while they seem unable to move others. Something they felt needed to be done, and they are trying to do it; but the deep fountains within them are not broken up, the windows of heaven above them are not opened, and they set their faces toward seeking God, though He be not far from any-one of them, and their sorrowful prayer bursts forth, "Come, O breath, and breathe upon these slain." Then within them there springs a new tenderness of conscience. They accuse themselves of many things in their life to which they have been indifferent, or striven stoutly to vindicate. Their spirit is softened and subdued. If they have any harsh words to speak, they are words of self-condemnation. They have that contrition of heart which allies them to the publican, not to the Pharisee, with nothing proud and bitter in it, but of such a gentle sweetness that God loves it as a dwelling next to the high and holy place —His palace of heaven itself. There is more and more importunate prayer. Brethren begin to covenant with one another to unite in supplications till the great blessing comes. They consecrate themselves anew to their Master and His work. Alienated members are reconciled. Causes of dissension are banished. Meetings are more frequent. They are better attended. Faces long absent are seen in the praying circle. Voices unheard there for months or years, give out a self-accusing testimony; begin to make confession, break down, try again, and finish more intelligibly and effectively by sobs and tears. Family-altars, fallen and dishonoured, are rebuilt. Long-deserted closets open and shut upon frames all trembling in shame and penitence. Then follow a new zeal, loving and burning; a fresh devotedness that sticks at no self-sacrifice; a burden for souls that weighs like lost eternities on interceding hearts. Backsliders are reclaimed. Preaching takes on a fresh type, dealing with awakening, alarming, and melting truths, and bathing each discourse in the all-compassionate spirit of Jesus. Worldly minds, careless and prayerless, are touched; gay and pleasure-loving youth is sobered; some stout-hearted rebel, openly defiant of God's Spirit, and making sport of those unwonted demonstrations, is smitten down, perhaps first of all, beseeches prayer and guidance, and strikes deep sensations to men's hearts as he asks, "What must I do to be saved?" Converts multiply; their rejoicing songs mingle like sacrificial flames; their new experience thrills all listeners. The air of the place is solemn, as though filled and stirred by unseen vital influences. Men go and come as though vaulted everywhere by a Sabbath sky. The work deepens and spreads. There is more humility, more wrestling in prayer, and adventurous activity, and the revival is in its full and victorious progress.

CHRIST FOR EVERY MAN.

In Miss Marsh's little book, entitled "Light for the Line," an account is given of Thomas Ward's death. He had been in great doubt; but before Miss Marsh left his bed-side, she heard him say, "I see Him now. He is here. He is near. He is with me. He is around me. He will never let me go. How could I ever doubt Him? He is the Saviour of sinners. He is my Saviour. Jesus is mine, and I am His. His blood has bought me. I never knew what He is till now. O! tell them all

to come to Him, to come now! Tell every man you meet, 'Christ for every man—Jesus Christ for every man.' *My* blessed, blessed Saviour, world without end. Amen. Blessed, blessed Jesus!"

Let us turn now away from the poor ignorant railroad-digger, to another different person, a scholar and a man of letters, the late Sir James Mackintosh, and see how he, as well as his poor ignorant brother, made much of Christ. "Whenever a word from the Scriptures," says his son, "was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed that at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them, and looked at the person who had spoken. I said to him at one time, 'Jesus Christ loves you.' He answered slowly, and pausing between each word, 'Jesus Christ—love—the same thing.' He uttered these last words with a sweet smile. After a long silence, he said, 'I believe.' We said, in a voice of inquiry, 'In God?' He answered, 'In Jesus.' He spoke but once after."

Thus do learned and ignorant, high and low, need Christ; and thus it is proved that all true Christians make much of Him whom their soul loveth.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

(*Concluded from page* 11.)

Aonio Paleario, the author of the old book previously described, was born in the Campagna di Roma, at Veroli, about the year 1503. He studied at Rome under the most eminent masters, and soon took rank with the learned of that city. In 1530 he went to Perugia, in the Romagna, and thence to Sienna, a city of Tuscany; where, in 1538, he married. He here taught the learned languages, whilst diligently studying the Scriptures and the works of the writers of the Reformation. The light that arose within him shone out, and the brand of heresy was soon fixed upon him by the bigots of the Italian Church. In 1542 he was brought before the Senate of Sienna, but for the time escaped the penalty of his heresy.

One Otho Melius Cotta was his most determined enemy; and with this person three hundred leagued themselves in a resolution to destroy Paleario. In order to insure his condemnation, twelve of these were selected to bear witness against him. He had, in consequence, to defend himself before the Senate of Sienna; which he did with so much spirit that for the moment his defence was successful. "There are some," said he, "so censorious as to be displeased when we give the highest praise to the Author and God of our salvation, Christ, the King of all nations and people. For writing in the Tuscan language to show what great benefits accrue to mankind from His death, a criminal accusation has been made against me. Is it possible to utter or conceive anything more shameful? I said that, since He, in whom Divinity resided, has poured out His life's blood so lovingly for our salvation, we ought not to doubt the good-will of Heaven, but may promise ourselves the greatest tranquillity and peace. I affirmed, agreeably to the most unquestionable monuments of antiquity, that those who turn with their souls to Christ crucified, commit themselves to Him by faith, acquiesce in the promises, and cleave with assured faith to Him who cannot deceive, are delivered from all evil, and enjoy a full pardon of all their sins. These things appeared so grievous, so detestable, so execrable, to the twelve, I cannot call them men, but inhuman beasts, that they judged that the author should be committed to the flames. If I must undergo this punishment for the aforesaid testimony, then, Senators, nothing more happy can befall me. In such

times as these I do not think a Christian ought to die in his bed. To be accused, to be dragged to prison, to be scourged, to be hung up by the neck, to be sewed up in a sack, to be exposed to wild beasts, is little: let me be roasted before a fire, provided only the truth be brought to light by such a death."

In 1546 he was invited to Lucca; whence, after ten years' service, he removed to Milan, at the invitation of its Senate, to take the post of Professor of Eloquence. Here his persecutors, who had dogged his steps for years, secured their prey. Paleario was seized by the Inquisitor Angelo di Cremona, about 1568, conveyed to Rome, and committed a close prisoner to the Torre di Nona.

The charges against him were disposed under the following four heads:—That he denied purgatory; that he disapproved of the burial of the dead in churches, and preferred the ancient Roman mode of sepulture without the walls of the cities; that he ridiculed the monastic life; and, lastly, that he ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. In his examination he appears to have manifested great firmness. When questioned by the Cardinals of the Inquisition, he addressed them (it is an enemy who reports his words): "Seeing that your Eminences have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed Apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment: pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfil your office." Judgment was given; and he was condemned, after a lengthened imprisonment, to be suspended on a gibbet, and his body to be committed to the flames: more probably, however, he was burned alive.

The Romanists, according to their frequent practice in such cases, pretended that Aonio was repentant and died in the communion of their Church. But this assertion is refuted by an author, Laderchius, who drew his materials from the records of the Inquisition, and who says, "When it appeared that this son of Belial was obstinate and refractory, and could by no means be recovered from the darkness of error to the light of truth, he was deservedly delivered to the fire, that, after suffering its momentary pains here, he might be found in everlasting flames hereafter." Indeed, the last letters which Paleario wrote to his family on the morning of his death show the falsity of the pretended recantation. They would, we may readily conclude, have expressed his contrition, had he felt any, for opposing the Popish doctrines. Thus does the old man write from his dungeon in the face of a cruel death:—

"My dearest Wife,—I would not wish that you should receive sorrow from my pleasure, nor ill from my good. The hour is now come when I must pass from this life to my Lord, and Father, and God. I depart as joyfully as if I were going to the nuptials of the Son of the Great King, which I have always prayed my Lord to grant me through His goodness and infinite mercy. Wherefore, my dearest wife, comfort yourself with the will of God and with my resignation, and attend to the desponding family which still survives, training them up and preserving them in the fear of God, and being to them both father and mother. I am now an old man of seventy years, and useless. Our children must provide for themselves by their virtue and industry, and lead

an honourable life. God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with thy spirit! Thy husband,

"AONIO PALEARIO.

"*Rome, July 3d*, 1570."

Thus gladly did he meet death, and, giving himself up to his tormentors, entered into his eternal rest.

METHODISM.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

RISING fresh from the study of that precious fragment of church-history, the Acts of the Apostles, we cannot fail to recognise, in the rise of Methodism, *Christianity in earnest* to fulfil its glorious mission to mankind, by preaching the Gospel to every creature, according to the command of its Divine Author. To every mind, interested in the spread of Christ's kingdom, it does undoubtedly present, in its origin and progress, a fitting subject for religious study and intelligent reflection; for around it cluster facts of highest interest and most profound significance. It is now generally acknowledged by enlightened Ministers of every denomination, and by recent historians, and living essayists, that Methodism has been the chief instrument in promoting a great national revival of religion during the last century, and of extending its blessings to the distant regions of the earth. It may not, therefore, be unacceptable to the readers of the "Miscellany," if we devote a few papers to the illustration of Methodist history, including incidents in the lives and characters of its founders, and in those also of their noble coadjutors; or, more fully, its Providential history, spiritual effects, and rapid progress. And for the accomplishment of our purpose abundant materials are at hand; materials which have been furnished both by friends and foes, and which are continually increasing.

Methodism has, from the beginning, been subjected to almost every kind of ordeal through which it was possible for it to pass. It has been openly assailed by ignorance and brutality in their wildest fury; learning has sneered at it from its high places; wit has ridiculed it; while rank and wealth have denounced it as a base, vulgar thing. Formality, self-righteousness, and hypocrisy have agreed to brand it with the opprobious epithets of "enthusiasm," "fanaticism," and "religious madness." Yet, it is admitted that all along it has wrought great reformation in men's lives, transforming the drunken and licentious into sober and chaste living, and making peaceful and happy many a once troubled and wretched home. But it is still, in the eyes of the world, a mean and despicable thing, endured and tolerated from mere necessity, and to a large extent the sect everywhere spoken against.

But, after more than a century of fiery trial, the derided thing still lives, and flourishes too, in every soil and climate under heaven; and that not by the policy and power of man, but by the wisdom and power of God. Methodism is now a great fact, whatever the opinions of men respecting it; and though its very success has silenced some of its adversaries, and modified the opposition of others, yet it is not, by any means, even now, a general favourite with the world.

A great change, however, has come over the spirit of the dream of many of its antagonists. Once it was altogether bad; from this "Nazareth" no good thing could possibly come; therefore it was laughed to scorn. But of late years it has become the fashion partly to praise it, and partly to blame it; and, in spite of the anomaly, from the same fountain have come forth both sweet and bitter waters. It has entered upon a new era of its history, and is no longer to be assailed by brute force, or by that blind and bitter prejudice which will see no good in it at

all. It is in our day regarded as a proper theme for the polite essayist; and a late Poet Laureate discovered in its history gems which he deemed worthy of a rich literary setting; and hence we are treated to Southey's "Life of Wesley." Another finds it a tempting subject for philosophical analysis; and the result is Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism." Others of less elevated mien, whose calling is to cater for the popular taste, and live by their employment, have found in Methodism a subject for a "People's Lecture;" and their treatment of it has been in harmony with their calling.

From all this we fear nothing for Methodism, but anticipate much good both to it and to everybody. Most of its critics have derived some benefit from the acquaintance which they have been obliged to make with the real facts of its history, and the evangelical character of its teaching; while the prejudices which survive are just such as lie against Christianity itself, rightly interpreted. And we regard it as no unfavourable sign of the times, that the attention of minds so diverse in their character, should continue to be directed to that great revival of religion which commenced in the beginning of the last century, in the United Kingdom, and America, and which has extended its blessed influence to the most distant regions of the earth, and which now, like a mighty river, is irrigating and fructifying its vast moral deserts.

There is no indication at present that the origin of Methodism is likely to be lost to the knowledge of mankind. At the time we write, there are two elaborate and independent histories of Methodism issuing from the English and American presses; the former by Dr. G. Smith, and the latter by Dr. Stevens. These works contrast favourably with some of those productions to which we have referred. They are at once comprehensive, impartial, and friendly in their tone and spirit. Their authors, with other high literary qualifications, possess that which is essential to a true historian of Methodism; namely, an enlightened, fervent piety. These histories are the production of men who possess the power of religious discrimination, and are, in consequence, able both to recognise and defend that work of God whose origin and progress they record.

The readers of the "Miscellany" are very numerous. Upwards of two hundred thousand minds come monthly in contact with it; and though we are glad to know that it finds its way into various religious circles, yet the majority of its readers belong to the Methodist family, and many of them are numbered among its youth. All these, from their position, know more or less of Methodism; but how many of them have read the Journals of the Wesleys, John and Charles, or the Lives of the two brothers, or those of the early Methodist Preachers? Yet, the subject is fraught with interest to every one who takes pleasure in the progress of Christ's Gospel, to whatever denomination he may belong; and it should certainly be more especially so to the minds and hearts of those whom Providence has connected with the Methodist branch of the church of the Redeemer. Now no one is competent to form a correct view of the great religious revival to which the name of Methodism has been given, who does not know something of the religious state of the nation prior to its commencement. Individual Christians undoubtedly existed, and here and there little bands of those who feared the Lord, and thought upon His Name, spake often one to another in words of sympathy and encouragement; but as to the people generally, they were wholly uninfluenced by religion. There was a prevailing ignorance of the doctrines of the Gospel, and its morals were all but universally discarded, and that by high and low. After the restoration of the King to the throne, the flood-

gates of iniquity were opened, and the desolation was general. "Under the last of the Stuarts, the Court became a royal brothel, and the play-house the temple of England. The drama of the day could not now be exhibited; nor even privately read, without blushes. Many of the most learned and devoted Clergymen, whose writings are imperishable in our religious literature, were either silenced or displaced. The ministrations of the Church grew formal and ineffective; the Puritan churches themselves at last fell into general decay; while the masses of the people sunk into incredible vice and brutality. England had lapsed into virtual Heathenism, when Wesley appeared."

On the Continent, infidelity prevailed, decked out in all the tinsel show that poetry and eloquence could give it; and at home, the most popular writers were sceptics and infidels. The Clergy of the day had neither learning nor heart to cope with the antagonists of Christianity; nay, many of themselves were deeply tainted with Socinian error, while the rest cared not for any of these things. Public worship was in a great measure neglected; and where it was observed at all, it was degraded into a mere empty, lifeless form. The higher classes laughed at piety, and prided themselves in being above its fanaticism: the lower classes were grossly ignorant, and abandoned to vice. Wesley himself, in his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," asks, "What can an impartial person think concerning the present state of religion in England? Is there a nation under the sun which is so deeply fallen from the very first principles of all religion? Where is the country in which is found so utter a disregard to even heathen morality, such a thorough contempt of justice and truth, and all that should be dear and honourable to rational creatures? What species of vice can possibly be named, even of those that nature itself abhors, of which we have not had for many years a plentiful and still-increasing harvest? Such a complication of villanies of every kind, considered with all their aggravations; such a scorn of all that bears the face of virtue; such injustice, fraud, and falsehood, we may defy the whole world to produce. Just at this time, when we wanted little of 'filling up the measure of our iniquities,' two or three Clergymen of the Church of England began vehemently to 'call sinners to repentance.'" It was at this very period, when ungodliness was the universal, constant, peculiar characteristic of the nation, that the Lord sent forth a few of His servants, as with trumpet-tongues, to proclaim the everlasting Gospel to a fallen Church, and a guilty land.

This testimony of Wesley, as to the state of the kingdom in reference to religion, is confirmed by the direct statements of both Churchmen and Dissenters, and admitted on all hands. Both Southey and Taylor not only admit it, but confirm it; the latter acknowledging that, beside its direct effects upon the masses of a people fast lapsing into Heathenism, Methodism reanimated the languishing Nonconformity of the last century, which, just at the time of the Methodist revival, was rapidly in course to be found nowhere but in books.

Never, in any country nominally Christian and Protestant, was a living, earnest, and fearless preaching of the Divine doctrines of the Gospel more needed than in England, about a century and a half ago. *Without* the Church, all was darkness; and *within* it, all was death. The nation seemed gradually hastening to a perilous crisis, and yet none appeared alive to its danger; or, if at all apprehensive of approaching ill, knew not the remedy, and were not able, therefore, to apply it.

But, loudly as the sins of the people cried to heaven for judgment, God did once more, in wrath, remember mercy; and from one of the most degraded,

licentious, and godless periods of our country's history, since the Reformation, we date the beginning of one of the most glorious and extensive revivals of religion which the annals of Christianity record. And notwithstanding the discredit that for a long time was attempted to be thrown upon Methodism, and the dishonour put upon its supporters and adherents, the present generation has almost universally come round to acknowledge it to have been the work of God. There are still those who quibble at some of the attendant circumstances, the mere accidents of its history; but it is generally admitted that it imparted life to the Church, and salvation to the nation.

A DREAM.

And a most singular dream it was. We had been listening to a smart debate between two friends, on a somewhat peculiar question. One of them insisted that our countrymen have now been so long familiar with Christianity, and the views which Christianity teaches, that, however faulty in practice, they are substantially right in their estimates of the good things both of this life and the life to come. The other stoutly affirmed that we are generally and practically ignorant of the simplest truths; and that one who should apply the principles of the Scriptures to life, would be stared at as altogether beside himself.

That debate tinged our dreams the next night; and we here recount some portion of them, hoping the reader will take them for what they may be worth.

We seemed to be walking along a busy street, with a stranger, whose whole mien impressed us as something more than human. Presently we met a crowd of street-idlers following a distressed-looking man, whom an officer was conducting to prison. Coming nearer, we found it to be our old friend B., a true Christian, but one who had been unfortunate in business. T., a malicious man and a creditor, had got him arrested; and here he was in a woful plight.

"A forlorn-looking man!" we heard a rich neighbour mutter, as B. passed his door. "A shiftless fellow," chimed in a thrifty retail grocer. But suddenly, our strange companion passed through the crowd, and asked the officer to stop for a moment with his prisoner. Then, stooping, he reverently kissed B.'s hand, as if doing homage. What he said, we were too utterly bewildered with amazement to hear distinctly. We caught the words, however, "More than conqueror!" as the stranger stood gazing, with the deepest interest, on poor B. The officer, half dumb with astonishment, here asked, timidly, whether he objected to B.'s imprisonment. "No," said the stranger, "a light affliction, but for a moment;" and, as the crowd passed on with their prisoner, we seemed to hear a rustling as of wings, and a whisper from my singular companion, "Sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation."

We had not walked more than through one square in another direction, when the stranger's attention was drawn toward the senior partner in one of the largest wholesale houses in the city. He was a man of fair character, though of no special religious profession, who had risen from nothing to become a millionaire. He happened to be sitting at this moment, with a party of brother-merchants, in his splendid establishment, discussing a plan for a new railroad. All eyes turned to him, as if his words were conclusive. His splendid equipage stood waiting for him at the door. In a corner, one youth was whispering to another, "If I'm ever worth a twentieth part as much as he is, I shall indeed be made." Just then, without

ado, the stranger walked into the very centre of the busy circle, exclaiming, as he fixed a sad, pitying look on the millionaire, "Miserable man! there may possibly be hope yet remaining." There was a general commotion, of course. One of the company cried, "Insolence!" another, "Crazy!" another was lifting his hand, as if about to seize the intruder; when a second glance at the stranger awed them all into silence. "Wretched creature," he continued, "your life is a pitiable failure. You have never yet really begun to live: downward, every hour, you sink, while deeper gloom gathers over your future. Why will you make of yourself the utter wreck that you are?" And, wonderfully enough, the great capitalist seemed suddenly struck through with a conviction of the truth of it all; and, bowing his head, he sobbed aloud in anguish.

Our next adventure was at a cheerful fireside, to which, dream-fashion, we seemed transported in an instant. An amiable and devoted mother—quite wanting, however, in the "one thing needful"—was caressing her only daughter, while the husband and father sat near, watching them thoughtfully. "How beautiful a picture," we inwardly exclaimed, "of domestic peace and maternal love!" Imagine, then, our amazement as the stranger approached the mother, saying in a tone of mingled sternness and sadness, "Do you know, O woman, that the daughter you love has no deadlier enemy on the earth than yourself? In all this guilty city is there no tempter so fatally, so steadily leading her astray as you are. In some coming day she may remember no other name with so deep and lasting an execration as your own." Shocked by his words, we here broke in with the question, "Is this literal truth? How can these things be?" "How can it be otherwise?" he replied: "no other being on the earth has an influence over this child to be compared for a moment with that of her mother. And that influence—the silent, steady power of *un-Christian example*—is moulding her into a worldly character, leaving her without hope, without God, for eternity. Whoever does *most* to mislead the soul, is the soul's most fearful foe." As he ceased, his words seemed to have fallen like a sentence of death on the unhappy mother. Long as she had listened to the Gospel, the state of her case, thus unfolded, was as new to her as a direct revelation from heaven.

So, as the stranger passed from place to place, his every action and word startled and confounded all whom he met, as if the truths and bearings of Christianity had been something unheard of. We awoke, pondering and wondering; and have since found in the vision abundant food for reflection.

NEGLECT OF THE BIBLE.

Many Christians have weak characters and barren lives, because they have little acquaintance with the word of God, and rarely search it as for hid treasure. There is a moral in the following incident:—

A few months ago a man told his Leader that he was losing power over daily temptation, and that his peace was not so abiding as it used to be, and that altogether he was much cast down. The Leader thought there must be some cause for this. He considered a moment, and then asked,—

"Do you read your Bible every morning before you begin your day's duties?"

He had hit the nail on the head. The member acknowledged that he did not. Of course he was told that there was no need to wonder over his loss of power and peace, when he was neglecting a plain duty. If that member had spoken correctly of his

state, he would have said something like this:—

"Well, I have been trying the experiment of rushing into the thick of worldly cares and temptations without looking into my Bible, and I find it won't do. I am losing ground; my peace is almost gone, and temptation sometimes proves too strong for me; and I am going the wrong way. That is my experience."

Every one sees that such a statement would have been admonitory to all who heard it, and infinitely better adapted to answer the end of class-meetings, than a bare recital of present feeling, without any reference to the fact of which such feeling was the fruit.

A CUP OF SORROW.

An eminent Divine tells us that, soon after the death of his wife, his two children were taken from him within a few hours of each other. "My cup of sorrow," he says, "was filled to the brim. I stood a few moments, and viewed the remains of my two darlings. I felt, at first, as if I could not submit to such a complicated affliction. My heart rose in all its strength against the government of God, and then suddenly sunk under its distress; which alarmed me. I sprang up, and said to myself, 'I must submit, or I am undone for ever.' In a few moments I was entirely calm, and resigned to the will of God. I never enjoyed greater happiness than during that day and the next. My mind was full of God; and I used afterwards to look towards the burying-ground, and wish for the time when I might be laid by the side of my departed wife and little ones."

There is great beauty in such religion as this; for the grace of submission to this great and bereaving Father is the hardest and rarest of Christian attainments. There is such a temptation to angry rebellion when the blow cuts deep. A wife is suddenly taken; a crib is left empty, or a cradle deepens into a grave. A noble, gifted son is cut off in the prime of life; a son who was all the world to her who leaned upon him. A lovely daughter withers and droops; her beauty falls off like the rose-leaves, and presently she goeth down to darkness and the worm.

Beside such new-made graves, unbelief utters its reproaches, "not loud but deep." But submission whispers, with faltering lips and choking utterance, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The will of the Lord be done.

PRAYER, SHORT AND LONG.

A PRAYER may be *short* for two reasons: it may be because he who prays is simple-hearted, and will not say more than he feels; and it may be because he is in haste to be about his worldly business or amusements, or does not like to tarry long alone with God.

A prayer may also be *long* for two reasons; either because he who offers it makes a merit of long prayers, or because his heart is so full that it cannot quickly unburden itself. Let not one who goes thus to his closet fear to stay there until he has told all that is in his heart in the indulgent ear of his Father in heaven; until he has spread out the whole detail of his cares, his sins, and his wants, under the eye of Him "who seeth in secret."

There is nothing in the words or in the example of our Lord which forbids you staying alone before the throne of grace just as long as, in the simplicity of your heart, you feel disposed to stop there. But the laborious effort to prolong secret prayer is, perhaps, to be avoided.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. I.

Few subjects have recently excited a deeper or more wide-spread interest than that of "the Divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation, of the Sabbath." We have no hesitation in asserting that "the Sabbath question" is one that affects the very essence of morality and practical religion. It appeals at once to the best interests of whole communities, and to those of each individual member of the body politic; and the observance or non-observance of one day in seven, as a "holy day," appropriated in the most direct and special manner to the business of religion, we take to be not the least certain index to the moral and religious character of a man, or of an entire people.

The whole world has been fully advertized of the fact, that on the Divine injunction of keeping of a Sabbath, and the extent of the obligation, there are diversities of opinion. Christian churches themselves have differed; theologians of the same church have differed. Much has been written on the question on both sides; and research and learning have been employed, sometimes, we fear, in darkening what we take to be, after all, a tolerably clear and plain subject.

In the statements and arguments which may be adduced in this and subsequent papers, we make no pretension whatever to novelty. On a theme on which so much has been written, it were idle to suppose that anything really new can be advanced. Our aim will be plainly to STATE THE QUESTION, and to furnish the SCRIPTURAL GROUNDS on which we claim for the Christian Sabbath a cessation from secular pursuits and amusements, and a strictly spiritual and devout observance.

The Sabbath is to be found in the Bible: of this there is no doubt. *It is there!* There, beyond dispute, (for on this subject all are agreed,) placed, like the sun in the heavens, by God Himself. The TIME *when* the day was instituted; the PEOPLE *for whom* it was specially designed; the EXTENT *of its obligation;* and the TERM *of its duration;* these are questions that have been, and still are, warmly debated.

The leading theory antagonistic to the claims of the Sabbath, as being universally and perpetually obligatory, is that which regards it as a mere institution of Judaism. The Sabbath, we are told, was first given to the Jews by Moses in the wilderness; that, like the Passover, it began with Judaism; was a part of Judaism; was restricted to Judaism; and, consequently, when Christ abolished the Mosaic economy, the Sabbath as a Divine institution ceased.

This entire theory, of course, falls to the ground, if it can be satisfactorily proved that the Sabbath was established long prior to the existence of Judaism; that it is, in point of fact, as old as creation; was instituted in the original paradise; and was given, primarily, not to the Israelites in the wilderness, but to Adam in the garden of Eden; to Adam as the fountain-head and representative of the whole human race.

That these points can be established we have no doubt. If so, the inference is inevitable: "THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN;" not for a particular race; but for man *as* MAN,—for ALL MEN; man *generically* considered; and, therefore, we of the present day can claim the privileges of the Sabbath, unfettered, unrestricted, unbroken, as a gift from above, "our birth-right;" and are as solemnly bound to observe its laws, as much so as any people who ever existed under the canopy of heaven.

FIRST.—*The paradisaic origin of the Sabbath we infer from the position it occupies in reference to the work of creation, and from the manner in which it is first introduced to our attention in the Sacred Volume.*

We refer to the sacred records. The inspired penman, detailing the events of

creation in their regular and consecutive order, day by day, from the period when "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep," up to that moment when perfection crowned the handiwork of Jehovah, concludes his narrative in these words:—"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." (Gen. ii. 1—3.)

Now, the question which arises here, is this:—"Do these words record the setting apart the day, *at the time*, or do they refer prospectively, (as some persons tell us,) to its being set apart on Mount Sinai, *hundreds of years afterwards?*" Can any one hesitate as to the answer that is to be given? The history of creation, throughout the entire six days, is chronological, unbroken, complete. But, if we are to look forward into the depths of twenty-five centuries, (as the advocates of the Jewish origin of the Sabbath tell us,) for the first institution of the Sabbath; then, this history presents no orderly series, and its chronology admits of no computation. At a particular time, in a particular juncture, "the Book" says, "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." When? Two thousand five hundred years subsequently, is the reply! Who that has not an hypothesis to support, would admit as an argument an assertion so unnatural, overstrained, and monstrous? We might as well break asunder the links in the chain of sacred history at any other period as at this. We might as well suppose that the heavens and the earth were not created on the days which Moses records; that the sun and moon did not shine until a long period after the time here specified. This theory which supposes the narrative in Genesis to be by prolepsis or anticipation, one would think was originally started to make men of plain and unsophisticated sense wonder at the vagaries of men of learning. If the Sabbath was not instituted at the time which is here assigned to it, all is thrown into uncertainty. A plain historical statement becomes confused; the whole foundation of faith is overturned; and we are left perfectly at sea, even as to the order and succession of the works of creation.

Secondly.—*The Ante-Judaic institution of the Sabbath is evident from the fact, that it was distinctly recognised by the Israelites in the wilderness, and was enforced by God upon them, before the utterance of the Ten Commandments upon Sinai.*

Of this there is positive evidence. Jehovah promised to rain bread from heaven for the sustenance of His people; and in reference to that miraculous display of Divine power and goodness, this was the direction given: "On the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily." (Exod. xvi. 5.) Here we have implied a perfect familiarity with the law of the Sabbath. "On the sixth day." What sixth day? If the people had known nothing of a seventh or Sabbath day, how could they tell which would be the sixth? But they were at no loss; and we are told that "on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for one man." (V. 22.) Which is the more reasonable supposition, that the people chanced to hit upon the right day, or that the Sabbath was a well-known institution?

The entire narrative, as furnished in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus, demonstrates this,—that the law of the Sabbath, as observed by the Jews, was *antecedent to the Sinaic code;* it was understood by them; it was acted upon by them. From whence did they derive their knowledge of that law? There is no evidence whatever that there had been any Divine formal promulgation of it, since the day that God finished the work of creation. We naturally and reasonably infer then, that it was the "original boon," handed down from man to man, through successive generations; preserved and guarded by the special providence of God. A flower of paradise; transplanted into the moral wilderness, to cheer and gladden man by its bloom and fragrance, amid the toils and cares to which the curse had doomed him!

(*To be continued.*)

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

II. ACTIVE LIFE.

Not many months after Havelock's arrival in India, in 1823, he had to embark for Burmah, and engage in the war that had been commenced with Alompra, whose name will be ever memorable in the history of the Burmese Mission, for the cruel imprisonment of Dr. Judson, and the heroic conduct of his devoted wife. This is one of the few incidents that will take a permanent place in the annals of the church. The 13th Regiment, to which Havelock belonged, was quartered in a temple of Buddha, near Rangoon. In one of the cloisters of the Great Pagoda he assembled his men for worship. The voice of psalmody was heard in the area that had previously resounded with the praises of the atheistic "teacher of the three worlds;" and the oil-lamps of their oratory were placed in the lap of the idols, that were arranged around it in a sitting posture; the whole scene full of interest, from the strange contrast between the heathen formalities of its former priesthood, and the holy fervour of its present occupants. He was, now for the first time, in actual conflict with an enemy, and was entrusted with responsible command; but his health soon failed, and he was obliged to visit Bombay for its restoration. On his return he joined the army at Prome; and it was here he received the honourable testimony from Sir Archibald Campbell, who said, on a sudden attack, when the men of another corps were not forthcoming because of intemperance, "Then call out Havelock's saints: they are always sober, and can be depended on, and he is always ready." When a truce was proposed, he was chosen as one of the Commissioners to the Burmese court, and had an audience with the King at Ava, who gave him a patent of honorary rank. The war ceased soon afterwards, but peace brought with it no promotion, and Havelock had to work his way towards a position of influence, step by step, after repeated trials and disappointments. This must have been a source of continued trial to his ardent mind. We shall notice only the more important changes in his various appointments; but their record is instructive and admonitory to the youth who may be led away by the supposed desirableness of a soldier's life. The monotony of the cantonment was relieved by the preparation of a work published at the Serampore press, in 1825, entitled, "Campaigns in Ava."

For three years Havelock held a staff-appointment at Chinsura; and on the 9th of February, 1829, he was married to Hannah Shepherd, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman. In a letter written some years afterwards, he calls her "the best of mothers, and not the worst of wives;" and whatever disappointments he may have had as a military man, when in the midst of his domestic circle he appears to have been eminently happy. A few weeks after his marriage he was admitted into the Baptist church, by the Rev. John Mack; and in his attachment to this denomination of Christians, he remained firm and faithful until his death. In 1831 he had to join his regiment at Dinapore, on the limited pay of a subaltern. There was no Minister at this station beside the Chaplain; and for three years he conducted Divine service with his men, assisted by another officer; and their congregation usually consisted of about sixty persons. On the birth of a son at Agra, it was proposed that the family name of Lionel should be given him; but the father said, "This name signifies 'little lion;' and there have been lions and tigers enough, and too many, of my race already. I wish the next generation to be lambs." For the Nonconformist soldiers he solicited from the Governor-General the same privilege that had been conceded to the Romanists, that they might not be obliged to attend the services of the Church of England, but be allowed to worship God according to their consciences. This boon was not granted until another order of men were in power. When confined to his couch by illness, it was reported that one of the "saints" had been found drunk. This at first gave him

great pain. He had devoted himself to the establishment of Temperance Societies in the army; and frequently said that the British soldiers were the best in the world, "when kept away from drink." On subsequent inquiry it was found, however, that the delinquent was another man of the same name as one of the Baptists. It was then that Colonel Sale made the remark, "I know nothing about Baptists, but I know that I wish the whole regiment were Baptists; for their names are never in the defaulters' roll, and they are never in the lock-up." Similar testimonies were given, on several occasions, to Havelock's personal worth. He was a leader of the Lord's host in his regiment, and equally excelled in his attention to all the duties of the soldier. Amidst all the perplexities of the camp he maintained a close communion with God. Throughout life, even when upon march, it was his custom to secure two hours in the morning for the reading of the Scriptures and private prayer; and one-tenth of his income was sacredly devoted to purposes of humanity and religion.

In 1834 he was appointed as Interpreter to the 16th Foot; for which position he had qualified himself by the study of Persian and Hindustanee. In the following year, notwithstanding the strong opposition against him as "a Methodist and a fanatic," he was appointed as the Adjutant of his own regiment, the 13th; the Governor-General saying, that he was "unquestionably the fittest man in the corps for it."

When Havelock was with his regiment at Kurnaul, his wife, then at Landoura, was awoke one calm moonlight night by the cry of "fire," and found that the bungalow in which she had retired to rest was on a blaze. With her infant in her arms, she attempted to escape, but fell. By a faithful native servant she was rescued, after being severely burnt; but the infant survived its injuries only a few days. Two of the native servants perished in the flames. This was a severe affliction to Havelock; but he bowed submissively to the will of God. When the soldiers of his regiment heard of the pecuniary loss he had sustained, they came to him in a body, and begged him to allow each man to devote one day's pay to help him in his difficulties. This was a noble act, equally honourable to the officer and to his men.

In 1838 he became a Captain by purchase, at the mature age of forty-three. Not long afterwards, he was engaged in the expedition to Cabul, where our army met with the severest disasters, and was overtaken by one of the most serious reverses that British soldiers ever had to encounter in any part of the world. The General in command was entirely unfit for his position, and the wiser men that were around him were under an unaccountable infatuation. In Cabul, Havelock held a series of religious services, in the interval employed by the diplomatists of the Government in vain efforts to consolidate the British power in this wild and distant region. "In May, 1841," writes an intimate friend, "Havelock was on the staff of General Elphinstone; but as his old regiment, the 13th, was then at Cabul, he was able to meet the men again, and, assisted by some officers of artillery, he was able to assemble them on Sabbath evenings for Divine service, and to meet them occasionally during the week in a tent which had been set apart for the purpose. On many of these occasions I had the satisfaction of being present during my stay in Cabul, up to September, 1841; and I have, to this day, a very vivid recollection of the fervour with which all joined in the service, and the heart with which they sung the hymns which Havelock read out to them, and amongst others,—

'Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your Sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.'"

(*To be continued.*)

The Household.

WHO'S YOUR DRESSMAKER?

(*Concluded from page* 24.)

"You are a queer maid, Fan: I shall never find you out. What fortune are you looking after?"

"Why, a good conscience, Sarah,—

don't you think that's a grand fortune?—and peace with God, and a feeling that my heavenly Father loves me, and a hope of being with my Redeemer for ever: that's my fortune, my dear; and you may have the same, if you will. And now, let me tell you how I came to think about this. I wanted somebody to make my best frock. 'Tis true, I might have learnt to make it myself. But I like to live and let live. To divide labour a little is best for all parties; and I don't wish to be unfair to those who have to get their living by dressmaking. So, as I said, I wanted somebody to help me. I heard one day about a poor girl who was left without father and mother. She had the full use of only one hand, they said; and yet she kept herself decently; for she had learnt to make dresses so well, that she was never without work. Well, I went off one evening to seek her. It was up a passage into what they called a court. Not a court, however, like some of those down in the town,—close, and dark, and dismal-looking: though, as to that matter, people may be happy and keep themselves decent, even in such courts, when Providence puts them there. But the court I was speaking about was snug, yet so cheerful and pretty. There was a row of cottages with little gardens in front on one side, and the path ran up on the other between the wall and a nicely-cut thorn-hedge. Mary (that's her name) lodged with an old woman in the top cottage. One could have hung over the gate looking at the garden almost for ever, it was so neat and pleasant. The flowers and shrubs were so fresh, and they looked as if they were minded by somebody who loved them. There was a bit of a rockery, too, in the corner under the window, with a few small creepers and a patch of houseleek on it. O! it was beautiful. And what a picture the inside of the cottage was! You should have seen the dresser, and the brasses on the chimney-piece, and the table scrubbed just as white as the old woman's apron, and the bright balsams in the window; and as to the floor, why, it was cleaner than some people's dishes. The very heads of the nails on which a small looking-glass, and the hearth-brush, and kettle-quilt, and the like of that, were hanging, seemed to have their daily rub, they were so bright. Mary was putting away the tea-things when I went in; and the old woman had settled down in her chair with her spectacles on, and was turning over the leaves of a large Bible that was before her on the table. For my part, I could not take my eyes off Mary. She was the little queen of the place. She was still in mourning for her mother; and had on a high black dress without any trimming: trimming would have spoiled it. 'Ah!' said I to myself, when I saw how it fitted her quiet little figure, 'she's the dressmaker for me.' She wore a white starched collar, fastened with a small black brooch, shaped like a leaf. Her dark hair was done up quite plain. I'm sure nothing else would have suited her calm pale face. And then those eyes of hers, they made you feel as if peace itself were looking at you. Altogether, she was the dearest girl; she had my heart at first sight. Well, what do you think? She turned to me with a sweet smile, and said, 'Perhaps you wouldn't mind stopping with us at prayer; for my old friend and I always pray together about this time of the day.' What could I do, Sarah? I sat down. The old woman read the thirty-fourth psalm, and I thought it had never seemed so beautiful before. Then Mary prayed; first for the old woman, and then for me; and my mother's prayers came to my mind, and the tears started. But when she prayed for herself, and asked God to bless her in answer to her parents' prayers which they had so often put up for her, I thought I should have dropped down on the floor, and I felt ready to weep my soul away. When we got up from our knees, I could do nothing but weep. And then, to make it worse,—'Prayer is good,' says Mary to me: 'you love prayer, don't you?' O, Sarah! what could I say? for really I never prayed, though so many prayers had been offered for me. She asked me to go to a meeting where a few good people talked and prayed together. So I went; and liked it so much that I went again; and I still go. Mary seemed to take a liking to me, and we walked together; and she spoke to me so kindly about the Saviour's love to such as me, that my poor heart

was fairly broken, and I began to feel the meaning of what Jesus said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' And I did come to Him; and He mercifully showed me that His word is true, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out.' And, O! my dear Sarah, it is a happy thing indeed to know that He loves you, and that you love Him. There is none like Jesus to me now; but, next to my Saviour, there is nobody so close to my heart as that little darling Mary. I have learnt many useful lessons from her as to managing my clothes and other things; but the best of all is, that she brought me to Christ, and taught me the way to be happy and good."

"You make me feel I don't know how, Fanny. I should like to see Mary; and yet I am almost afraid, she is so good. Do you think she would talk to me about religion? To be sure one must be godly, I know; yet it is hard to begin, somehow. But come, tell me more about Mary. It seems pleasant to hear such things, though it makes me feel that I am far from what I ought to be. If I could undo what's past, I would; but as I can't, I must try to do as you have done, Fanny. Do pray for me; and tell me more about Mary, how she came to be so good, and how she got on when she lost her mother. God must have been very good to her."

"Yes, Sarah, there is no doubt about that. God is always as good as His word; and you know He says, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me.' He has been good to Mary. When she was a very little one, some girl let her fall, and hurt her left arm so, that she has not been able to use it much ever since. While she was growing up, her mother, who was left a widow, poor thing! used to think sometimes what the child would do when she was gone. 'I know,' she would say, 'that I ought to cast my care upon Him who has so often been my Friend in the time of need, and who has promised that He will be the Father of the fatherless, as well as the Husband of the widow; but when I look at the darling's weak arm, and see that she will never be fit for hard work, I am tempted to forget all about Providence, and to weep at the thought of my precious Mary wanting bread.' But the good woman little thought that Mary, all the while, could see through her looks, and was quietly forming a plan for setting her mother's mind at rest, and for getting herself ready, if ever she should be left an orphan. She used to lie awake at night, she told me, thinking what she should do: until, at last, it came to her mind all at once, that there were two or three nice girls in the next street who were dressmakers; and that if she could get her weak hand used to holding work, and learn to sew well, they might perhaps tell her a few things about cutting and fitting, and all that, and so she might manage to pick up a living. Well, do you know, she put herself about it, and tried, and tried, until she really could do any sort of sewing; and then she went to these girls: and it seemed as if God had put it into their minds, as well as her own; they were so kind. They let her come whenever she liked, to see as much of their way of doing things as she pleased; and they told her many things besides. Dear little creature, she would do work for them by way of repaying them a little, as she said, for their kindness. But, by and by, she started on her own account, and got on too; so that, after all, her mother lived to see her in a fair way of doing something for herself. The old woman came to her death-bed at last, as you and I must, Sarah. May we have as beautiful a finish as she had. 'There's not a leaf moving, my dear,' said she to Mary, as she was passing. Did you ever hear anything so sweet as that, Sarah? Well, if we live in peace with God, He will take us away in peace."

"Was that the way she died, Fanny? O! what I would give to think that my end would be like that! I've made up my mind to turn over a new leaf, and see whether I can't get at this good way of living; for that's the secret of a good finish, I see."

"Yes, so it is, Sarah; and I am sure you make me happy to hear you say what you do. Never fear; God will never cast out a sincere soul."

"You did not tell me, Fanny, how

Mary found the comfort of religion, nor how she got to lodge with the nice old woman in the cottage."

"No, Sarah, nor have I told you many other things about her that I have in my heart. I believe she learnt to love her Saviour when she was a little child. It seems as if the blessed Jesus goes about still blessing little children, though we don't see Him. And when a kind mother is every day bringing her child to Him, and asking Him to be a Friend to that child, I, for one, believe that He comes again, and puts His hand upon the pretty little head, and smiles, and gives His blessing. And, O, Sarah! how beautiful and yet how solemn are His words, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' Now I do think, that the old woman at the cottage has found out the truth of what the Redeemer said; and that she has received Him, by receiving that precious child Mary. The old woman knew Mary's mother; and when she heard of her death, she went and asked the poor girl to lodge with her. She has a bit of a pension; and so they can help one another. And I am sure that cottage is not far off from heaven; no, it is a little heaven itself; and many times have I thought of the wise man's words when I have come in and found them happy over their plain little meal: 'Better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' Now you'll love my dressmaker, won't you?"

"I love her already, Fan. But I must try to live like her; and will, God helping me."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCII.

"*And the Lord said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua: for I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovah-nissi: for he said, Because the Lord hath sworn that the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation.*" (Exod. xvii. 14—16.)

There is confessedly a difficulty as to the rendering of this last verse. The words literally are, "For He said, Because the hand is on, or against, the throne of the Lord, the Lord will have war with Amalek." Our translators, supposing the hand to mean the hand of God, have considered the expression, "the hand on the throne of the Lord," as equivalent to "the Lord hath sworn,"—as if He had laid His hand upon His throne; and so, accordingly, they have rendered it. But they were not without some doubt on the subject. They supposed that "the hand" might mean the hand of Amalek; and in this view the passage would run thus: "Because the hand of Amalek is against the throne of the Lord, the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation." Accordingly they have so translated the passage in the margin; and to this rendering I confess I am strongly inclined. It expresses, in a very definite and emphatic manner, what is everywhere plainly taught in Scripture, and implied in the whole passage, independently of the precise rendering of the last verse; namely, that God regarded the cause of Israel as His own cause, and their enemies as His enemies. He had chosen them, in the exercise of His sovereign grace, that they might be to Him for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory in the earth. The manifestation of His

supremacy as the living and the true God was suspended on the safe conduct of Israel to the land of Canaan, and their establishment in the possession of that land as their rightful inheritance. Not only had all this been sworn to Abraham, and the promise repeated to his posterity, but God had given intimations of His purpose sufficiently plain and palpable to be intelligible to all the surrounding nations, and sufficiently terrible, moreover, to show how vain and impious it were to attempt a defeat of that purpose. Those, then, who dared to make the attempt were waging war against God's sovereignty; they were disputing and endeavouring to disprove His supremacy; they were lifting their hand against the throne of the Lord. In this fearful warfare, this desperately infatuated rebellion against Jehovah, Amalek had the guilty pre-eminence of taking the lead; and it was befitting the Divine rectitude, therefore, that he should not only be defeated, but be set forth an awful example of the righteous judgment of God, that others might take warning of the inevitable ruin which must sooner or later be the portion of those who are found fighting against Him.—*Gordon's Christ in the Old Testament*, vol. i., pp. 260, 261. Edit. 1854.

No. XCIII.

"*Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.*" (Num. xii. 3.)

Some critics have found a difficulty about this verse, on the ground that Moses could not be supposed to speak in this way of himself. I confess I cannot understand how there should be any difficulty about the matter, with those at least who believe the plain and simple statement of the Apostle: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Under this inspiration Moses spoke and wrote; and I will venture to add, that he never was in a more humble and subdued frame of spirit than at the moment that he recorded these words. After the temporary distrust or unbelief to which a short time before he had for a season given way, the testimony here borne to his character by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, must have filled him with the deepest humility and self-abasement: and they who have experienced most largely the grace and forbearance of God will be the best able to understand how Moses must have felt in the circumstances here related. Indeed one of the chief objects of recording the singular transactions narrated in these verses seems to have been to declare, and to preserve on record, the Divine testimony to the high places which Moses occupied, as bearing a Divine commission, and to the fidelity with which he had discharged the trust committed to him, so as to be an eminent type of Christ, whose servant or vicegerent he was. From the moment, indeed, at which he received his commission, or rather from the moment of his birth, he typically represented the Saviour.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 77.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XIV.

"How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent steps, from stone to stone,
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate in Christian love
Upon the dead and dying!"

"A BOAT, Sir?" "Want a boat, Sir?" was the well-known cry which reached me from several points as I came down to the beach at Saltash. My choice was soon made; the boat was ready, a cloak and knapsack were flung astern, and in another minute the weather-beaten but kind-looking boatman and I were fairly off for a cruise up the river. The tide was now running down in great strength, so that we pulled along as near as possible to the shore, which was richly variegated with gardens, orchards, and meadows. By

and by, taking advantage of a little breeze, the sail was hoisted, and we glided up pleasantly, at once lulled and refreshed by the ripple of the water and the breath of the morning. "Stay!" said I at last, with a gentle turn of the helm, just as we had cleared a long mud-bank over which the tide was broken into a kind of merry dance,—"Stay! I will land at this point; and you shall take the boat on to Cargreen, where I will join you again at dinner-time." The sail was lowered, the boat touched the shore, and, with the aid of my companion's offered shoulder, I leaped on the weedy sand, and started on a ramble up the creek towards Landulph church. It was a delicious hour; so bright, so balmy, so still. Now and then I caught that marine scent which floats around the margin of tidal creeks: always of itself grateful to my sense, it was doubly so now, because of the agreeable recollections which it brought of the sea-side wanderings of my boyhood. My way was marked by the tangled fringe of stunted wood, and shrubs, and flowers, which overhung the beach, as if it would be a band of kindred between the verdure of the fields and the patches of more lowly vegetation which received its daily nourishment from the sea-water, as it ebbed and flowed. Now and then I lingered to watch the gambols of an old friend, *Hipparchia Janira*, the meadow brown butterfly: an old friend I say; for how many times has the fluttering creature taught me the possibility of keeping up a cheerful spirit under sober appearances through all the changes of sunlight and shadow! Then, a little group of the small tortoise-shell family (*Vanessa Urticæ*) would court my attention, as if they were travelling like a troop of smiling fairies to entertain lone pilgrims with their pretty dresses and airy movements. Nor was I left without one salutation from a lonely pair of azure blues (*Polyommatus Argiolus*). Let no one laugh at my enjoyment among the butterflies. I have communed with nature long enough to know and feel that while my heavenly Father has painted tiny wings and peopled the summer air with transient life for my pleasure, He commends the lovely creatures to my notice, and bids me bless them with a smile of complacency and kindness. But now I found myself approaching the church. A path which opened on the water-side led me past the rectory into the leafy retirement where the little parish-sanctuary seemed to be hidden from the notice of all but the few who sought it at the hour of prayer. I remember when the embowered path from the parsonage to the church used to be paced by the travelled, accomplished, and kind-hearted author of "Discoveries in Asia Minor," F. V. J. Arundel; but he had now passed away to join the departed spirits from those "ancient cities," whose memory he had helped to preserve. The soul who loves to muse in a scene of plaintive beauty and deep and holy stillness, must linger as I did in the graveyard of Landulph. In the depth of the creek, hid on the water-side by rich foliage, and sheltered behind and on either hand by the swelling hills, the lone tower and ancient porch look down upon the green resting-place of those who for many ages had come there to worship. Many venerable tombs crowded near the eastern window of the church, which was darkened with luxuriant ivy, rising thickly from behind rich clumps of hazel which flung their shadows over the memorial-stones below, and which were almost rivalled by clusters of *Spiræa-Ulmaria*, meadow-sweet, whose dense cream-coloured panicles shot up to an unusual height, and sent out their perfume over the hallowed scene, as if they would regale the dead with "pure incense," and remind the living that the "memory of the just," is like "ointment poured out." The heavy buttresses which on one side supported the venerable walls were curiously decked with moss, inwrought with creepers and ivy, and embossed with the richest clumps of wall-spleenwort I ever saw. Nor could any heart devise adornment for tombs, like that which time had woven around some of the older monuments; an ivy-robing with border-fringes of sombre ferns, the black maiden-hair, and the deep-green hart's-tongue hanging around in full and solemn beauty. What tales of ancestry were there! If men are to be honoured in proportion to the antiquity of their distant family-line, I was among the tombs of true nobility.

There were the Lowers, the Dawes, and the Hodges, some of whom were to be traced back as occupiers of the surrounding soil for many hundreds of years. But the most interesting and impressive memorial was within the consecrated walls. There, on a brass plate, near the altar, was the following inscription, underneath the figure of a spread eagle :—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THEODORO PALEOLOGUS OF PESARO IN ITALYE DESCENDED FROM YE IMPERYAIL LYNE OF YE LAST CHRISTIAN EMPERORS OF GREECE BEING THE SONNE OF CAMILIO YE SONE OF PROSPER THE SONNE OF THEODORO THE SONNE OF JOHN YE SONNE OF THOMAS SECOND BROTHER TO CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS THE 8TH OF THAT NAME AND LAST OF YT LYNE YT RAYGNED IN CONSTANTINOPLE UNTIL SUBDEWED BY THE TYRKES, WHO MARRIED WTH MARY YE DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM BALLS OF HADLYE IN SOUFFOLKE GENT, AND HAD ISSUE 5 CHILDREN THEODORO, JOHN, FERDINANDO, MARIA, AND DOROTHY, AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT CLYFTON YE 21ST OF JANUARY 1636.

The last of the Greek Emperors was heard to cry amidst the bloody tumult which rose around him when the Turks stormed the Imperial city, "Is there no Christian who will cut off my head?" He fell amidst heaps of slain, and was found buried under a frightful mass of mingled friends and foes. The victorious Mahomet found in Thomas, the brother of the fallen Emperor, a man who gave him reason to say that in the great country of Peloponnesus he had found many slaves, but no man except him. He defended the castle of Salmonica against the Moslems for twelve months; and when the case became hopeless, he escaped with a few naked followers to Corfu, and from thence passed into Italy, where he shared the hospitality of Pius II. His descendant, Theodore, probably sought refuge in England from the storm which threatened the children of the Greek refugees in Italy under Paul V. and Gregory XV. Whether his retreat on the banks of the Tamar was near the spot where he landed; or, whether he was drawn towards it by the offer of hospitality, or the charms of scenery and climate, one would like to know; but there is no voice to answer such questions. Did he come alone? or did other fugitives find a home in Cornwall at the same time? Certain it is, that Greek surnames still linger there. It may be that a few broken remnants of Grecian life mingled their blood with that of the western Kelts. What became of Theodore's sons does not appear. His daughter Dorothy married William Arundel of Landulph, in 1656, and died in 1681. Mary died unmarried. Her burial was registered in 1674. And so the Imperial house of Constantinople has its last memorial in the records of a little parish on Tamarside! The other family-lines of the household soon melted away after the fall of the Empire. Demetrius, the brother of Thomas, and of the last Emperor, died under a monastic habit in the fallen city. And of the sons of Thomas, the lineage of one was soon lost amidst the obscurity of low Italian life; while the only son of another, who had returned to the East, disappeared in "the habit and religion of a Turkish slave." The latest known surviving branch therefore became identified with the Cornish Arundells. Not an unworthy name to be taken by the daughter of a Paleologus. The first seat of the Arundells was Hempston-Arundell, near Totness, in Devon. About the time of Edward III., a branch of the house came into the possession of Trerice in Cornwall by marriage with the heiress. And from that Trerice sprang many a notable and brave gentleman. There was Sir John, who figured and fell in the struggle between the White and Red Roses. He was Vice-Admiral of Cornwall under Henry VI.; and as the Sheriff of his native county, under Edward IV., lost his life during an attack on St. Michael's Mount. He had sometimes resided at Efford, on the northern coast of the county; but gave the final preference to Trerice, it is said, because it had been foretold that he would die on the sands. The prophecy, if ever such prophecy had been uttered, was fulfilled when he received his death-wound on the sands between Marazion and St. Michael's Mount. Then there was John, who, in 1522, received royal thanks for caging Duncan Campbell, a

notorious Scotch pirate; and who was made Vice-Admiral of Cornwall during the first years of Mary's reign. Another John Arundell was still more famous: he was known as "Old Tilbury" and "John for the King." When he had passed his "fourscore years," he bravely defended Pendennis Castle, one of the two last garrisons which held out for royalty against the Parliamentary forces. The old Governor and his men were reduced to scanty and questionable fare. They picked the bones of their dogs and cats, and then, as the story goes, fired them at the "round heads." Nor would they treat, but on the best conditions. Their terms were at last accepted; and the handful of half-starved heroes marched out under arms, and, with drums beating and colours flying, passed to the rear of the beleaguering force. Hurrah for the brave fellows! Honour to the memory of the sturdy "Old Tilbury!" I kindle at the thought of Pendennis. My boyish enthusiasm used to glow as I looked at the embattled promontory from the grassy ridge which Republican troops once threw up against it. And how proud I have been to share a morsel within the old castle's massive walls, when I thought of the men who would have perished with hunger rather than stain the honour of their flag! But a word more about the Arundells. Sir Richard, the son of "John for the King," distinguished himself in the royal army both at Edgehill and Landsdown, and suffered severely in his fortunes for his unwavering loyalty. Nevertheless, times changed, and he became the first Lord Arundell of Trerice. His grandson was the fourth and last who bore the title. The Arundells of Landulph, however, must not be forgotten. Thomas, a son of Sir John, who was killed "on the sands," built a mansion at Clifton on Tamar, in 1500, and thus fixed the seat of that younger branch of the family which became allied to the fallen house of Constantinople. And now I was on my way to this last home of a broken lineage. "Where is Clifton?" said I, to a jolly-looking labourer, as I passed out of the quiet churchyard.

"Cliff'n, Zur, ez t'other zide o' tha parish."

"Which is my way?"

"Why, yiu muss go auver tha hill, Zur, an go droo Cargreen."

Yes, thought I, and it is time I was at Cargreen; for my boatman will want some dinner, and so do I.

Five-ways. X.

Poetry.

THE WICKET-GATE.

'Mid the fast-falling shadows,
Weary, and worn, and late,
A timid, doubting pilgrim,
I reach the wicket-gate:
Where crowds have stood before me,
I stand alone to-night,
And in the deepening darkness
Pray for one gleam of light.

From the foul sloughs and marshes
I've gather'd many a stain;
I've heard old voices calling
From far across the plain:
Now, in my wretched weakness,
Fearful and sad I wait;
And every refuge fails me
Here at the wicket-gate.

And will the portals open
To me, who roam'd so long,
Filthy, and vile, and burden'd
With this great weight of wrong?
Hark! a glad voice of welcome
Bids my wild fears abate;
Look, for a hand of mercy
Opens wide the wicket-gate.

On to the palace Beautiful,
And the bright room call'd Peace,
Down to the silent river,
Where thou shalt find release;
Up to the radiant City,
Where shining ones await;
On, for the way of glory
Lies through the wicket-gate.

Our Servants.

ORDER.

We spoke a few words in our last Number on Truth. Next to truth is *Order*. An orderly person, whether employer or servant, has an orderly mind. Order always exists in the mind first; then in one's habits. A youth, some time ago, was converted to God, and made happy in His love, while his mother and he were praying together at home, in the town of Leeds. Shortly after receiving this salvation, the youth silently withdrew, and went up-stairs into his chamber alone. The mother, hoping to hear her beloved son pour out his thanks to God in private in his own heart's expression, stepped very quietly to his room-door, which she found he had left a little ajar. To her surprise, there was no hymn of praise, no voice of prayer, but the noise of taking out and putting in the contents of a drawer. Disappointed, she stepped forward, and said to her son, "My dear, I thought you had come up to pray: what are you doing in your drawers?" He replied, "The Lord has put my mind in order, and so I thought I would put my drawer in order." This was quite natural. An orderly workman cannot bear to have his tools out of order, nor a Captain his ship, nor a soldier his accoutrements, nor a tradesman his shop, nor a student his library, nor an orderly servant her house. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a capital rule; but some people read it thus, one would think, "A place for everything, and everything *out* of its place."

Where there is order, there is ease of movement: like a machine in order, every part runs smoothly. Disorder produces derangement and irregularity of action. An orderly house is just twice as large as a disorderly one. Any person, who for the first time inspects a ship ready for sea, especially a "man-of-war," feels astonished at the immense quantity of guns, ball, gunpowder, fire-arms, cutlasses, for fighting; of provisions and beverages for living upon; of clothing and hammocks for apparel and sleeping in; of all kinds of cooking-apparatus, crockery, glass, &c.; and at the stores of spars, sails, ropes, and other things, for replacing any that may be lost; besides the presence of perhaps eight hundred men on board day and night, for six months in succession; and all contained, with the ship's state-room, saloon, dining-rooms, and berths, in a space not larger than a good house occupied by a family of a dozen persons, and three or four servants. Yet all those seamen have sufficient room, because every man and every thing are kept *in order*.

Where *order* reigns much time is saved, and time is precious. The reason of this is, all is ready for instant use. We have seen carpenters and other tradespeople lose both much time, and all their temper, in seeking their tools. Work is thus delayed; and who is to pay? On the other hand, we have seen orderly tradesmen despatch work with ease, cheerfulness, and at a reasonable price. The one man will be turning over everything, and saying, "Where is that tool? I saw it a minute ago; I can find anything but what I want:" the other has everything at hand, and can all but see in the dark.

Some servants make an orderly *appearance*, but nothing more. The middle of the kitchen is "clear decks;" but how are the closets? especially the lower closets? and the kitchen-drawers? Everything is there, but entangled, lumbered, lost. Perhaps it is Sunday, or may be a holiday. Our servants have gone out in silk, wearing coronetted bonnets, and carrying parasols; they have neat gloves, and walk in kid. But the lady of the house has passed their bedroom-door. What a scene! All there is just the reverse of what they appear in the street. The room is just as it was left when they arose in the morning, with the exception that their other clothes have been hastily thrown off, and are lying all about the room, waiting for the hand of *order*.

Order is a great saver. It is difficult to calculate the inconvenience and loss occasioned by disorderly housekeeping. When a house is well "upheld," that is, perfectly furnished from cellar to attic with well-made articles, in the hands of orderly people it will need but a few pounds sterling to keep it all right for many years. One thing seems to belong to another, and

each to all. The plainest utensils are thus akin to the finest ornaments; and every article becomes actually respected for its long service. We saw a dinner-service, the other day, that was twenty-four years old. Why, it seemed to be faithful and precious as the servants who had handled it. On the other hand, where there is disorder, one thing is lost, another is missing, a third is broken; then other articles must do their own work, and be made to serve for the missing too: and so disorder brings in extravagance, and, in a few months, or years, all is done-up; and to the annoyance of disorder must be added the expense of a re-upholding. We hope our servants will increase their own comfort and ours, by resolving, this new year, unto Truth to add Order.

Narratives.

A TRUE CONVERSION.

It was the custom of Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, occasionally to spend some time in the larger towns and cities of the Union; and when he did so, he preached every day. The good Bishop's spirit was often refreshed by the successes which accompanied these efforts. On one occasion a young lady was truly converted to God. She had just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, having finished the course of study, and having received a certificate setting forth her attainments and accomplishments. Special attention had been bestowed upon her musical education. She had a voice of great power and melody, and her performance on the piano exhibited rare attainments in the art. Her father was a gentleman of wealth, and took great pride in his daughter. At fashionable parties she was a star of general attraction, and her musical power, as well as prepossessing appearance and manners, made her society extremely desirable.

This gifted and accomplished young lady was induced to go one evening to hear Asbury. His voice and manner riveted her attention; and ere she was aware, as the man of God presented the claims of religion upon the young, her heart was touched. She yielded to the persuasive power of the Gospel, and in penitence sought and found the blessings of religion. Her conversion was as sudden as it was unexpected by her friends; but it was, nevertheless, clear and genuine. No place to her was now so attractive as the house of God; and thither she wended her steps from evening to evening, enjoying the rapturous bliss

> "Of a soul in its earliest love."

Of course, it was not long until the change wrought upon her by the power of the Gospel was known to her parents; who, strange to say, felt grieved and indignant at the result. They were worldly and thoughtless, not only neglecting the claims of religion themselves, but wholly careless in regard to their children. Their only object was to fit them for moving in fashionable circles, and no pains or expense were spared to effect it.

To win her back to the world was now the design of the father. He was too much of a gentleman, and had too much respect for himself and the proprieties of life, to resort to any coercive measures. He accordingly brought around her the thoughtless and the gay of her companions, and threw her as often as possible into their society. Naturally amiable, and loving her parents with all the devotion of an affectionate child, she yielded to her father's requests to visit different places of mirth and gaiety; and though she did not put on the morose look of cloistered piety, yet she was serenely quiet and affable in her manners, preserving the true dignity of the Christian. She had a heartfelt joy to which the worldly are strangers; and while she felt sympathy for the pursuers of shadows, she allowed not her anxiety for their spiritual welfare to destroy their brief uncertain joy. She preferred holding up the light of a Christian example

in a calm, quiet, unobtrusive manner, rather than to resort to any effort to convince them of the error of their way. All the efforts of her father were, however, of no avail to lure her from the purpose she had formed to lead a religious life.

As a last resort, he gave a large party, and sent out invitations to the most worldly and fashionable of the city. The evening at length arrived; the company came together; all was a scene of gaiety and mirth, for the pleasure-loving throng were there. In the midst of this scene it was arranged that she should be invited to sing and play on the piano one of those fashionable airs to which they had been wont to listen with so much interest previous to her conversion. She made no objection as she was led by her father to the piano. Taking her seat, she commenced in a strain the most touching, because it came from her heart, and sang, with a full clear voice, that beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

"No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!"

She had not sung through one verse before her father, who stood by her side, was seen to drop his head. Every whisper ceased, and the most intense feeling was evidently pervading the entire company. Every word was distinctly heard, and each seemed an arrow from the Spirit's quiver going directly to the hearts of the hearers. When she ceased, her father was gone. His feelings were too great to be suppressed, and he sought another room, where he gave vent to his tears. Mary had conquered; and from that hour she was free from the allurements of the world. For many years she lived to adorn her profession, and then went up to join the song of the redeemed in heaven.

The Portfolio.

DOMESTIC FAULTS.

A WRITER thus speaks of the fatal influence of small faults on the peace of households:—

"Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with one than the other. The Eastern traveller can combine his forces, and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he scarcely can escape the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice; the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, rude dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track over which the mere skeleton of the companionship stalks alone."

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in your own history of that hero, says Dr. James Hamilton, who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to a more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in

his horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades.

There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awakening, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping upon a steed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.

LIVE FOR CHRIST.

You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the midday sun. Only live for Christ where you are.—*M'Cheyne.*

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Rev. Edward Jewitt Robinson, Wesleyan Minister, Glasgow, and formerly a Missionary in the Tamil provinces of Ceylon, has condensed into a small and well-written volume his own observations, and the reliable statements of others, on the condition of female life in India, under the title of *The Daughters of India.* The Rev. Thornley Smith has produced another capital book, which he simply entitles *Saul.* In it, he embodies a great deal of information under the four divisions into which it is divided, Saul the Pharisee, Saul the convert, and Paul the Apostle and Martyr. The Conference-Office has issued this month new editions of the late revered and honoured Joseph Entwisle's short, practical and edifying treatise on *Secret Prayer;* and the *Memoir of Miss Sarah P——*, by M. G., showing the necessity of conversion to God as a preparation for death, for the use of young persons. The titles of the New Tracts added to the Large-Type Series are, *But I cannot feel now; Greediness; Slavery:* the first, showing the danger of trifling with spiritual influences; and the two latter earnestly dealing with various forms of godless pleasure and of mammon prevalent in our days. *The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson,* by A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester, U.S., has been re-issued in this country by the energetic house of T. Nelson and Sons. This Memoir equals in interest the memoirs of the two former wives of Dr. Judson, the distinguished Baptist Missionary to Burmah. This volume is sure to command a large sale. We are not surprised to find that *Doing and Suffering: Memorials of Elizabeth and Frances,* daughters of the sainted Edward Bickersteth, has reached, in a few months, the seventh edition. The home-picture it gives of two loving sisters is exquisitely beautiful. Its chief attraction, however, lies in the diversity of religious experience it portrays. The younger sister, a sufferer, with abundant and evident tokens of fellowship with her Saviour, is, in consequence of manifold affliction, called to pass through great spiritual conflict. She is sustained and comforted by the elder sister, ever radiant with peace, and joy in believing. The letters the latter writes constitute the main and most attractive and edifying portion of the volume. *Annals of the Rescued,* published by James Nisbet and Co., contain the experience of working men once slaves of drink; but, now, by the blessing of God on the labours of the devoted Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, recovered from the path of destruction. It will be read with deepest interest. Messrs. Strahan, of Edinburgh, have added to their list two at-

tractive volumes; the one, *From Death to Life*, by the Rev. A. Saphir, consisting of an exposition of eighteen remarkable conversions recorded in the Bible; the other, a translation of *The Near and the Heavenly Horizons*, by Madame de Gasparin, addressed to the suffering.

Memorials of the Departed.

George Watts was born November 2d, 1802, on a small farm called Redmyres, in the parish of Newhills, in Aberdeenshire, of honest and pious parents. They endeavoured to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, seeking to make them wise unto salvation. So trained, they acquired habits of the strictest morality, sobriety, and industry. When a boy, George was very affectionate, dutiful, and teachable. After he reached manhood, and some years after he had quitted the parental roof, he wrote to his mother that he had not forgotten her fireside-counsels, nor ever should as long as he lived. He became a gardener, and in the course of time obtained a situation in London; afterwards, he removed into Wales, where he fell in with a small English Methodist Society. He became the subject of strong conviction. He felt himself to be a debtor who had nothing to pay; a lost soul without an interest in the world's Redeemer. For some time his grief was intense; his soul was in an agony, and for a short period he seemed almost without hope. During this season of sorrow, he was very diligent in attending all the means of grace; and it was not long before he was enabled to sing,—

"Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me."

He then felt the chains by which his soul had been bound broken off, and he rejoiced in the liberty of God's children. His language now was,—

"What shall I do to make it known,
What Thou for all mankind hast done?"

What did he do? He sent home, in letters to his friends, tidings of the great things the Lord had done for his soul; he at once cast in his lot with the people amongst whom he had received salvation; he constantly manifested in his life the sincerity of his profession; he brought forth fruit unto God, and this appeared especially in acts of benevolence and kindness to the needy, and to the cause of Christ. His partner in life soon followed him not only into the little Christian Society to which he belonged, but into the kingdom of God's grace, and they rejoiced together. Mr. Watts became a Class-Leader, and continued to hold that office until laid aside by affliction. For the discharge of his duties he was well furnished out of God's treasury, having known the Scriptures from a child; and the soul-agony through which he himself had passed, prepared him to sympathize with every one in similar circumstances. He laboured to extend the cause of his great Master, and very soon had the happiness of seeing the room at Abernant become too small for the worshippers. The Lord now put it into his heart to build a house to the honour of His name in Aberdare. He sought the Divine guidance; bought a piece of ground; secured help, and had the pleasure of seeing the chapel consecrated to the worship of God in 1841. After securing this object, he then turned his attention to the instruction of the young on the Sabbath. He bought Bibles and other books requisite for the work. He endeavoured to stimulate the children by the distribution of small books. He also established a Tract Society for the benefit of adults. For a season these efforts seemed to be successful. Shortly afterwards, however, unhappily Mormonism made its appearance, and destroyed the results of much anxious labour. The chapel and school were deserted: Mr. Watts was now the only Class-Leader left. Moved by the

deplorable ignorance and superstition which this sad departure from the truth evidenced, he united with several other benevolent and philanthropic tradesmen of the place in building a commodious school-house; and, also, a neat house for the accommodation of the schoolmaster. They furnished the school with all the necessary apparatus, and very soon had the happiness of witnessing the mental and moral culture of the children of their neighbourhood. The cause he so much loved again prospered; and his class grew so large that it was necessary to divide it, and appoint another Leader. From time to time, he was greatly encouraged by many coming to the chapel, inquiring their way to Zion. He had, however, the sad mortification and pain of seeing the Society, for the second time, torn to pieces. It was not now a foe from without that did it, but foes within, who joined in the sad agitations of 1849-52. This was a great trial to Mr. Watts; but he continued to pursue the even tenor of his way; and he lived long enough to see many more coming up to the help of the Lord than he had witnessed in days gone by, so that before his death there was scarcely a sitting in the chapel to be let. In July, 1856, he was visited with severe affliction. From the commencement of his illness his friends saw much reason to fear he would never recover. The strong, hale man, who had passed more than half a century without a serious illness, was now compelled to spend wearisome nights and days. Months passed on, bringing very little change. As the winter, however, wore away, he appeared to mend; and, in the month of May he was so much better that hopes were entertained of lengthened life. But they were soon cut off; for, in the beginning of June, as he was one day walking out, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, and on the following day the worst symptoms of his complaint returned, and it was evident that his sickness was now unto death. During the last twenty years the Lord had prospered him in worldly circumstances. He had resolved to retire from business; and the cottage was being erected in which it was hoped he would enjoy a long season of leisure. The Lord, however, was about to take him to a better rest. He was often racked with excruciating pain; but in patience and peace he possessed his soul. He was ever considerate of others; and it often surprised his attendants how little trouble he gave. When it was put to him if he was willing to leave all and go, if the Lord called; he cheerfully replied, "O, yes! And there is one thing I can say now,—that the work I have lived to do in this world, I do not regret." On another occasion, being asked if there was anything in his affairs that he would wish to have attended to, he answered, "No; I believe I have done all, and have left everything straightforward, so that my family may be comfortable, and all things may proceed as usual when I am gone." He then gave a few directions concerning his funeral, and desired that his friends would at once submit to the will of Providence, and give him up to God. On Friday, July 24th, 1857, after having been quiet for two hours, with his hands clasped, and his eyes directed upwards in prayer, he very sweetly exchanged the bed of suffering for the rest which remains for the people of God. Mr. Watts read the Bible through once a year at family-worship. He loved Wesley's hymns, and they always formed a part of his devotional exercises. It was his practice every day to turn his shop into a closet; and there, before the shutters were taken down, he would enter in and shut the door, and on his knees, behind his counter, pray to his Father in secret. He sympathized with the needy; and many an act of kindness did he do unknown to any one on earth but the recipient. He was a warm supporter of Missions. He never took upon himself to preach. But sometimes, before the railroad was made through the mountain over which the Preachers had to walk, and which lay between Merthyr-Tydvil and Aberdare, and the weather hindered their coming, he would read one of Wesley's sermons, or give a short address. He was a faithful reprover of sin. Many a short and effective sermon was preached by him behind his counter.

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JOHN WESLEY AT THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

A THOUSAND historic circumstances cluster around the ancient foundation, now known as the Charter-House, where John Wesley was first placed "under tutors and governors." A little more than three centuries and a half before the founder of Methodism was born, a terrible plague, which had ravaged many parts of Asia, broke out with fearful violence in London. The ordinary burial-grounds filled apace, and great difficulty was felt, especially by the poor, in finding "a burying-place where they might bury their dead out of their sight." Moved by the pious example of Stratford, Bishop of London, Sir Walter de Manny, "a most valiant man at arms," and a great favourite with Edward the Third, "purchased of the Master and Brethren of St. Bartholomew's Spittle, a piece of ground called Spittle-Croft, containing thirteen acres and a rod," which he surrounded with a brick wall, and had it duly consecrated as a burying-place for "the poor and needy." So dreadful was the mortality that, according to a Latin inscription on an old stone cross which long stood in the yard of the Charter-House, more than fifty thousand corpses found sepulture in this "thirteen acres and a rod of ground" in less than one year.

Soon afterward Sir Walter "went off to the wars," and sold the ground to Michael de Northburg, who had succeeded Stratford as Bishop of London. According to the fashion of the times, and a very good fashion too, this Prelate erected a chapel on the ground; and, at his death, bequeathed considerable sums for "founding, building, and finishing a convent of Carthusians." Meanwhile, our good friend, Sir Walter, had returned from the wars, and resolved to do some good in the world before he went out of it. "Advancing in years," says the historian, "the hero reassumed the saint, and with the consent of the Bishop of London, to whom Michael de Northburg bequeathed the patronage and care of his foundation, took on him the care of erecting and endowing a double monastery of Carthusians in *New Cherche Hawe*;" that is, being interpreted, "New Church Close," as the site was then called. Sir Walter's "charter of donation" bears date "March the 28th, in the forty-fifth year of Edward the Third."

The monastery prospered greatly until the time of Henry the Eighth, when many of its inmates were cruelly imprisoned, and four of them were "hanged, drawn, and quartered," because they refused to renounce the Pope, and acknowledge the King as "*Supreme Hedd in the Erthe of the Church of Englonde.*" The monastery was dissolved; and in 1545 the site, buildings, and revenue were given to Sir Edward North, one of Henry's favourites, who was elevated to the peerage by the notorious Queen Mary. From North, the estate passed by purchase into the hands of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, who lost his head for "paying his addresses," in more senses than one, to Mary Queen of Scots. When James the First came to the throne of England, the Charter-House was the town-mansion of Lord Thomas Howard, who was soon afterwards created Earl of Suffolk, and was called "Howard House." As King James approached London, "the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and five hundred of the chief citizens, *all in velvet gowns and gold chains*, met His Majesty on horseback at Stamford-Hill, near Highgate," and conducted him "in grand procession to the Charter-House," where he held his court for four days, and "created more than eighty Knights."

In 1611 Howard House and its grounds were purchased by Thomas Sutton, one of the most remarkable men of his time, and, like Wesley himself, a native of Lincolnshire.* He was a man of great learning and spotless integrity; a soldier, who took no mean part in the wars of the North, and in repelling the "Invincible Armada;" an officer of state, trusted and honoured by all who knew him; a merchant, who amassed the largest private fortune then known; and, above all, a man who "feared the Lord greatly." "Mr. Sutton," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, in his account of the "Worthies of Lincolnshire," "used often to repair

* The inscription on his magnificent tomb in the chapel of the Charter-House says, "He was a gentleman born at Knayth, in the county of Lincoln, of worthy and honest parentage." Where *Knayth* is I do not know. Can any of your readers inform me?

into a private garden, where he poured forth his prayers to God, and was frequently overheard to use this expression, '*Lord, Thou hast given me a large and liberal estate, give me also an heart to make use thereof!*'" What a model prayer for our modern men of wealth! It was answered in Mr. Sutton's case; for his benefactions to the poor and his gifts to various institutions were on the most princely scale; "and, to crown all, this fortunate good man founded the great Hospital in the Charter-House to the glory of God, to the honour of this Protestant church and nation, and to his own everlasting reputation." He lived not to see his noble project completed, but died in London, December 12th, 1611, a few days after all the necessary arrangements for the endowment of the foundation had been made.*

And now, lest our readers should begin to think we have quite forgotten the heading of our paper, we must refrain from further writing of the old Charter-House, and hasten to our account of John Wesley's connexion with it. In 1714, when eleven years of age, he left his home of many trials and many blessings, well furnished with the rudiments of learning, and set out for this seminary of instruction. A journey to London from a remote part of Lincolnshire was no easy task in those days. As there was no "through" conveyance from Epworth to the metropolis, the boy had, no doubt, various "shifts" ere he reached the "stage" which took him to his destination. If he travelled alone, his brother Samuel, who was then at Westminster, probably "met him at the coach," and conducted him, "box and all," to the Charter-House. It is more likely, however, that his "going to school" was so timed as to chime in with one of his father's rather frequent visits to London on business. Anyhow, he reached the Charter-House in safety, and was duly entered as one of its pupils. What were the emotions of this thoughtful but sprightly boy, when he first found himself transported from the extreme quiet of a small market-town to the noise and din of the metropolis, and from the well-ordered and devout family-circle of the parsonage to the romp and riot of a public school? There is no answer to the question; records fail us, and conjectures are vain. His well-instructed mind would soon brace itself up to his new position, and "strive for the mastery" in its noble pursuits.

When he entered the establishment, it was under the care of Dr. Walker, who inherits the reputation of being an eminent scholar, and with whom John soon became a favourite on account of his thoughtful and studious habits. The discipline, however, whatever it might be in other respects, was anything but perfect in protecting the weak from the strong. It is bad enough for a "youngster" to be domineered over and thrashed in the dormitory or the play-ground by his bigger companions; but to have the beef and mutton violently stolen from his plate every

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* For the historic facts above-stated, I have relied upon *An Historical Account of Thomas Sutton, Esq., and of his Foundation in Charter-House*, by PHILIP BEARCROFT, D.D., *Preacher at Charter-House*. London, 1737.

day in the year, is a serious matter, and touches a tender part. Yet this was poor little Wesley's fate during the greater part of his residence among the "Carthusians." A small daily portion of bread was his only solid food. "Those theoretical physicians who recommend spare diet for the human animal," says Southey, "might appeal to the length of days which he attained, and the elastic constitution which he enjoyed." Certainly we do wonder that the boy kept up his vigorous health and hard study on such scant fare. His own philosophic mind, however, found a satisfactory reason for his continued vigour in a very simple fact. Before he left home, his father, well-knowing the value and importance of exercise to a studious and growing youth, made him promise to run round the Charter-House grounds three times every morning before breakfast; a promise which he faithfully kept to the end of his school-days. His Charter-House experience taught him how little he could do with in the shape of food, and probably laid the foundation of that general temperance which was so strongly marked at Oxford, and which distinguished him through life.

His progress in learning was evidently of the most satisfactory and encouraging character. In his last year's residence the time had come for some decision to be taken as to the future of his brother Charles. His father seems to have hesitated in the choice of a profession, and to have entertained grave doubts about "breeding his third son a scholar." These matters were duly communicated to the eldest brother, who replied in the following vigorous sentence, urging John's success as an argument in favour of Charles being prepared for College:—"My brother Jack, I can faithfully assure you, gives you no manner of discouragement from breeding your third son a scholar." And two or three months later, when John had left the Charter-House, and was probably spending a short time with Samuel before his removal to Oxford, he again writes,—"Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can." These notices speak well for the industry and attainments of the young scholar of sixteen, just about to enter the University.

Such indications in reference to his learning are cheering, though scanty; and we deeply regret that we cannot find anything, even though equally meager, which sheds a ray of light as to his religious feelings and conduct. These five years at the Charter-House formed an important period in his life. Youthful temptations would begin to wield their witchery over the mind, and much holy resolution would be required to resist them. His devout mother, no doubt, was "always labouring fervently in prayers" for him; and her ready pen would send him long and beautiful letters of caution and counsel. And, from his devoted obedience to all parental advice, from his own fixed and steady mind in all things where religion was concerned, and from his manifest seriousness when he arrived in Oxford, we may safely draw the conclusion that he continued a serious, God-fearing youth. If he knew not until after-years the heartfelt joy of conscious acceptance with God, he was, we thoroughly believe, a youthful *servant* of the Lord, anxious to do the great Master's will, and to approve himself in His sight.

Who were John Wesley's cotemporaries at the Charter-House, and what positions of eminence did many of them attain, is a deeply-interesting question; and we have sometimes wondered that there are not more incidental notices of them in his voluminous Journals. There were, no doubt, many who rose to useful, if not high, positions in the various professions and in commercial life. For the most part they probably pursued courses far different from his; and when he became the object of public obloquy and scorn, there was but little temptation to recognise him as an old school-fellow. His silence indicates to us that they rarely crossed his peculiar path: had they done so, the interesting fact would have been duly chronicled. There are, however, two refreshing notices in his Journals which, though they evidently refer to the same person, we cannot refrain from quoting. On Wednesday, May 9th, 1764, having preached to "the simple, loving, earnest people at Barnard-Castle" the night before, he writes, "I was invited to breakfast by Mr. F——, a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been school-fellows at the Charter-House; and he remembered me, though I had forgot him. I spent a very agreeable hour with a serious as well as sensible man." Four years afterwards, when he again visits the neighbourhood, the "old school-fellow" invited him to something more than a breakfast. "June 1st, 1768," he says, "many of the militia were present at Barnard-Castle in the evening, and behaved with decency. I was well-pleased to lodge at a gentleman's, an old school-fellow, half a mile from the town. What a dream are the fifty or sixty years that have slipped away since we were at the Charter-House!" This "serious as well as sensible man," the only "old Carthusian" Mr. Wesley ever mentions, was a Mr. Fielding, a Magistrate, and a very ardent member of the Church of England.* He resided at Startforth-Hall, a beautiful little mansion, on which we have often looked with delight as the home of Wesley when he visited this ancient town, lovingly remembered as the scene of some of our own earliest ministerial toils.†

Mr. Wesley's attachment to the Charter-House remained strong and undiminished to the end of his days. Once every year did he "go on pilgrimage" to the old haunts, walking leisurely through the grounds around which his youthful legs used to take their daily triple scamper in obedience to his father's command, and chatting good-humouredly with every boy who came in his way. There is a record of one of these visits from his own pen, in 1757, thirty-eight years after he had left

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* See "*The History of Methodism in Barnard-Castle*," by ANTHONY STEELE. A good book, written with great care, but sadly too little known.

† On Wednesday, June 9th, 1784, Mr. Wesley says, "I went to Barnard-Castle. Here I was informed, that my old school-fellow, Mr. Fielding, and his wife, were gone to rest. His son, not choosing to live there, had let his lovely house to a stranger: so in a little time his very name and memory will be lost." This loss, however, will not occur long as John Wesley's Journals are read; and the day is far distant when *they* will be consigned to the huge tomb of forgetfulness.

for Oxford, and when he was in the height of his labours and successes. "Monday, August 8th. — I took a walk in the Charter-House. I wondered that all the squares and buildings, and especially the school-boys, looked so little. But this is easily accounted for: I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly, the upper boys, being then bigger than myself," (as he knew to his cost when they stole his meat,) "seemed to me very big and tall; quite contrary to what they appear now, when I am taller and bigger than them. I question if this is not the real ground of the common imagination, that our forefathers, and in general men in past ages, were much larger than now: an imagination current in the world eighteen hundred years ago. So Virgil supposes his warrior to throw a stone that could scarce be wielded by twelve men,—

*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.**

So Homer, long before,—

Οιοι νυν βροτοι εισι.†

Whereas, in reality, men have been, at least ever since the Deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for stature and understanding."

How characteristic is a notice like this! The man of philosophic turn of mind and ready learning is seen at once. To most men every year would render a pilgrimage to the haunts of their boyhood more painful than the last; and as in age and infirmity they called up early reminiscences, how many of them would exclaim,—

"And often with a faded eye
I look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!"

"But," says Southey, in one of the most beautiful reflections in his entire book, "Wesley seems never to have looked back with melancholy upon the days that were gone: earthly regrets of this kind could find no room in one who was continually pressing onward to the goal."‡

Sheffield. J. K.

THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

(*Concluded from page* 37.)

A Pagan inscription may frequently be distinguished by the letters D. M. on the top, standing for the full words, *Diis Manibus*, "To the Divine manes, or souls of the dead;" and though occasionally these are on a Christian monument, it is the exception to the rule. They may, in

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* "Men, that, in size of body, are like those whom the earth now produces."

† "Such as are the men of these our days."

‡ *Life of Wesley*, vol. i., p. 26.

such a case, be intended for *Deo Maximo*, "To the great God;" or they may have been done by an ignorant sculptor from long habit.

Bearing in mind that the first Christians numbered among them very largely the poor and ignorant of this world, many of whom were unable to read and write, it is easy to see how soon the adoption of symbols would become common; and it is very interesting to read names rudely written down, with some Christian sign in the same way that a man would now put his mark as a witness to his name.

The dove with the olive-branch in its mouth, and the word *pace*, "in peace," is very common: a favourite idea, also, in modern times, as it appears repeatedly among the marbles of the present St. Peter's at Rome. The anchor, the palm, and the sheep are also met with; a crown and a ship. Some of these were at one time supposed to be exclusively confined to those who had been martyred; but it would seem that this cannot be proved.

Those who wrote, often did it in much the same style as the most ignorant of our country-clerks.

"Navira, in peace,—a sweet soul, who lived 16 years and 5 months. A soul sweet as honey. This epitaph was made by her parents. The sign a ship."

Now *navis* is the Latin for "ship;" and a ship is represented as the best phonetic symbol for Navira.

Again:

Here is an inscription with a pig; and we find it is the tomb of a little girl named Porcella, which means, in Latin, "a little pig."

"Here sleeps Porcella in peace: she lived 3 years, 10 months, 13 days."

There are, besides, as among the Pagans, many signs of the business or occupation of the departed, hammers, axes, saws, shears, combs, shoes, &c.:—

Illustration.

A slab represents a stonemason at work upon a sarcophagus; a boy is helping him, by working the drill employed in boring the stone: his other implements of the trade are on the ground; and the finished sarcophagus, with a name on it agreeing with the name in the inscription, informs us that Eutropus was engaged in the trade of a sculptor, and maker of sepulchral monuments. He stands in a praying attitude with a cup in his hand. The inscription, which is in Greek, reads thus:—

"The holy worshipper of God, Eutropus, in peace. His son made this. He died on the tenth Kalends of September."

Another grave-stone is erected to the wife of a shoemaker, two slippers being scratched thereon.

In an interesting little volume, entitled "The Contents and Teachings of the Catacombs at Rome," just published, and from which these epitaphs have been selected, the following remarks occur:—

"It would be an interesting inquiry, but beside my purpose, to search how far these endeavours to inscribe symbolically names and professions, led to the general adoption of family symbols, such as crests and armorial bearings; which very commonly consist of some allusion to, or play upon, the family name or occupations. This practice, subsequently reduced into order, as the science of heraldry, has usually been attributed to the inscribing of symbols on the shields of those who engaged in the Holy Land during the middle ages. But it is quite evident the practice was not then originated, but merely revived; for traces of it exist not only in the Catacombs at Rome, but upon the tombs of the Armenian Christians to this day: it was adopted by wealthy families in the Augustan age."

The Christian epitaphs are remarkable for the absence of surnames, which is common on those of the Roman. Very frequently *pace*, or *in pace*, is found in them; thus distinguishing them from those who laid their friends in the grave without any solid ground of comfort as they mourned over their separation. These words contain the same idea as the word cemetery; which began to be applied to the Catacombs, probably, in the second or third century, and which, by calling them a place of sleep, implies a time of awakening. The Catacombs were, probably, gradually closed about the seventh century, and remained so for about a thousand years, when their treasures were brought to light and eagerly seized by the Romish Church. It is strange that Papists should have shown so much enthusiasm in this respect; for in these authentic and simple records there is much evidence to prove that practices now supported and maintained by their corrupt system were unknown in those early days.*

The name of the Virgin does not once occur, as far as the inscriptions have yet been examined. Prayers do not appear to have been offered for the dead, and we have no calling upon the saints to intercede; at least this may be affirmed of the first three or four centuries.

The Lapidarian Gallery contains only "one inscription with the phrase, *Ora pro nobis*, 'Pray for us;'" words which now ring on the ear as chanted in the processions which visit the picturesque little chapels so abounding in Roman Catholic countries, and so perpetually addressed to the eye in passing the cemeteries there; and it is the more remarkable when it is known that the Catacombs remained open during half the fifth century.

It is true that, when persecution had ceased, the place which had so often formed a safe refuge came to be looked upon with great veneration. The small chambers became enlarged and decorated, where the church had formerly been compelled to worship in secret; and exceeding honour was paid to those who had perished as martyrs. But in studying the inscriptions we are enabled to go back to more early times, and to rejoice in the simplicity of the faith held by those who were regarded as the object of the world's contempt and scorn. We can think of them as holding the same faith as ourselves, as honouring the great Head, being part of the "one body," as members of the great family which is being gathered in heaven. Their names, little known among men, have yet survived many that panted in their day for earthly immortality; and, though now removed to an honourable place on earth where the eye of man may gaze on them, they are yet more gloriously written in the book of life.

The word *martyr* is frequent upon the tombs.

The following inscription is given by Dr. Maitland:—

"Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good: for, while on his knees and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O,

* *Dr. Maitland's Church in the Catacombs.*

sad times! in which among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? And what than such a death? when they cannot be buried by their friends and relations. At length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

This epitaph is a singular illustration of the natural shrinking of human nature from persecution and suffering, and a glorious triumph of the Divine hope in Him who hath redeemed us from the power of the grave. There is reason to believe that very few perfect inscriptions relating to martyrs now exist: indeed, it does not appear to have been the practice of the early Christians to obtrude their own sufferings upon others; their inscriptions almost always point to a glorious immortality.

Peace is inscribed on thousands of graves; *Suffering* on but very few.

It has been well said, "Turn where you will in the Catacombs, all is peace, peace, peace, everywhere."

The *number* of those who were martyred and buried here is variously estimated. They are not to be numbered by man; but known unto God are all His martyred saints.

A great quantity of lights, chiefly earthenware lamps, have been discovered in the Catacombs. It will at once be seen that in such places they were necessary, and quite a different thing from the employment of candles in worship during broad daylight; a practice far more senseless, and having less in harmony with the deep wants of our nature, than some things which the Church of Rome favours. The number buried in the Catacombs must have been very great, if, as is stated, there are more than seventy thousand inscriptions. Rawlinson says that the Catacombs are calculated to extend over nine hundred miles of streets, and to contain almost seven millions of graves.

It is interesting to trace the gradual progress in art among the remains; but the more finished productions have too often traces in them which tell that the Church was losing her simplicity as she numbered among her members those who could command the means for more than the rude scratching of a name with some well-known symbol beside it. Mr. Maitland has pursued the subject at some length, and his book will be found to contain much information to those who may desire to pursue the subject farther.

Perhaps there is nothing more instructive in these remains, placed, as we have stated above, side by side with those of Pagans, than the great difference between the joy and trust which simple faith in Christ can give, and the unsatisfactory result of the proud teaching of philosophy when man has to confront his last enemy. The well-known letter to Cicero on the death of his daughter, by Servius Sulpicius, is echoed on the proud monuments where name and titles are fully set forth: there is no hope in them; grief, and love, and desolation are there, but they never rise above the words of Sulpicius,—"if there be any sense in the dead." The Christian epitaphs, on the other hand, are full of the assurance of another nobler life: not only could they speak of *peace* after a time of persecution, and perhaps a violent death, but they were sleeping *in Him*, who was to them the resurrection and the life; and these ancient records bear witness how truly and how consolingly "life and immortality were brought to light" by Him.

THE REPRIEVE, AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

A YOUNG lady one day visited some soldiers' wives who were sick in the female hospital of a great garrison. She thought her work done; but, passing down the ward, her eye rested on a pretty-faced but sad-looking young woman of twenty-three, whose pillow was quite wet with tears and perspiration; and so pitiful was the sight of that sorrowful-looking sister, that the young lady stopped at her bed, and said kindly to her,—

"I have a little hymn here that may perhaps comfort you; for you look sad. Read it; and when you have done with it, give it your husband to read."

Poor woman! kind lady!

"How many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May heal or wound a heart nigh broken."

The visiter, waiting not for reply, passed to the door of the hospital, where her brother, an officer in high command, awaited her return: before taking their departure, however, a nurse, who had heard the words spoken at the bedside, came and said,

"Do you know, Ma'am, who that poor woman's husband is?" "No," replied the lady.

"He is ——," said the nurse: "he lies in —— jail, and will be hanged for murder next Friday. The poor young wife has not spoken for a week; and her dear innocent child was born here the very day its father was condemned."

"Just wait a little longer; I feel that I must go back and speak again to this poor woman," said the visiter to her brother; and to that heart-burdened creature she said,—

"It seems as though God has sent me to you. I have only just heard about your husband: now tell me, how I can help you, and I will do it most gladly."

Ah! had she not spoken for a week? had she lain there without one word of love for her babe, without singing one note of music to hush it when it cried, or soothe it when it grieved? But will she stay silent? Can no skilful hand finger the instrument and make it vibrate? O, yes!

"Feeling hearts, touch them but rightly,
Will pour a thousand melodies unheard before."

She spoke: "O, Miss! if you would but write to my husband; if you would but tell him I will come to see him in the jail on Wednesday; for I hope the doctors will let me go."

That was gladly promised; loving words were spoken,—words of God's truth: but then, even after all, how slight the consolation! for the thought was uppermost in each mind, "He is to be hanged on Friday."

These were the circumstances of the man's case. He was a young handsome fellow. A few years before the murder, he had eloped with his wife, a mere girl, and had deeply offended her parents; now they were reconciled, and he was visiting them. The visit had passed pleasantly, the last night of it had come: suddenly, the father-in-law was overcome by violent passion; the remembrance of the marriage, the old rancour sprang up in his mind; and he grasped his soldier son-in-law by the throat; he grappled with him for half-an-hour. In the affray there entered an old woman, a good Christian, who on the morning of that very day had read portions of the Bible to this soldier. She interfered, and he struck and continued for some time to cut her with his sword. She lingered for six months, and then died. A verdict of wilful murder was given against the man, and he was sentenced to death.

Were there no extenuating circumstances? There were; but, strange to tell, they were not brought forward on the trial. Long before the murder, this man had met with a serious acci-

dent on board the Himalaya, where falling, a spike entered his head. Medical men had warned him that he would be subject to great excitement; that, if he took intoxicating liquor, he would be in danger of insanity.

Now what can be done? The lady visiter thought that at least a subscription for the wife might be set on foot. At once she wrote to a lady of great wealth, intelligence, influence, and godliness, and asked for assistance. Prayer also was offered. The answer soon came: and what an answer! The lady had been so impressed by the letter that she could not sleep; early next day she travelled several miles to London, went to the Home Office, but the Secretary of State was absent. She asked for a reprieve.

"On what do you base your plea?" was asked. "If on the fact that the man was drunk, it will be of no avail: the Queen will not hear it."

"No, but on temporary insanity."

"Then, Madam, if you will write to ——," (the Secretary of State,) "I will carefully deliver the letter to him this evening."

A letter, earnest and clear, was written at once by the lady, whose name is prominent for good works, and for religious influence in high circles in the land. She enclosed the letter of her friend the visiter to the wretched wife, and handed the two to Mr. ——, private Secretary to the Home Secretary. He said, "But it is late; this is Wednesday, the man is to be hanged on Friday; and indeed I may tell you that his death-warrant, the order for execution, has been signed and sent."

"Ah!" said the lady, "and so has yours, Sir. No, no, it is not too late."

"Do tell me what you mean, Madam: you are the second person who this week has told me that my death-warrant is signed," said Mr. ——.

"I mean," replied the lady, "that God who reigns above over us all, has fixed the day of your departure hence; and that it is only a matter of time, a little longer or a little shorter, with any of us; and that it is our wisdom each to prepare for that certain event of death."

Other conversation followed. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was declared, and four persons in the Home Office sat down to read God's holy word, and there knelt in humble prayer and reverent worship before Him who guides and rules the hearts of Princes, and teaches senators wisdom.

The letters were delivered. God heard prayer. A British Statesman was, as he should be, humane; the Queen of Great Britain did a royal thing, not breaking God's law: she agreed that this was a good case for clemency, and granted a reprieve. The man was mad, an asylum and not the gallows was his place; the old wound was remembered; the fact that lengthened seizure of the throat would induce undue cerebral action was admitted, and quick messengers bore down the reprieve; an idle crowd lost their expected gratification; a man's life was prolonged, let us hope to be devoted to God. The young wife was not widowed, nor her three children left fatherless, or, worse than that, left to grow up and be cursed with the taunt, "Your father was hanged!" And how came all this about? What prompted the action of the good angel-ladies? "The Times" had two leaders in favour of a reprieve, but had failed to move the Government. The hand of God was in it: Christian love worked; faithful prayer prevailed. Let us pray, "God save our gracious Queen," and "grant Thy salvation to everyone connected with this remarkable case." C. H. K.

THE HISTORY OF THOUSANDS.

THOUSANDS of men, once said Dr. Chalmers, breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point

to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year: you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

"I NEVER KNEW BEFORE YOU WERE A CHRISTIAN."

THIS was the salutation received by a Christian brother, as he was met by a friend when leaving a prayer-meeting.

"O, yes!" was the reply to the implied inquiry, "I've been a member of the church two or three years."

"Is it possible?" was the rejoinder: "well, I never knew it;" and at once a new topic of conversation was introduced. But the echo of those words, "I never knew before you were a Christian," sounded drearily through that man's heart, startling from their securities doubts, fears, and eager questionings. What wonder that he pondered on the words? what wonder that again and again he searched his heart to see if indeed his soul had experienced the blessings of redemption? what wonder if again he renewed his covenant-vows, and again consecrated himself more unreservedly to his Master's service?

Of how many professing Christians might the same be said, by those even with whom they are thrown in frequent contact! Alas! if, in the momentous judgment-hour, Jesus should say to the waiting soul, "I never knew you were a Christian," where, then, should hope be found? When He who has said, "By their fruits shall ye know them," has come year after year, seeking fruit and finding none, will He not presently say, "Cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?" O, may the Christians of this land yield in season the fruit of holy living, that men may take knowledge of them that they have been taught of God. A very good man once said, "If I should meet a person but once, I should wish in that one interview to leave upon his mind the conviction that Jesus was my Friend."

THE DOINGS OF FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

FAITH, saith Bunyan, believeth the word of God; but UNBELIEF questioneth the certainty of the same. (Psalm cvi. 24.)

Faith sees more in a promise of God to help, than in all other things to hinder; but unbelief, notwithstanding God's promise, saith, How can these things be? (Rom. iv. 19—21; 2 Kings vii. 2; John iii. 11, 12.)

Faith makes thee see love in the heart of Christ, when with His mouth He gives reproofs; but unbelief imagines wrath in His heart, when with His mouth and word He says He loves us. (Matt. xv. 22—28; xxv. 24.)

Faith will help the soul to wait, though God defers to give; but unbelief will fret and throw up all, if God makes any tarrying. (Ps. xxv. 5; Isai. viii. 17; 2 Kings vi. 33.)

Faith will give comforts in the midst of fears; but unbelief causeth fears in the midst of comforts. (2 Chron. xx. 20, 21; Matt. viii. 26; Luke xxiv. 25.)

Faith will suck sweetness out of God's rod; but unbelief can find no comfort in His greatest mercies. (Ps. xxii.; Num. xii.)

Faith maketh great burdens light; but unbelief maketh light ones intolerably heavy. (Mal. i. 12, 13.)

Faith helpeth us when we are down; but unbelief throws us down when we are up. (Micah vii. 8—10; Heb. iv. 11.)

Faith brings us near to God when we are far from Him; but unbelief puts us far from God when we are near to Him. (Heb. x. 22; iii. 12, 13.)

Where faith reigns, it declareth them to be the friends of God; but where unbelief reigns, it declareth them to be His enemies. (Heb. iii. 18; Rev. xxi. 8.)

Faith putteth a man under grace; but unbelief holdeth him under wrath. (Rom. ii. 24—26; Eph. ii. 8; John iii. 36; 1 John v. 10; Heb. iii. 17; Mark xvi. 16; John viii. 24.)

Faith purifieth the heart; but unbelief keepeth it polluted and impure. (Acts xv. 19; Titus i. 15, 16.)

By faith the righteousness of Christ is imputed to us; but by unbelief we are shut up under the law to perish. (Rom. iv. 23, 24; xi. 32; Gal. iii. 23.)

Faith giveth us peace and comfort in our souls; but unbelief worketh trouble and tossings, like the restless waves of the sea. (Rom. v. 1; James iv. 1.)

Faith maketh us see preciousness in Christ; but unbelief sees no form, beauty, or comeliness in Him. (1 Pet. ii.; Isai. liii. 1—3.)

By faith we have our life in Christ's fulness; but by unbelief we starve and pine away. (Gal. ii. 20.)

Faith gives us the victory over the law, sin, death, the devil, and all evils; but unbelief maketh us obnoxious to them all. (1 John v. 4; Luke xii. 46.)

Faith will show us more excellency in things not seen, than in them that are; but unbelief sees more in things that are, than in things that will be hereafter. (2 Cor. iv. 18; Heb. xi. 24—27; 1 Cor. xv. 32.)

Faith makes the ways of God pleasant and admirable; but unbelief maketh them heavy and hard. (Gal. v. 6; 2 Cor. xii. 10, 11; John vi. 60; Ps. ii. 3.) "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our FAITH."

THE GODS OF THE HEATHEN.

A NEW-Zealand Chief was laid on a sick bed: he was asked, "Do you pray that you may get well?" "No," he replied: "we have no *good* God to whom we can speak: our gods make us sick, and kill us, but give us nothing. Yours is a good God, who hears you when you pray. Teach us to know Him; for New-Zealand people know nothing that is good."

It is only the Bible that makes known this good God. "The Lord is good," He is "abundant in goodness." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) There are hundreds of similar texts which tell us of the love and goodness of God: but the poor Heathen are ignorant of all these; they have no Bible to tell them of the love of God.

When they think of their gods, they think of them as cruel beings, who delight in human blood and human misery. This leads parents to kill their children, and children to murder their parents; and causes men to burn, drown, and, in other ways, to destroy one another. As they think of their gods, so they fashion them; they make them frightful-looking images; in some cases, with rows of skulls round their necks for beads, and their hands and mouths stained with blood. They are objects of terror to young and old. But "our God is merciful;" and that we may be like Him, we are taught, "Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful." (Luke vi. 36.)

They also think of their gods as if they were like themselves, living in all kinds of sin: they believe them to be thieves, murderers, and drunkards; and the feasts kept in their honour are scenes of the worst vices and crimes. When a Hindoo was rebuked for his sinful conduct, he said

to the Missionary, "I may do as the gods do: they sin, and so may I." If this man had read the Bible, he would have found it written therein, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," saith the Lord. (1 Peter i. 16.)

Heathens often treat their gods with disrespect and scorn. They have been heard to say to an idol, "If you will grant us our request, we will give you an offering of sweetmeats, fruit, and flowers; or, we will worship you for many days to come: but if you will not give us what we ask, we will keep you without a drop of water; or, we will put a rope round your neck, and drag you round the house; or, which will be worst of all, we will beat you with a slipper!" If there should be a want of rain, they have been known to build up a wall of bricks round their idol, and threaten to keep him a prisoner, until he helps them. Some years ago, at a place called Nussack, the people bricked up their poor god, and presented neither offerings nor worship, until the rain began to fall: they then took away the bricks, and begged pardon of the idol for treating him so unkindly. What low ideas must they have of their gods when they can treat them in this manner!

Can they love such gods? No! They may be filled with fear and terror, but they cannot truly love them; they may join with delight in the sinful feasts, but they cannot feel any reverence for these vain idols. But the God whom we worship is worthy of, and claims, our highest love. We love Him for what He is in Himself; great and good, holy and merciful. We love Him for what He is to us, our Father in heaven. We love Him most of all, when we think of the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. He freely gave Him to die for us, that through Him we might obtain the forgiveness of our sins, and the salvation of our souls.

THINGS THAT FRIGHTEN US.

"AND the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail." (Exod. iv. 4.)

MOSES was one of the most remarkable men in the Old Testament. His life was a scene of chequered change. He was born in trouble, cradled in danger, schooled in splendour, educated in solitude, and called to heaven in mystery. Like all other great men, he was disciplined in the midst of difficulties, and sanctified in the midst of sufferings. We have him here in the presence of something that frightened him. Let us learn a lesson from the circumstances.

1. *That in passing through the duties of life, we often meet with things that frighten us.*—Moses did. Once it was a man, now a serpent. These may be taken as types of difficulties we all meet with in passing through life. 1. Hard lessons. 2. Hard labour. 3. Hard living, &c.

2. *That fleeing away through fear is not the way to put to flight things that frighten us.*—"Moses fled from before it." But still it remained a serpent. Such a course could not alter its form or character.

So with hard lessons, hard labour, hard living, hard fighting; if we flee away in fear, we shall only make matters worse. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Examples, Jonah, Elijah, &c.

3. *That there is a right way to deal with things that frighten us.*—"Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail."

There is no difficulty but there is a way out of it, and no furnace but there is a way through it. With a right method, and strong resolution, the hardest lesson can be learned, the hardest labour performed, the hardest living endured, the hardest fighting sustained.

4. *That if we don't know the right way to deal with things that frighten us, there is One who does.*—"The

Lord said unto Moses," &c. The Lord is, 1. All-seeing; 2. All-wise; 3. All-powerful. Let us be, 1. Penitent; 2. Prayerful; then we shall be, 3. Powerful to overcome all difficulties, and to put to flight the things that frighten us.

"COME BOLDLY TO THE THRONE OF GRACE."

If you want your spiritual life to be more healthy and vigorous, says Ryle, you must come boldly to the throne of grace. The secret of your weakness is your little faith and little prayer. The fountain is unsealed, but you only sip a few drops. The bread of life is before you, yet you only eat a few crumbs. The treasury of heaven is open, but you only take a few pence. O, man of little faith! wherefore do you doubt? Awake to know your privileges; awake, and sleep no longer.

Tell me not of spiritual hunger, and thirst, and poverty, so long as the throne of grace is before you. Say rather you are proud, and will not come to it as a poor sinner; say rather you are slothful, and will not take pains to get more. Cast aside the grave-clothes of pride that still hang around you. Throw off that Egyptian garment of indolence which ought not to have been brought through the Red Sea.

Away with that unbelief which ties and paralyses your tongue. You are not straitened in God, but in yourself. Come boldly to the throne of grace, where the Father is ever waiting to give, and Jesus stands by Him to intercede. Come boldly; for you may, all sinful as you are, if you come in the name of the great High Priest.

Come boldly, and ask largely, and you shall have abundant answers; mercy like a river, and grace and strength like a mighty stream. Come boldly, and you shall have supplies exceeding all you ask or think.

"Hitherto you have asked nothing: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

LAZY READERS.

It has been remarked by the celebrated Haller, that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our mouths closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A lazy, half attention amounts to a mental yawn. Where, then, a subject that demands thought has been thoughtfully treated, and with an exact and patient derivation from its principles, we must be willing to exert a portion of the same effort, and to *think* with the author, or the author will have thought in vain for us.

RELIGION IN PAYING DEBTS.

Writes one, "Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right, for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and deserving church-discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. If religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not the religion of the Bible."

Good! every word. If you owe anybody a penny, and have a penny in your possession, go and pay it. If you have none, go work, dig, ditch, plough, work any honest work, until you get it, and pay it. You will breathe freer, and sleep easier. You will honour and love all men and yourself more.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XV.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Now then I was on my way over the hill to Cargreen. I had formed, I thought, a sort of tender friendship with every object, the lowliest thing even, that helped to give a distinctive beauty to the road; and yet something fresh and new seemed now to unveil itself at every step. It was on the Cornish side of the river, but there could be no lovelier specimens of the true Devonshire lane. The peculiar depth, the verdant richness, the mellowed light, and the mysterious whisperings breaking on the balmy stillness, all were there to touch one's soul. There at length was the little hamlet, gently bending towards the river from the ridge of its green headland. An open path down through a steep meadow brought me to the village-orchards, and a narrow way which might help to recall an inspired story about one who met an angel in "a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side." No vineyard-path even in the land of promise could be richer, sweeter, more refreshing, or more full of simple pure enchantment than that little shaded gully-like road into Cargreen. And then I was free to enjoy it. There was no unearthly form to check my steps, or point his flaming sword at my conscience. Nor was I in a temper to need reproof from the tongue of an ass. No, the sight of the rural homes, from whose simple hearths there now came the healthy and grateful scent of the smoking fagot, called up too many holy and happy recollections for me to think of any other than "the Angel of His presence," who once said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Any person might have thought, however, that he was wandering among the footprints of One whose "paths drop fatness." I was in a depth of luxuriance. The walls which bounded the orchards, and for some little way shaded the path, were most curiously but beautifully mantled with an interwoven variety of creeping plants richly embroidered and gemmed with the wood-strawberry blossom, grouped with wild geraniums, primroses, and lingering violets. On passing down the lowly street, which was as quiet as ever, I found my boatman at his post, lounging with a sort of dreamy watchfulness in the stern of his well-trimmed "Water-Witch." The parlour of the "decent public," which overlooked the village-jetty, afforded very agreeable shade and rest while our cheerful hostess was making a hasty dinner ready for us. This was soon forthcoming, with many apologies from the good woman, as she laid the cloth, for what she called the "rough fashion" in which it was set out. Kind-hearted creature! she little knew how many worse fashions I had met with in much grander places. She managed, after all, to furnish the table with a plentiful, tempting, and savoury meal. The fare was wholesome, and it was cleanly served. Nor is it a small enjoyment under such circumstances to prove that "hunger is the best sauce." All natural cravings being properly stilled, my mind was set upon Clifton. As I turned off towards the storied spot, a loving glance was cast towards a small building at the top of the village, around which holy memories must ever cluster, while there is "left one stone upon another." It was a house of prayer. And within those hallowed walls some of the purest Christian spirits that ever lived had received "with meekness the engrafted word," and had often "lifted up their voice with one accord to God," "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." "Blessed souls!" thought I, in passing, "I shall never again see those intelligent happy faces, upturned, and seeming to reflect other light than what fell from the bright chandelier which hung from the

roof, and cheered the little sanctuary during a winter-evening's service. No, most of them are gone to their reward; but we shall meet again. Though unseen, they are not far off. In the meantime, I, for one, will bless the memory of the men who in simplicity of faith and spotless zeal sought out the neglected nooks of rural life, and planted many living churches upon the fruitful hills of Tamarside." My road now crept along near the course of the river. At first it was a narrow lane, hedged on either hand by a wilderness of sweets, in which oak, and ash, and hazel, lent their variegated greens; while the dog- and the field-rose lavished their pink-and-white blossoms, and seemed proud to shelter the modest groups of more tiny beauties which peopled the recesses of the wild garden. An opening between the bushes here and there, or a gateway, afforded me a peep at the bright blue river. Then I came down upon the damp margin of a small creek, where a lone tree-stump served to mark for the traveller the depth of the rising tide. From thence the path led over a swelling headland, now covered with ripening corn, in the midst of which the eye caught, now and then, the bright-blue disk of a corn blue-bottle (*Centaurea Cyanus*) or a pretty flower of the perennial flax (*Linum Perenne*). There was another creek, and another hilly corn-field, at the bottom of which one must needs linger by a quiet well, and look into its clear depth. Nor could any pilgrim who loves chaste and simple beauty pass on without paying a tribute to one of the finest specimens of musk-mallow (*Malva Moschata*) I ever saw. It was rejoicing by the well-side, and seemed happy to greet the passenger, or to be admired by him. Now those whose taste or whose interest keeps them shut up to the study of their own species, may put me down for a crazed body, fit only to be classed among those who in Job's days were "solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste. Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat. Who were gathered together under the nettles, and brayed among the bushes." Nevertheless, I shall not give up that secret of joy which I learnt from Him who used to watch the breeze playing with the rock-rose, and the tall feather-grass on the hill-side over against the home of His holy childhood. No, "sweet nurslings of the vernal skies," I will never

> "Scorn, too proudly wise,
> Your silent lessons, undescried
> By all but lowly eyes:
> For ye could draw the' admiring gaze
> Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
> Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
> He taught us how to prize."

But now Clifton was before me. It was seated near the point of a spur which sloped from the range of Tamar's guardian hills, and jutted towards the Devonian border, so as to make the river turn back on its own course, with a curious infolding twist. I knew that the venerable abode had fallen into the condition of a mere farm-place; but who that thought of those who had found a last refuge there from the storm which had wrecked an empire, could lift the latch of that gate, and enter without feeling? The trees which still shaded the homestead and the few remains of garden and orchard-ground served to show that Clifton had seen better days. The remains of the old mansion, however, formed the chief object of my visit. I had fondly cherished the thought of seeing what had been seen within my own times; for I remembered a visiter's report that "the old mansion remains, with its hall, chapel, and other apartments; much dilapidated, but occupied as a farm-house." Ah! like many others, I had failed to mark the flight of time, and to calculate on the changes which may pass over a scene during even a short interval of absence. I was sadly disappointed. I looked for the "old mansion," but there was an ugly modern farm-house built of the refuse material of the ancient home, which had been torn down to make way for it. The farmer, with his wife, was in the front garden, gathering fruit. "Excuse me," said I, as I opened the gate, "but is this Clifton?"

"Ees, I reckon, Zur."

"But where is the old house?"

"I never zeed any other than thees."

"But there was another once: do you know where it stood?"

"I've heerd 'em tell how there uzed to be a houze t'other zide there; but the Squire pulled 'n down, I reckon, an' took the best

o' the stuff up to hiz houze to uze up. Will 'ee plaize to go in and drink a cup o zider, Zur?"

Hospitality must always be honoured. We went in; and sat together on the form by the long table, and chatted over a cup of cider; which, "rough" as the farmer politely feared it was, was a great deal better than what so many are now affecting to sport at their tables, under the name of "Rhenish wine." But people will be in the fashion, though it be at great expense both of pocket and paunch.

"Well now," I remarked, "about this old house: you never saw it, you say; but you must have heard something about it; you know Sir Nicholas Lower used to live here."

"Ees, I've heerd 'em tell. I b'leeve 'tes found in ould books or zumthing, I kean't tell what they call ut."

"You mean a register, perhaps."

"Ees; yu've ben abroad, I spoaze."

"Not far; but who owns this estate now?"

"Squire Currit'n, Zur, auver to Pentillie on the hill there. Hee's taking all the varms about here into hiz awn hands, and puts hinds like upon 'em: they zay that hee'll do the zame wi' thees, when my turm ez out."

"Ah! so it is," thought I, as I shook hands with the good farmer, "this centralizing power of capital makes itself felt on these quiet acres as well as amidst the humming swarms of a steam and iron world. Is it for good, or for evil? I cannot tell: does anybody know?" One could but turn and take a last look at Clifton. My hope had been cut off; but still even that dull farmhouse gave out an impressive lesson. The walls within which the broken remnant of an Imperial line found a retreat and breathed their last, were sacred no longer than they suited the convenience of the tenant and the interest of the landlord. They could not be allowed to stand as bare memorials: *cui bono?* As long as they stood, they must occupy a plot which might make "returns;" while, if taken down, they would supply cheap materials for a new house. And there ends the glory of the Constantines on Tamar-side. The Turks honoured and kept up the dome which witnessed the public devotions of the last reigning Paleologus; I wish the Christians could have afforded to respect the chapel, at least, in which the relics of his fallen house offered their latest prayers.

Lady-land. X.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. I.

(*Continued from page* 49.)

THIRDLY.—*The Ante-Judaic institution of the Sabbath may be fairly inferred from the terms of the moral law itself.*

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." "Remember." We are shut up by this word to the conclusion that the law about to be recited was not a new one, but the re-publication of an existing statute. The form of expression here employed could scarcely have been used if the people had never before been cognizant of the claims of a Sabbath. The injunction, "REMEMBER," implies *previous knowledge*, with a tendency to forgetfulness.

It will be seen upon an examination of the fourth commandment, that there is a reason assigned *in* the law, *for* the law, which carries with it strong presumptive proof, to say the least, not only of the existence of the Sabbath at that time, but also *from the date of the grand event it was designed to commemorate.* "FOR in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: WHEREFORE the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." (Exod. xx. 11.) Here the reason of the Sabbath is stated to be the completion of creation: but where is there an example in Scripture of any instituted com-

memoration not being coeval with the work it was intended to commemorate? Did the Passover wait two thousand years before it was celebrated, after the deliverance which it was designed to perpetuate the recollection of? Did circumcision, under the Old Testament, or baptism, and the Lord's supper, under the New, remain in abeyance for centuries before they were acted on? Is it reasonable to suppose, then, that the commemoration of the glories of creation should be delayed for two thousand five hundred years; especially when the reason for the celebration existed in full force from the beginning, and had reference to the whole human race, as well as to the Jews? It really is a tax upon human credulity to receive so far-fetched and improbable a theory!

Such are some of the grounds on which we receive the Sabbath as something more than "a mere relic of Judaism." It was instituted in paradise; it was obligatory upon the Israelites before the establishment of the Mosaic economy; its previous existence was distinctly recognised in that great epitome of religious and moral duty which God Himself wrote with His own finger on tables of stone.

But it has been objected:—"*If the Sabbath was instituted at the time of the creation, and if it was observed all along from that time to the departure of the Jews out of Egypt; it appears unaccountable that no mention of it, no occasion of even the obscurest allusion to it, should occur until the times of Moses.*"

We are not quite so sure that no allusion is made to the Sabbath in the earlier pages of inspiration. We think an argument in favour of such allusion might be based upon the time mentioned in Scripture, of Cain and Abel's offering sacrifice:—"And in process of time." (Marg., "*at the end of the days*," Gen. iv. 3.) We think, furthermore, the distinctly recognised division of time into weeks of seven days, necessarily involves the idea of a Sabbath. (Gen. xxix. 27, 28.) But we venture to assert, that even admitting there is no reference made to the observance of a Sabbath in the early part of the Mosaic records, *the silence of Scripture proves nothing against our view of the paradisaic institution of the Sabbath.*

No mention is made of sacrifices from the time of Abel till the deluge, a period of fifteen hundred years; but does this prove that sacrifices were not offered? The Bible says nothing about circumcision from the days of the Judges to those of Jeremiah, an interval of eight centuries; but who imagines that, therefore, during that period, circumcision was not an established institution of Judaism? No mention of the Sabbath occurs in the histories contained in the books of Joshua, Ruth, the first and second books of Samuel, the first book of Kings,—covering a period of more than five hundred years; but who doubts that the Sabbath law all this while was in its fullest vigour? Even in the Prophets, the Sabbath is seldom mentioned, except incidentally, and when its desecration called forth the terrible denunciations of Divine wrath. So much, or rather *so little*, stress can be laid on the mere silence of the sacred writers on this subject, during a given period of Bible history.

But supposing the Sabbath originally instituted in paradise, observed by the ancient Patriarchs, re-enacted on Sinai, what then? What, it may be asked, has all this to do with us? Why, its universal and perpetual obligation follows as a consequence. "If the Divine command" (said Dr. Paley, the great oracle of those who contend for the Jewish origin of the Sabbath) "was actually delivered at the creation, it was addressed, no doubt, to the whole human species alike; and continues, unless repealed by some subsequent revelation, binding upon all who come to the knowledge of it. The establishment of this point precludes all debate about the extent of the obligation."

But there are additional grounds on which we rest the universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath. What was the ORIGINAL DESIGN of the Sabbath? What were the PRIMARY REASONS for its institution? We shall proceed with these inquiries; and we think we shall be enabled to show that, on these grounds, the Sabbath still exists in all its unimpaired force and authority, universal in its obligation, and abiding in its claims.

Leeds.

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

III. ACTIVE LIFE *continued.*

FROM November, 1841, to the 16th of April, in the following year, Havelock, along with Sir Robert Sale, was shut up in Jellalabad; and during this period, the eyes of all India were turned towards them in extreme anxiety, as they were only a mere handful of troops, and had to contend with famine, earthquake, and a host of infuriated Affghans. But their trust was in God. On an early Sabbath of the siege, Havelock read the Church Service in the midst of the men and officers; and then arose in their minds a sublime courage and confidence, when they joined in the words of the forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed." They were saved by the approach of General Pollock; after which the honour of England was retrieved, and the lost provinces were again brought under our sway. For the victory of Istaliff, the nation is indebted to the skill and valour of Havelock. In the following years he was almost constantly engaged in active warfare, in consequence of the Sikh invasion. At the battle of Moodkee he had two horses shot under him. At the close of the same day he drank eagerly at a well, from the water of which his horse recoiled. It had been poisoned, and he never perfectly recovered from its effects upon his constitution. At Sobraon, he had a third horse borne down by a cannon-ball, which passed through his saddle-cloth. In a skirmish at Ramnuggar, he lost his brother William; and in writing of the event from Bombay, where he assisted the residents in all their enterprises of usefulness, he says to his sister, "To how small a number our seven of a family—eight at first—is now reduced! As each falls in succession into the grave, is not the event a warning to those who remain to draw nearer and nearer to Jesus Christ? Then will He draw nearer to us, and be our stay here, and hereafter our everlasting portion."

When the Punjab campaign was commenced, Havelock was anxious to share in its toils; but he was necessitated, by the failure of his health, to visit England, arriving in London on the 5th of November, 1849. He was presented to Her Majesty by the Duke of Wellington. Other honours awaited him; but he yet found time for more congenial pursuits, in visiting the afflicted, and in imparting pleasure and instruction to his own domestic circle. In the exercise of family-prayer he was earnest and affectionate. An Irish servant-girl was once melted into tears, and when she arose from her knees, said, that her master was too tender-hearted for a soldier, and that he ought to have been a Priest. He expressed to his old schoolfellow at the Charter-House, Sir William Norris, the thankfulness he felt to Almighty God, who had shielded his head "in twenty-two Indian fights, and among them four of Gough's slashing combats." Leaving his wife and children at Bonn, in 1851 he again set his face toward the land of the sun. We there see him appointed as Quarter-Master General, and in 1854 gazetted as Brevet-Colonel. On the breaking out of the Persian war, he was appointed to the command of the second division of the army, under Sir James Outram; and on embarking for Bushire, he was saluted from the battery at Bombay, as Brigadier-General. As the steamer that conveyed his men was moving upwards near the enemy, he commanded them to lie down flat on the deck, that they might escape the balls fired against them; but he himself stood upon the paddle, to be ready with his assistance in any case of emergency, and he escaped unhurt, though exposed to a tremendous fire. Before the war had been seriously entered upon, news was brought that a treaty of peace was already concluded. It is pleasant to read in the General Orders at parting, that the General commanding was able to express his warm approval of "the entire absence of crime amongst so large a body of troops, scarcely one instance of misconduct on the part of any individual having been brought to his notice."

The conclusion of the war, before honour had been gained or spoils won, would

cause disappointment in the mind of many a warrior encamped on the shore of the Persian Gulf; but in this event there was a visible interference of the providence of God, as the mutiny of the Sepoys broke out immediately afterwards, and through this peace the Indian Government was not distracted by a distant contest in the hour of its peril; and Outram and Havelock were set free to hurl back the stream of rebellion that then threatened to overwhelm our possessions in the East.

SUFFERING AND SERVING.

The authoress of "The Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars" relates the following touching incidents:—*

Not very long ago a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman lodging in an alley in Holborn, who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat; and on the little table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers, the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathizing countenance, smoothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face; the mouth and chin of which were covered by a cambric handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few inquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then, remembering that it must seem so easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God; but how much harder it must be for her to believe it; lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or by day, increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death; I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind. And then I added, "If you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who, when He was on earth, healed all manner of disease with a touch or a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withholds it from you, does so from some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to know it. If it be so, will you just lift up your finger in assent?"

She raised her pale, transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face.

I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, "I believe that one wave of your hand gives more honour to your Saviour in the sight of all the angels of heaven than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render Him, in comparative health and ease; because your faith is so much more severely tried." It seemed a new and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work would glorify her Saviour. She had just meekly borne, because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This makes me *so* happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory for Himself out of such a poor creature as me!" Soon after, she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His.' He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing."

When her companion came down-stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to relieve her occasionally of the nursing by night.

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired.

"No, Ma'am; we are no relations: we were fellow-servants together at a hotel in the West End. And once, when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly: so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers, for she's an orphan; so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings whilst I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid! a QUEEN!" I thought

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* *Midnight Chimes; or, the Voice of Hope.* London: James Nisbet and Co.

to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honoured.

That woman of a royal heart sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of disinterested, self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret. "We *are* as good as sisters," she said: "we both know that our Saviour loves us; and we love Him, and want to love Him better."*

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Five houses were thrown open to receive her; but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.

* This story was told the following day to a few young men, who were members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, and who were chiefly men of the working-classes. Early the next morning four pounds were sent me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer and her nurse, with these words written on the envelope, "A token of sympathy and respect from Christian brothers."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCIV.

"*For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*" (2 Tim. i. 7.)

One and the same Spirit is all these at once. And till that Spirit is given us, there is nothing but enmity and disaffection towards God; there is nothing but feebleness and impotence as to anything that is good; there is nothing but distemperature and diseasedness in man, which have pierced him to the very heart. This Spirit, therefore, in reference to these several exigencies, is a spirit of love, of power, and of a sound mind. The same Spirit that makes the soul capable now of doing things that require power; the same Spirit that rectifies the mind, and heals it of those distempers under which it was wasting and consuming before, is a SPIRIT OF LOVE. It is said to be a Spirit "given;" a Spirit superadded to our own; a Spirit that we had not before. Indeed, it must be some other Spirit than ours, which must render us capable of God.—*Howe's Sermons on Several Occasions*, vol. i., p. 56. *Edit.* 1744.

No. XCV.

"*Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.*" (Luke xi. 42.)

What a strange oversight was this! that the Pharisees, those devout men, those zealous pretenders to the greatest strictness in the observance of the law of God, as well as to the profoundest knowledge of it, even beyond all other men, should be guilty of such an oversight as to pass over the sum and substance of it; to wit, the love of God! And yet our Saviour speaks of it as their common character. If then the Pharisees, those knowing and strict men, as they would be thought to be, were in such an error as this so commonly, we may well conclude that the spirits of men are generally prone to acquiesce in the mere externals of religion, and take up with the outside thereof, without ever going any further. They think their case is well enough with God if now and then they bow the knee, and compliment Him in duty, and put on some face and show of devotion; while, in the meantime, the love of God is an unthought of thing. So that how many must say, if they would speak as their case truly is, "I never thought that the love of God must go into my worship!" Since then the proneness of mankind to acquiesce in a fair and civil deportment, and in the mere formalities of religion, proceeds from one common fixed cause, the want of this Divine principle of love, it is necessary that we seriously consider the matter, lest we ourselves be thus dreadfully imposed upon.—*Ibid.*, p. 68.

No. XCVI.

"*Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*" (Matt. v. 44.)

We should do them what good we can

ourselves; and pray for them, that they may have that good which we cannot procure for them. The order and gradation of this precept is very observable. We are first in general enjoined to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us; and then we are enjoined to do them good, and to pray for them. As if our Lord had said, "First, do all the good you can to them yourselves; but when you are gone as far as you can, then engage and set on work an almighty Agent by prayer. Pray that God may do them good when you can do them no more."—*Ibid.*, p. 276.

Poetry.

A PENITENT'S HYMN.

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even *me!*

Pass me not! O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even *me!*

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O, forgive and rescue me,
Even *me!*

Love of God—so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ—so rich and free,
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even *me!*

Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, O, bless me,
Even *me!*

Narratives.

LISETTE'S DREAM;

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.*

LISETTE has run her fourscore years. Lame of one leg, but erect and well made, there she is in her old, straight-backed arm-chair. Poor as are the adjuncts, the figure is charming. Slender, with noble features, a pale complexion, grey hair, almost hid under a cap of thick lace; black eyes, as young as they were at twenty, soft, limpid eyes, which look into, and allow you to look into, the soul. A smile completes the face; a smile in which blend such freshness, such exquisite delicacy, such sweet graciousness, that once seen, it floats eternally in the memory.

Lisette was a spiritualist; there are such in villages: she had been an excellent manager in her day; had baked, fed the cattle, worked hard in her time. She had taken her part in the vintage, wielded the rake, dug the garden, and grew enough to fill all the presses in the cottage from top to bottom. On washing-days, the hedges round were rich with her treasures; no one more apt to labour, more prudent as to expense; but while her arms were employed, her brain was active. And now that all she could do to amuse herself was to mend clothes, or wind thread, thought had got the upper hand.

Lisette had a soul; she was conscious of it; nay, she was anxious about it. This in France is not common in our days in the country, any more than the towns. Lisette belonged to that austerely brought-up generation, kept under by their fathers; grand, grave men, who governed by a look, without waste of words. They had strong natures, and lived soberly in their sheltered nooks. Local papers had scarcely an existence. Ten years might pass without a new book drifting into their dwellings. Nevertheless, the peasant read on Sunday winter-nights; read the Bible, that his-

* From the French of Madame de Gasparin.

tory of nations, that philosophy of the heart, that Divine poetry, that speech of God to man; and he made his children read it; their little fingers following each word: and that generation, growing up thus beneath the shadow of Jordan's palm-trees, in direct relation to the God of heaven, fed on faith, early subject to duty; that generation had a character at once gentle and courageous, calm and reflective, practical and ideal; such as our age most certainly will not transmit to its children.

Lisette had grown up under that system; had breathed the very air of the East. For her, Ruth, and Naomi, Sarah, Moses, and Rachel—who would not be comforted, were personages more living, more real, than the great Napoleon and his twelve Marshals. Even as a child, when she used to take the cows to feed in the forest-glades, Lisette would sit down beneath some spreading pine, and would dream of Jacob's flocks, of Leah, of the wondrous ladder; with the intense gaze of her soul fixed on the depths of past ages in simple faith. She spoke to God; God spoke to her. Had an angel, palm in hand, appeared before her, it would not have surprised her. If the bush that shadowed her strawberry-plants had suddenly kindled with supernatural flame, Lisette would have approached as did Moses; putting her shoes from off her feet, she would have received the Divine command with a simple heart. She was no visionary; she had too much common sense for that. Her piety had a touch of austerity and timidity; there was a reserve about her which reminded you of the women of the Old Testament rather than of the New. She had a great fear of offending God; she loved from afar, very humbly; reverence almost veiling love. Brought up rather on the precepts of Moses than the revelation of Christ, you would have taken her for one of the Israelitish women who followed Miriam.

When she spoke of death, her smile was rather sad, and she would say, "Well, I hope, indeed; but can God really forgive me?" She felt a deep need of holiness, and thirst after truth. She believed, hoped, and loved; but her pale face bore the impress of a holy terror; her heart dared not expand. It was of this we were conversing. She showed me the awful Jehovah; I pointed her to the God of Abraham. She spoke to me of sin; I spoke to her of pardon. She said to me, "I have erred too much." I said to her, "Christ has suffered more."

"I am sad," said Lisette to me. "Listen; you will laugh; I have had a dream."

"Dreams are liars," answered I, foolishly enough.

"O dear, no! Dreams are not all true, I know; yet Joseph dreamed."

"Yes; God can employ——"

"The Lord has many messengers," she broke in. "It has left a gloom on me. I was walking in a meadow towards evening, the sun was down: clouds of dust rose from the road,—a wide, smooth road; much quality went along it; coaches, riders, merchants; men walking behind their cows; poor people too,—a crowd like a fair. They all went one way. I did not trouble myself about where it led; did not seem much to care. I had not chosen that road, yet went on. On one side, under the thorns, I saw a rough path; one of those mountain-tracks full of brambles and stones, felled trees, roots in which the foot caught. There was no crowd there; only now and then some heavily-laden traveller, some woman looking harassed and sad. They sat down, or rather, all but fell; then they looked to the top of the hill, took courage, rose, settled their baggage better over their shoulders, and, bending under it, dragged on amongst the stones. The others, those on the highway, had not taken any notice of me: these gave me sad looks, but said nothing. I was uncomfortable; it seemed as though they were mourning over my fate. As for me, badly off as they were, I did not pity them. I said to myself, 'Suppose I go to them.' I did try; I went aside, and got upon the path; the stones rolled down, I felt weary; I hurt my foot, and returned to the meadow. Then those in the path looked at me more sadly than before, and went on. I had a weight at my heart. But evening was closing in; there was nothing for it but going on, though, as I went, I trembled. A fear came over me: all at once it broke upon me that we were all going towards death. Then

I tried to get back into the path, but there was no longer any path, any travellers, only the great green meadow, and I was walking alone in the middle of it."

Lisette was in tears: then she recovered.

"At the end of the great meadow I saw a beautiful dwelling. This house was of gold, bright as the sun at noon; the setting sun shone through the clear windows and fell upon it. A great rush of joy came over me. I was happy! No one had told me so, but I knew quite well this dwelling was the paradise of God. When I came close to it, I looked for the door: there was none on that side; I went round the house,—no door. Fear came over me. I returned to the front, and looked up. Behind one of the windows of clear glass I saw an old woman, like myself, with white hair, and a severe though sweet look. She looked very happy. I cried out. Then she turned to me.

"'You have made a mistake,' she said; 'you did not take the right road. You will not get in, my daughter.'

"As for me, I fell dead."

Lisette was pale: fear, that fear of God which hath torment, had got hold of her. She could not pray.

"Lisette," I said, "you have told me a dream. I will tell you a story, a very short one:—

"One spring day, in Judæa, just as the corn was ripening, a crowd was coming out of the city. With much tumult, and loud cries, they were leading three men to execution. Of these three, two had killed, stolen, pillaged: they were thieves. The other had announced God's pardon:—it was Jesus. They nailed them to the cross. One of the criminals insulted Jesus; the other, suddenly struck, said, 'Dost thou not fear God? As for us, we are punished justly; but this man hath done nothing amiss!' Then turning to Jesus, 'Lord, remember me!' He got in safe, Lisette! What road, then, had he taken?"

Lisette kept a solemn silence; a Divine light dispelled the shadows on her brow.

"Neither the highway, nor that terrible mountain-path, had he, Lisette?"

Lisette looked at me; her beautiful black eyes shone; a sweet pure smile played round her mouth. "*He believed*," she said. That day we reasoned no more. Many winters have passed since Lisette entered the golden house.

Our Servants.

QUIETNESS.

Let a person go to a goldsmith, and show him a nugget of gold, and say, "I want to know the value of this gold, if you please." The smith will take it to the refiner of gold, who will put it into his "fining-pot," where it will be separated from alloys, run off, cooled down, weighed, and returned to its owner with, "Value of this fine gold, 'so and so,' in price, and no more." Next, let the same person take a diamond, or some other jewel, to a lapidary, or dealer in jewels and precious stones, and ask the price of his diamond. The lapidary, like the goldsmith, will apply the proper tests to the diamond, and will ascertain its degrees of hardness, clearness, and weight, and will return it with "'So and so,' and no more, is the value of this precious stone." Now, exhibit in the discharge of duty, in the vexations of unreasonable men, in the provocations of ungrateful hearts and of offensive tempers, a calm and equal mind; a heart prepared to endure the pressure of abused authority, or the glances of unfair suspicion; a heart that returns "good for evil," and is ever ready to forgive: the goldsmith has no fine gold, nor has the lapidary any precious stone, comparable with such a mind and heart; they cannot name its price. Take it, then, to its Giver, God. He looks upon it, and says, "It is a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of *great price!*"

Our servants, if they cannot be at the same time both ladies and servants, may,

however, be more lady-like than they are, by becoming more quiet in their mode. We do not mean that they should become less active, or do less work; but simply that they should make less noise about it. Rivers can run rapidly, and yet silently; the machinery that runs most swiftly goes smoothly; and people can do a deal of work with little noise. Indeed, it is an adage, that "where there's most talk there's least work." Now it is lady-like to be quiet in everything; to move quietly, to speak quietly, to work quietly; and servants will be improved when they imitate their lady-employers in a quiet mode. For instance, in the use of one's voice, either in conversation, or in public speaking, or in singing, it is not the loudest parts which are the most agreeable or the most effective. Generally, the loudest parts are the weakest in effect. Distinctness of utterance, and an easy, natural manner of address, are the most certain to produce effect. Servants should remember this as well as anybody else. What a difference it makes in the tranquillity of a household, whether the servants talk in a loud, broad voice, as though they were driving horses and carts, or in a subdued and gentle tone; whether they will shout to one another from the top to the bottom of a five-storied staircase, or wait until they exchange words half way; whether when they bring in the breakfast-things, or the dinner-service, and especially when they gather them together to take them away, they clatter and rattle them one within another, so as to interrupt all conversation, and to show that the pieces are all as yet sound and serviceable, or put them dexterously within one another, seen not heard; whether, when they stir the fire, they strike all the bars with the poker, and hit the back-plate, as though they were in great wrath, or pass that useful instrument quietly between the bars, and, having properly used it, lay it silently down upon the fender, and not let it fall down to find its own place by its own weight; whether, when they pass in or out of rooms, or in and out of the house, they will remember that doors can be shut quietly, or slam them to their places, so as to shake the whole house, and everything in it; and whether, when they run down-stairs, or move across the floors, they will not do so upon their heels, making a heavy, thumping noise as with two four-stone weights, but rather, upon the front part of the foot, without any noise at all! Perhaps it is worth while just to say that nature has given to dumb animals a grace and lightness of motion denied to man. Look at the roebuck, the palfrey, the lamb, the greyhound, or any of the domestic animals. The finest lady in the land cannot walk with a step so noiseless and easy as any of these. The next time you see a lady leading her pony, mark the difference in the agility of their stepping. How much more beautiful is the action of the irrational animals when untrammelled in their fields! Now, it is well to remember that a noisy way in one thing produces noise in other ways. A noisy talker will become a noisy cook, or housemaid, or a noisy walker, or a noisy worker; on the other hand, a quiet talker will be quiet in every other habit. Quietness of manner in servants reflects on all around: the children become quiet; but where the servants are boisterous, the children will be quarrelsome. And, what is still better, quietness has a good moral influence; it favours habits of reflection; it strangles all gossipping; it makes room for prayer, and promotes watchfulness; and it secures the respect of other people. Now and then, one has heard the praise of a servant by her employer finished with this remark, "She does all her work well, and so quietly, that you can scarcely tell there is anybody in the house."

P. H.

The Monitor.

EARLY DEVOTION.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

"The fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Prayer is a wondrous power, an almighty grace, which God has bestowed upon His

people, and everywhere the spirit of religion shows itself in the practice of devotion. "I give myself to prayer," was the declared resolution and habit of the Psalmist. And Christ's disciples are taught by their Lord "to pray always," and by the same spirit of inspiration to "pray without ceasing." The petition of every one, who is desirous of doing the Master's will, will therefore be,

"Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease."

Alas! that so many of us should come short of this spirit of grace and supplication, and be verily guilty of restraining prayer before God.

Yet, great is the privilege of prayer, and mightily availing with Heaven. God has given us access into His presence through His Son, and promised us that whatsoever we ask in His name He will do it for us. And this is not an occasional act of grace which is granted to the earthly petitioners of Heaven's bounty, but a standing ordinance of Divine mercy and compassion.

Devotion is always needful and profitable, and especially is this true of *early* devotion. "My voice shalt Thou hear in the MORNING; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and look up." "Early will I seek Thee," said the Psalmist; for what treasure is so great to the soul as that of God in His favour and love? The language of the seeking soul with every opening day will be,—

"O disclose Thy lovely face;
Quicken all my drooping powers!"

For though it is a pleasant thing to see the sun, and the natural light rejoiceth the eye, yet is there no day to the soul until the Lord lifteth up the light of His countenance upon it.

"Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart."

It is on the *praying* soul that the Sun of Righteousness ariseth with healing in His wings, and fills it with a radiancy Divine. Truly, it is good to call upon God in the morning, and to get the start of the world, temptation, and sin, and thus obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

And especially should this be the case with us on the morning of the day of sacred rest. That, above all other days, is the day which the Lord hath made for the sons of men to be glad and to rejoice in.

"On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope."

And as the disciples of Him who sometimes continued all night in prayer, and on other occasions rose a great while before it was day that He might pray; so should the early morn of the Sabbath be spent; not in ease, sloth, or guilty slumbers, but in earnest and believing supplication. It is in this exercise that the soul finds its best preparation for the public duties of religion; such as the morning-class, the Sabbath-school, and the public worship of Almighty God. Prayer calms the mind, and elevates and strengthens the soul for the fulfilment of its high calling. But by how many of our public worshippers is this preparatory exercise almost wholly neglected! Late sleep leaves no time for meditation and devotion; and all they can accomplish on the Sabbath morning is a hurried and disturbed attendance at the house of the Lord: so undevout and unprepared do many enter upon the public solemnities of God's holy-day! Had they a deeper sense of the mercies with which God is daily enriching them, and of the care He is exercising over them, and of their still continued need, they would hasten to meet their heavenly Father in secret, and through His Son adore His goodness and His love. Thus is it with the true-hearted Christian; for he feels,—

"New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

"New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."

The absence of *early private* devotion may in part account for the neglect and great decay of *early public* devotion. This was once a distinguishing characteristic of the Methodists, but few traces of

it now remain. In the days of Wesley and Whitefield, the people were seen in little groups, moving along the streets of London, long before dawn, with lanterns in their hands, on their way to the early service of the day. And though the same necessity may not now exist for the five or six o'clock preaching, as then, we see no reason why the seven o'clock Sunday-morning prayer-meeting should not be more generally kept up in Methodism. In our own comparatively brief recollection these were once more numerous, both in our towns and villages, than they are now. Is the spirit of interceding grace poured out upon us less copiously than on our fathers? They loved prayer, and the well-attended prayer-meeting was a settled institution in Methodism, blessed and glorious. But now it is difficult to find a convenient season for prayer. If we urge the week-night prayer-meeting, business engagements are pleaded as a reason for non-attendance. We announce, after the Sunday-evening sermon, a prayer-meeting; but, no, it is too late, and people had better retire to their homes to meditate and pray, which, literally rendered, in too many instances, means nothing more than to indulge in unsuitable gossip, and thus to fritter away the effect of the preaching of the word. If we invite attendance on the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting, where godly men unite in supplication for the blessing of God upon themselves, His Ministers, the congregation, their families, the town, the nation, and the world; we are answered, "This is too early!" Too early for those who though they could, yet do not, make the Saturday a day of preparation; and who, though not so weary as to need extra rest, slumber through some of the best hours of the holy Sabbath. Once, or at most twice, on the Sabbath, (providing the Preacher suits their taste, and the weather is temptingly fine,) is all the public devotion many of our modern professors ever think of paying to their God and Saviour, during the circle of the week. As to the prayer-meeting, it has never occurred to them that they have any special call of duty to attend it, whenever it may be held,—morning, noon, or night,—on the week-day or the Sabbath. Are such people really followers of Him who has recognised in His disciples this habit of united prayer, and has encouraged them by the promise, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven?" Hear this, ye Christians who habitually neglect all meetings for intercessory prayer! Where are the men with whom you have ever agreed to pray for the fulfilment of the Father's promises? Devotion, in *this form*, thou offerest not, either early or late, either on the Sabbath or on any other day! And callest thou thyself a disciple of a praying and interceding Saviour? Art thou a follower of Him who said to His servants, "Pray always," and "spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint," in whom dwells not the spirit of prayer?

We do not suppose that any one among us could always attend the week-night or Sabbath prayer-meeting, or that all the fathers and mothers, masters and servants, &c., of our congregations or Societies could, even were they so disposed, be constantly present at the early meeting for intercession on the Sabbath morn. But between *always* doing a thing and *never* doing it, there is a wide difference. And, surely, to those who have no family-cares, and who have youth and health on their side, we may make our appeal, and not in vain, on behalf of *early* devotion. Many of the old Methodists, whose early devotion in our youthful days we were familiar with, formed the habit when they were young. And let our young men form the habit betimes. Our Master calls for righteous resolve, self-denial, and sacrifice, and let us dutifully respond. An easy-going, slip-shod religion is neither productive of happiness nor usefulness. And if we have not the spirit and power of prayer, let us pray for both; for He giveth His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Pray we must; for—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer."

Preston.

Our Home Work.

AN AWAKENING IN A PENITENTIARY.

One of our poets—himself a dweller for years in the cold shades of self-righteousness, but at length ushered into the sunshine of God's free love—has written,—

"Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.
The' atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought
Is not for you; the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,
Herself, from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn?
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when Heaven denies it thee."

On Easter-Monday we were in L——, and went by appointment to a Penitentiary to speak a few words to the inmates. Sixty-four in number, they were so hardened in badness that, the very evening before, though prayer had often been made for them, the matron had been intimating privately her intention to resign her post, so utterly fruitless did all her labours seem, and so hopeless all future effort.

We arrived at six, and found the women assembled in their usual place for worship. At the close, we asked them if *they* "meant that night once more to turn their backs coldly upon the Saviour?" giving them two minutes to consider, and all being quite silent for that time. The two minutes had not expired, when suddenly one of them rose, and, crying out bitterly, "O Jesus! Jesus! I'm lost; I'm lost for ever!" fell prostrate on the floor. Others immediately cried out; and, in a few minutes, the whole number were sobbing in intense anguish. Obliged to leave for another meeting, we called on our way back in two hours, and found that the women had continued in that state till nine o'clock, when they retired to their dormitories, but only to weep and wail. The next morning we returned to London.

Ten days passed, and a friend wrote,—"It is impossible to convey a just idea of the great change which has been wrought." Out of nineteen, "as far as we can judge, all but one have realized peace. That one it took six or eight women to hold, so terrific was her conflict; reminding us of the poor man amongst the tombs. Another had several conflicts with the powers of hell. I was asked my opinion upon these repeated conflicts. I could give none, save that Jesus claims the whole heart; and that it might be that some darling sin was kept in reserve; the Lord must have the whole heart; they must come to Jesus fully—no reserve. I have been there again this morning, and find that, last night, after a most severe struggle, that woman was enabled to roll all upon Jesus. A pleasing feature is manifested. As soon as they have obtained peace, they are ready at once to tell the others of the rich mercy they enjoy, and ask them to seek Jesus." And he adds,—"It has been one continued scene of quickening of souls. One of the Committee said to me yesterday, 'Seeing is believing: I could not have conceived the thoughts which passed and repassed through my mind on witnessing several prostrated, and the happy change when they realized peace.' Last night, they were much cheered to know that you still thought of them. 'O! tell him,' they at once all said, 'never to be weary in speaking to the lost outcasts about their never-dying souls.'"

Another eye-witness writes,—"I have spent the last two nights in the house with the matron. Never can I forget the terrible fights I have seen in these poor women; the agonized look, the heart-rending shriek, the desperate struggles, the bitter wail, 'I'm lost! I'm lost!' and then, as the contest seems drawing to a close, the sweet smile playing on the lips, and the joyful exclamation, 'I'm so happy in Jesus! so happy in Jesus! I love Jesus! yes, I do love Jesus, and He loves me! Come unto Me, all that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest! Yes, rest in Jesus! it is so sweet to rest in Jesus!'"

"The tenderness of their conscience," an eye-witness writes about the converts, "is worthy of special notice. They seem

to dread the slightest approach to sin, in either thought, word, or deed, as they would the plague. One of them who had been brought up with a knowledge of Scripture and of hymns, and whose great delight now was to read, said to me to-day, 'As I was sitting here at my work just now, my eye fell on a book, and I was tempted very much to take it up; but I knew that it would prevent me getting on with my sewing: again and again I felt the temptation, but I thought of the passage about servants serving not with eye-service as men-pleasers.' She told me she was tried very sorely with her temper; sometimes a companion would speak sharply, and she had great difficulty in not speaking hastily again. She often had to go to a place where she could be alone, to pray; for that, she said, was her only safety. She showed me and repeated a beautiful hymn as being a great favourite of hers: the burden of it was, longing for complete sanctification and conformity to the image of Jesus."

One of them wrote to the matron thus:—"O that night above all nights, which can never be forgotten by me, or by any other woman in the house! When the Holy Spirit was coming amongst us, there came a trembling all over me. As we fell on our knees, I felt as if the house was on me. Never till that moment did I feel that it was *my* sins which had nailed my Saviour to the cross. O, what did I see! Go down into the depths of hell, and what would you see there? Yes, if you could go further for wickedness, it would be my life; my misspent life. I had been brought up a Roman Catholic, my father and mother severely punishing me if ever they found me playing with any Protestant child. Before I entered this house, fourteen months ago, I had been living for five years in the most horrible sin. The morning of the day I came here, I was looking for a knife to cut my throat with; I so shuddered at the thought of my sins: and, if it had not been for the woman beside me taking notice of me, I would have done it. One day, some months ago, a lady gave us all a little prayer to say: 'Lord, show me myself!' I prayed it, and I continued liking to hear and do everything that was good; but all the time I was blind to the Gospel of my Lord and Saviour. I never knew what it was to be forgiven. One day I would feel happy, and another day miserable. I would try if I could find anything in the Bible to satisfy me. I found many precious promises and invitations. But I did not feel any better. I never knew real happiness. I went on in this sort of way till the 9th of April, when the Holy Spirit opened my eyes. That night I remained for some time crying for mercy. I saw I was lost, dead in sins, a brand in the very fire. All of a sudden, I heard as it were a voice say, 'Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee: go and sin no more!' That moment I got up a new creature. I believed, without a doubt, that God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Yes, that moment, I am persuaded, He washed away all my sins in His precious blood; and, I believe, He will remember them no more."

Monthly Notes for Readers.

Mr. Mason has recently issued new editions of several valuable and important works: among them will be found *the Rev. Richard Watson's Theological Institutes*, in four clear but closely-printed volumes, royal 18mo., of upwards of 500 pages each. The low price at which this edition is published, places this work within the reach of every one engaged in any of the offices of Methodism. The indices of texts and topics in the last volume will be of value to those who have frequently to consult this masterly work on systematic theology.

The Rev. John Farrar's *Biblical and Theological Dictionary*, with its vast stores of information, has also been re-issued. The spiritual letters of that devoted Missionary, John Hunt, on *Entire Sanctification: its Nature, the Way of its Attainment, and Motives for its Pursuit;* and the well-known *Friendly Hints, addressed to Youth*, by the Rev. John Doncaster, with its large store of striking anecdotes, have also been re-printed. Our Sunday-school friends will be glad to have *The Wesleyan Sunday-School Hymn-Book* bound up with the thin double-column edition of Wesley's Hymns and Supplement, in royal 24mo., pearl type. This forms a convenient pocket-volume for use either in chapels or schools, and may be had for 3*s.*, and upwards, in roan, plain or gilt; or in morocco, gilt, or elegant gilt. The ninth edition of the late Dr. Bunting's sermon on *Justification by Faith* is now on sale. Within the compass of 24 pages, a most full and conclusive statement of this cardinal doctrine of Christianity is given. We know of no greater service that can be rendered to the cause of Christ than the free circulation of this celebrated sermon in the neighbourhoods where this tenet is impugned. The New Tracts for this month are *The Break; or, Force and Check;* and in the Large-Type Series, *It is all over;* and *Is there any hope for me?* A venerable Minister, the Rev. Henry Chevérton, has added to our Reward-Books, incidents in his own pastoral life, under the title of *Reminiscences: or, a Soldier, a Soldier's Wife, and a Sailor; exhibiting some Differences, and a Contrast, in Character and Conduct;* and another edition of the edifying *Memoirs of John Davey Bersey*, a Wesleyan Minister's son, has been sent forth. The Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, the author of the Memoirs of the saintly M'Cheyne, has added to the spiritual biographies which enrich our language, that of a devoted Missionary to China, the Rev. David Sandeman. Mrs. Bayly, the author of "Ragged Homes, and how to mend them," has rendered good service by a new work, entitled *Workmen, and their Difficulties;* in which, in her own beautiful style, she shows how the principles of Christianity may be brought to bear on all matters connected with the various services in which the sons of toil are occupied. Miss Marsh has sent forth another very precious little tract, entitled *Midnight Chimes; or, the Voice of Hope*, from which we have taken the instructive narrative found in a former page, under the title of "Suffering and Serving." *Grace abounding*, by the Rev. John Baillie, now Minister of Portman Chapel, contains many striking facts and opinions on the subject of revivals. We have extracted from this volume the account of an awakening in a Penitentiary. These last four works are published by James Nisbet and Co., London. James Hogg and Sons have added to their admirable list of books for the young, *Studies of Christian Character*, by Bitha Fox; which cannot fail of impressing many useful lessons, most attractively put, wherever it is read.

Memorials of the Departed.

Eliza Haines, aged twenty-nine years, from her earliest years was the subject of the enlightening and restraining power of the Holy Spirit. While, however, treading the slippery paths of youth, she remained undecided for God. At the age of nineteen or twenty, she was taught many profitable lessons by the side of her afflicted mother. Under the pious counsels and prayers of that mother, accompanied by the Spirit of God, her mind became increasingly enlightened, and she began to see the state of her own heart. To these she always attributed her subsequent conversion to God. Many times did she make grateful mention of the good she had derived. Her mother's death brought her to decision: from that time she was very constant in attending the means of grace. In February, 1852, she

joined the Methodist Society. In the following month she was enabled to rejoice that her sins were forgiven, through faith in Christ her Saviour. She now grew in grace, and by her life and conduct proved the sincerity of her professions. She became a Tract-distributer. She was, however, soon called from doing, to suffer, the will of God. During that affliction her friends found her meekly relying upon Christ, and desiring to submit to His will. She then felt that the Gospel of Christ called her to the enjoyment of perfect liberty from sin; and in answer to earnest, believing prayer, through the infinite sufficiency of God's grace, she was brought into a state of purity, peace, and joy. She longed for heaven, if it were the Lord's will; but, to the joy of her friends, she recovered strength sufficient again to attend the means of grace, and to visit the sick. In patience she possessed her soul. Weak in body, she was strong in faith, giving glory to God. More than ever she now sought the salvation of those belonging to her. She also broke through her natural timidity, and commenced family-prayer. The closing scenes of her life were protracted and severe. God was glorified; for none could witness her patience and confidence without adoring Him whose grace supported her. Her prospect of heaven was never once intercepted by a cloud. On a friend, who was visiting her, saying, "You cannot come to see my new home;" her reply was, "No; but I hope you will come and see mine." A short time before her death she said that, for several nights, when all had retired to rest, she enjoyed such a delightful sense of the presence of God, that she wished the nights were longer. The day before her death she was visited by one who read to her that hymn beginning,—

> "I lay my sins on Jesus,
> The spotless Lamb of God."

She had just strength sufficient to say, "Yes, yes." On the following day, January 28th, 1858, while suffering much pain, she said, "I shall soon be home;" and scarcely had she uttered the words when she entered into rest.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Andrews, William, jun.,	Londonderry,	Londonderry,	18	Dec. 13th, 1860.
Arundel, Peter,	Old Malton,	Malton,	89	Dec. 31st, 1860.
Ashley, Mr. Henry,	Gravesend,	Gravesend,	74	Jan. 16th, 1861.
Ayles, Miss Alice,	Portland,	Portland,	58	Nov. 24th, 1860.
Bancroft, Mr. Isaac,	Derby,	Derby,	70	Oct. 27th, 1860.
Barlow, William,	Crawshaw-Booth,	Bacup,	64	Nov. 19th, 1860.
Bell, Mary,	Fall-Burn,	Bacup,	71	Oct. 22d, 1860.
Crabtree, Mary,	Wood-Top,	Bacup,	49	Dec. 14th, 1860.
Crouch, Jane,	Findern,	Derby,	42	Nov. 9th, 1860.
Ellis, Jemima,	Oswestry,	Wrexham,	18	Nov. 14th, 1860.
Gibbs, Robert,	Portland,	Portland,	19	Nov. 27th, 1860.
Holt, Eliz. Parkinson,	Home,	Bacup,	54	Dec. 23d, 1859.
Hunt, James,	Leiston,	Framlingham,	77	Jan. 9th, 1861.
Kerr, Andrew,	Deerpark,	Londonderry,	18	Jan. 2d, 1861.
Lashmere, Mary Ann,	Gravesend,	Gravesend,	56	Jan. 16th, 1861.
Marshall, Elizabeth,	Norton,	Malton,	55	Dec. 26th, 1860.
Peach, Mrs. Mary,	Derby,	Derby,	62	Nov. 11th, 1860.
Scales, Ann,	Rawcliffe,	Snaith,	44	Jan. 15th, 1861.

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AUCKLAND CASTLE.

Auckland Castle, the residence of the Bishops of Durham, stands pleasantly in an extensive park at the east end of the town of Bishop-Auckland, and ten miles west from the city of Durham. The situation, near the confluence of the rivers Gaunless and Wear, like that of most ecclesiastical edifices of the ante-Reformation period, is admirably chosen. Pleasant green-sward, verdant slopes, grassy undulations, stately oaks, cooling shades, and sparkling waters are features in this charming episcopal retreat. For some distance the right bank of the Gaunless is formed by a precipice of considerable height, which discloses on its breast, amid wild flowers and tangled brushwood, specimen-strata of the geology of the neighbourhood. From its summit the ground rises gradually into a bold back-ground, clothed with luxuriant timber. Any one climbing this elevation is richly rewarded with the prospect, distant and imposing, which it affords. It is true that to the eye of painter and poet the surrounding scenery is sadly marred by the smoke of numerous collieries, coke-ovens, and iron-works; but to most men in this utilitarian age these objects are the most significant features in the landscape, as evidences of local industry and wealth. They contribute, moreover, to the enrich-

ment of this opulent see; and so long as these unsightly, but advantageous, excrescences are kept at a proper distance from the Park, and it stands like an emerald in a setting of ebony, the occupants of Auckland Castle themselves cannot well complain. This beautiful spot, it appears, had once, in the year 1670, a narrow escape from a coal-pit! Until very recently, herds of deer added to the park-like appearance of the place; and in remoter years, (down at least to 1587,) even bisons might be seen in the grounds of Auckland Castle. On the eve of the important battle of Nevill's-cross, the English army bivouacked in the park. Royalty itself, in the person of Charles I., was twice entertained at the castle. A third time this unfortunate Monarch lodged at Bishop-Auckland. On that occasion no Prelate was there to receive him, and he himself was a prisoner in the hands of his subjects.

Auckland Castle became an episcopal residence early in the eleventh century. The original building, which was an ordinary manor-house, was reconstructed and enlarged by Anthony Beck, "the magnanimous Bishop," who held the see from A.D. 1283 to 1311. At the abolition of Episcopacy in the time of the Commonwealth, the castle and manor of Auckland were sold by the Parliamentary Commissioners to Sir Arthur Haslerigg, who built himself a mansion within the court. Bishop Cosin, on obtaining the see at the Restoration, demolished Haslerigg's house, rebuilt the castle, and repaired the chapel. As the building was left by Cosin, so it appears at present. The gateway and screen in front were added by Bishop Barrington. To the designation *castle* it is certainly not architecturally entitled; nor was it called anything more than "hall," or "manor-house" by its earlier occupants. Bishop Sherwood, who lived towards the close of the fifteenth century,—emulating, it may be supposed, the lay aristocracy,—was the first who gave it the proud and lordly name of "castle." But whatever its designation, it was long the seat of a mighty power, and the centre of immense wealth.

When the Bishop of Durham was Count, or Prince Palatine, he exercised in the county royal prerogatives; having his Mint at Durham, appointing Coroners, holding Courts, levying for service, outlawing offenders, and being, in fact, within "the patrimony of St. Cuthbert's," *quasi rex*. This power belonged originally to the Earls of Northumberland; but was usurped eventually by the Bishops. Pudsey was both Earl and Bishop. The earldom he obtained by purchase from Richard I., who, to raise money for the Crusades, was willing to sell anything. As the aspiring Prelate buckled on the sword, the King, laughing, remarked, "I can make, it seems, a young noble out of an old Priest!" When the earldom reverted to a layman, Pudsey's successors, in the encroaching spirit of the Romish hierarchy, retained for the Bishop the prelatian power. This power was considerably diminished at the Reformation, and was totally abolished at the death of Bishop Van Mildert, in 1836.

In the old times of Romish domination, the shepherds of this important see made occasionally strange use of the pastoral crook. Bishop de Kirkham, for an insult which he received, publicly chastised a Baron of

his diocese, and compelled him to settle a sum of money to maintain for ever certain scholars in the University of Oxford. This Baron is supposed by some to have been John de Baliol, of Barnard-Castle; and the school thus founded, it has been surmised, may be Baliol College, Oxford. Beck, another pugnacious Bishop, rode in an expedition against the Scotch at the head of his own army, joined to the royal troops, as General of Division.

The see of Durham was coveted, not unnaturally, by many an ambitious ecclesiastic. To obtain it, Cardinal Langley resigned the Lord Chancellorship of England. The princely Wolsey held it for a few years, squandering its revenues, but not visiting the diocese. It was the occasion of many a stiff contest between the Crown, which frequently wished to obtain it for its own nominee, and the Monks of St. Cuthbert, who exercised the power of election. In these contests both parties generally appealed to the Pope; who, according to circumstances, took part with the Monks, or took part with the Monarch. In the year 1345 the nomination of Hatfield to the bishopric, by Edward III., was sustained by the Pope against the monastery. "If Edward," said His Holiness, "had chosen to recommend an ass for Durham, he should have had my sanction." The occupants of the see were sometimes men of rank and high connexions. Bishop Watchon was an Earl; Pudsey was nephew to King Stephen; Beck possessed the kingdom of Man; and Neville was son of the Earl of Westmoreland, and grandson of John of Gaunt. Since the Reformation, the mitre of Durham has sat upon the coroneted brow of Lord Crew. Bishop Thurlow, although not nobly born, was brother of the famous Lord Chancellor; Barrington was of patrician family; and the present Bishop, who has higher claims to veneration than any which rank confers, is of noble blood.

The Bishops of Durham in the dark days of Popery were not very apostolic in their lives. The character given of De Marisco, who held the see in the early part of the 13th century,—"ostentatious, licentious, and extravagant; accused of simony, sacrilege and homicide," was, to some extent, applicable to others. Many of these dignitaries of a Church which teaches the meritoriousness of asceticism appear to have "fared sumptuously every day." Bishop Ruthal, in writing to Wolsey from Auckland Castle, says: "I broght hider with me viij tunne of wynne, and I hafe not two tunne left at this houre, and this is faire utteraunce in two moneths." For this he "thankyd God and St. Cuthbert." Long before the time of Ruthal, the see was held by Bishop Bury, the author of a curious work called "Philobiblon." He was Treasurer and Chancellor, and received the bribes of suitors, not in the usual form of money, but in that of crazy quartos, and decrepit folios. To use his own words: "I love books not pounds, (*libros non libras,*) manuscripts not florins, lean pamphlets not good-conditioned palfreys." His love of intellectual diet, however, did not prevent him from indulging in more substantial fare. The provision for the household of this bachelor-Bishop was, "a

fat ox per week; seventy-two fat pigs a year, thirty-one quarters of wheat, and seventy-eight of malt." Of Bishop De Insulu, an old chronicler says, "He kept, like other modern Bishops, two monkeys to drive away his cares." Some of the Bishops were great hunters, and ran down in the forest of Weardale many a noble stag. There were tenants of the see who, instead of rent, supplied greyhounds; and three turners at Wolsingham furnished annually three thousand wooden trenchers for the Bishop and his greenwood men. Tunstall, the last of the Romish Prelates, had other matters to mind. When committed to the Tower, Auckland Castle was searched by the Royal Commissioners for evidence against him.

Pilkington, the first Protestant Bishop who held the see, had a strong leaning to Puritanism, and, according to an old record, "was very well redd in Divynitie, and a perfect scholer, altogether myslyking the capp and surpless, as other like ceremonies." Of a different spirit was Bishop Neile, who helped to compile the "Book of Sports," and was one of Laud's tools. It was he who, when James I. asked if he might not take his subjects' money without consent of Parliament, replied, "God forbid you should not, Sire; you are the breath of our nostrils!" Of much the same stamp was Lord Crewe, who, it is said, bribed the notorious Nell Gwynne to obtain the bishopric. He sat in James II.'s unconstitutional Court of Commission; and when the Pope's Nuncio was received by the King in solemn procession, Crewe followed in the train. Amongst the Prelates distinguished as writers, were Dr. E. Chandler, the defender of Christianity from the attacks of Collins the infidel; and Butler, the author of the renowned "Analogy." These works were written before their authors became occupants of Auckland Castle. Dr. Maltby, recently deceased, was a Prelate of liberal views, and contributed occasionally towards the erection of Methodist and Dissenting chapels; but, perhaps, he was more "comprehensive" than evangelical.

The present Bishop, Dr. Montague Villiers, (who, by the way, receives only £8,000 a year from the affluent revenues of the see, the remainder being handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,) is all that could be wished for by a lover of Protestant and evangelical truth. A few weeks ago it was my happiness to hear him preach in the chapel of the castle. Other objects there were to interest me;—the painting over the communion-table, supposed to be from the pencil of Reynolds; the monument to Bishop Trevor from the chisel of Nollekens; the resting-place of Bishop Cosin; the tablet to the memory of Mrs. Longley, wife of the last Bishop, and the fourth interment in the chapel; the antique black-letter Prayer-Book, with its prayer for Charles I., and James, Duke of York, which lay open before me in the stall which I occupied. These things interested me; but what pleased me most was, the Bishop's sermon, rich in Gospel truth, and faithfully applied to the heart and conscience. May God raise up a succession of such men to the now populous see of Durham! It is to be hoped that the days of Pudsey and Beck, and even of

Neile and Crewe, are for ever gone, and that the future Bishops may be more emulous of St. Paul than of St. Cuthbert.

London. T. M'C.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PAPERS ON METHODISM IN HEPTONSTALL.

(*To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."*)

My dear Sir,

At the close of two interesting papers on "Methodism in Heptonstall," given in some recent Numbers of "The Christian Miscellany," (see November and December, 1860,) the writer remarks—"Methodism has no reason to be ashamed of its history in this locality." To what distance the *locality* reaches in the writer's use of the term, I have no means of knowing; but if it extend to the district within view from Heptonstall, the words quoted will be found to contain great force and fulness of meaning. It is not, however, to the history of Methodism in this neighbourhood, considered under its direct or Connexional action, but of Methodism as it has exercised a beneficial influence among other communities, and, in many instances, has been the source or origin of other religious interests, in this locality, to which I beg permission to make a brief reference. The case in hand is but one among innumerable instances that might be named in proof of the deep debt of gratitude Christians of various religious bodies owe, under God, to the memory of John Wesley and his coadjutors.

My personal knowledge of the district around Heptonstall is very imperfect; but I have a vivid remembrance of the strong and pleasurable impression made upon my mind a few years since, when, on the occasion of a visit to the place, an intelligent friend, acquainted with the neighbourhood, pointed out to me numerous objects of interest. I was struck with the strong love of the working classes for their hill-side homes, plainly shown by the many cottages, and rows of cottages, that were seen in various directions, far beyond and high above the large mills that had been built on the course of the stream at Hebden-bridge, and other places in the valley, at which they worked. Happy would it be for the sons of toil generally, were they more frequently blessed with cottage-gardens and mountain-breezes! Gaining an elevation that commanded a fuller view of the surrounding country, different spots were pointed out to me sacred to the memory of many good and great men of former days. In one direction, over the ridge of some high hills, the finger was pointed towards Haworth, from which centre of Christian activity and zeal Grimshaw so often sallied forth to preach the Gospel in his wide "Circuit." Just across the valley, snugly nestling amid a cluster of trees, Wainsgate appeared,—the cradle-church of many of the Baptist churches of this and other districts; and where Fawcett undertook his first spiritual charge. Not far distant from Wainsgate a row of humble cottages stood, at the end house of which John Foster was born..... Some of these names

of persons and places were suggestive names, that touched a sacred chord. I thought of John Bennett's "round," of William Darney's "Societies," of Grimshaw's "men" and "Circuit;" and I was reminded of Edwards, of Leeds,—of Knight, of Halifax,—and of others; men who were greatly honoured of God in reviving and extending evangelical religion throughout this and adjoining districts; and some of whom laid the foundation of most influential religious communities; and all of whom were either directly associated with the early Methodists, or were to some extent indebted, under God, to John Wesley for their evangelical views and Christian zeal.

Any history of the revival of religion in this district during the last century would be shamefully incomplete, were no prominent mention made of Grimshaw and his remarkable evangelistic labours. Your readers will, it is hoped, call to mind two welcome articles on "William Grimshaw," given in the "Christian Miscellany" of last year, (July and August,) founded upon Mr. Hardy's interesting Memoir of the Incumbent of Haworth. Another name of some local interest a hundred years ago is that of John Crossley. He was born at Halifax in the year 1731; was led, through the ministry of Grimshaw, to a serious life, and became a zealous Methodist. Subsequently he changed some of his religious views, and engaged a room at Upper Saltonstall, where he regularly preached on the Lord's day. In 1761 a chapel was built for him; and the Rev. Messrs. Knight, of Halifax, and Edwards, of Leeds, and another, joined in ordaining him to the office of the Christian ministry. Crossley, Knight, and Edwards, had all belonged to early Methodism. Titus Knight was specially indebted to the Methodists for his religious knowledge, and his rescue from want. At the time of his conversion to God he was a poor collier, deeply involved in debt. The Society at Halifax raised a subscription, and set him free. When the new preaching-house was built at Halifax, Wesley allowed Knight the use of it for a day-school. By this means, he for a time supported himself, and gave instruction to his family,—one of whom became a Dissenting Minister, one a surgeon, and two became Clergymen in the Established Church,—one of them being appointed Vicar of Halifax.

Referring to certain secessions from early Methodism, and mentioning the name of John Edwards, of Leeds, it may be as well to observe, that, about the period in question, (1750—1760,) considerable uneasiness and doubt existed in the Wesleyan Connexion respecting its permanence; and a few of the Preachers withdrew from it: about the same period certain slanderous reports were circulated touching the ability and reputation of some of the Preachers. To meet the case, Charles Wesley made a special tour of inquiry through the north of England, and instituted a diligent search as to the truth of the rumours. The result was highly satisfactory, and greatly to the credit of the Methodist Preachers of that day. The examination, however, led to the enforcement of a stricter discipline, and to a firmer adherence to the Methodist system; and resulted in some of the secessions noted. The wonder is that these secessions were so few.

Some of the Preachers were exceedingly popular, and had acquired great local influence. Yet the supply they obtained of the necessaries of life was most scanty and uncertain; and no provision whatever was made for the support of their families. It is no cause of surprise, therefore, when John Wesley's itinerant system had to be strictly enforced, and Charles Wesley's High-Church sympathies were freely discussed, that some men found a settled pastorate, among an attached people, more agreeable to their tastes, and more in harmony with domestic claims, than the hard life of an Itinerant Methodist Preacher offered. This was the case of John Edwards, of Leeds. He was an effective Preacher, not unfavourable to our religious opinions; but he was anxious to locate himself in the midst of his friends. Methodism not admitting of this, he seceded, and became an Independent Minister at Leeds, and the founder of the Dissenting interest that since Edwards's days has flourished in that town under the pastoral care of Edward Parsons and others.

The somewhat close, though indirect, connexion of John Edwards, of Leeds, and others of Methodist origin, as well as Grimshaw, with the locality of Heptonstall, might be illustrated by numerous local particulars and places. I confine myself, however, to one further case, that of Wainsgate, already mentioned. This meeting-house derived its name from the name of the farm on which it was built: it is situated not far from Hebden-bridge, in the township of Wadsworth. It has a plain old-fashioned chapel-frontage, with a dwelling-house attached; and was erected for a Mr. R. Smith, who at one time attended the ministry of Grimshaw, at Haworth, but subsequently became the first Pastor of a little Baptist society that was gathered together at this place about the year 1750. Mr. Smith died in 1763; and during the following twelve months, whilst the church remained without a settled Pastor, the vacant place was chiefly supplied by the father of Foster, the Essayist, who read Gurnal's "Christian Armour" to the congregation. The Essayist, himself, lived with his father not far from Wainsgate, and worked for a time at the loom. A local tradition says that young Foster, at a time when stationery was very dear, was accustomed to mark down with chalk upon a board his strong thoughts as they arose, and afterwards transfer them to paper in a more perfected form. In the year 1765 Mr. Fawcett was ordained to the pastoral charge of the church at Wainsgate. John Fawcett was born at Lidgett-Green, near Bradford, in 1739. From childhood he was seriously inclined, and gave diligent attention to the improvement of his mind. Under a sermon preached by George Whitefield, at Bradford, he became more earnestly concerned for the salvation of his soul. He joined the Methodist Society, and for two years repaired regularly to Haworth church on those Sabbath-days when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. He was accustomed, also, to go from Bradford to Leeds on the Sabbath-day to hear John Edwards. About the year 1758 the Baptists, assisted by Mr. Smith, of Wainsgate, introduced the Gospel into Bradford; and Fawcett, who attended their services, and was led to

adopt their doctrinal views, withdrew from the Methodists, and formally joined the Baptist church. He shortly afterwards began to preach, and, having greatly helped the friends at Wainsgate during the time they were without a Pastor, he received a call from the church to settle amongst them. In the year 1764 he removed to Wainsgate, and was ordained to the pastoral work in the following year. The subsequent life of Mr. (afterwards, Dr.) Fawcett, is full of interest. He became a leading man in his own community; and exercised an influence by his pen as an author, and by his service as a teacher in preparing young men for the Christian ministry, as well as by his local ministerial labours, in the highest degree advantageous to the Baptists, and useful to other Christians. The prosperity that attended his ministry at Wainsgate led to an enlargement in 1777, when a new chapel was erected for the Doctor and a portion of his charge, at Hebden-Bridge,—a chapel said to be the model of many other places of worship in the neighbourhood. Physical infirmities necessitated his retirement from public life in the year 1805. He died at Ewood-Hall, July 25th, 1817, aged seventy-seven years.

When Methodism first appeared at Haworth, Heptonstall, Leeds, &c., it was like a handful of corn on the top of the mountain. In widely-extended districts around spiritual barrenness prevailed. It is true the places in question were not so thickly populated as at present; but an industrial people were gradually increasing, and God graciously provided for their religious instruction. Here, as in innumerable other instances, the Head of the church was pleased to honour Methodism by giving its representatives a forefront rank amongst the pioneers of the Gospel; and to bless it, by permitting it to run into numerous "sidings," and, in various ways, to exercise an influence in forming the character and directing the steps of many eminent men, who, nevertheless yielded no submission to its authority. We can never regard as an unmixed evil a few losses sustained by early Methodism, through the secession or defection of some of its Ministers and members. By the overruling mercy of God, these occasions of passing regret are to be viewed as balanced sorrows. Into many a parish-church and Dissenting chapel, light and life were carried by men who received their first lessons of Christian knowledge, and attained their earliest religious experience at a Methodist class-meeting, or under a Methodist Preacher. The Methodist people, therefore, may well afford to review even the least favourable pages of its earlier history with submission,—may we not say, with thankfulness?—when they discover in the evangelical welfare of numerous Christian churches of this day a result, in some measure, of the difficulties and trials of their forefathers. And rightly may we triumph in the grace of God that sent forth the Wesleys and their cotemporaries to "spread scriptural holiness through the land."

Yours, very truly,

S. R. H.

SUBMISSION TO THE LORD'S WILL.

Every converted person, said Dr. Guthrie, in a sermon which he recently preached at the re-opening of Regent's-square Church, London, submits himself to the will of Christ: "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" not, "What will my Minister, or parents, or neighbours, or friends, the public, the press, my family, my partner, the wife of my bosom, or the children of my heart,"—but, "What wilt *Thou* have me to do?" We must submit our will to Christ. Now, brethren, to yield up a man's will to another, is one of the most difficult things in the world. I'll bring you a thousand people in the world who will give up their money, untold gold, but would not give up their will. Far easier to bend cold iron than to bend a human will. Does not every parent find that to be the most difficult thing he has to do in his family, in imparting to the child what is the best part of education? The best part of education is not learned at school; it is not found in books; it does not lie in Latin, Greek, or philosophy; it is not communicated by teachers. The best education a child gets is at home, or he should get it; the best teacher is a parent; and the best lesson a parent can teach his child—the best learning he can give him—something better than the richest fortune—is to take his children one by one, and break the backbone of their self-will. That is what makes a happy home. One God makes a harmonious universe. One ruler in a house makes a happy house; and happy the children that have early learned that lesson of self-denial that says, "No;" that turns a deaf ear to the siren song of pleasure; that puts a triumphant foot upon temptation. That commands fortune, and secures success in this life. I say, happy the children that, having early learned that, have learned to say to a wise, good Christian father, what Jesus said to His,—"Father, not my will, but thine be done!" That is the first lesson children should be taught; and the battle of the nursery is the battle of the world and the church,—submission to the will of another,—giving up our will to Christ; saying, not, "Lord, what would I wish, or what would I like, or what would this one will, or what would this one say?" but, "What wilt Thou have me to do? Say it, and I'll do it, though I should die for it. Give the word; 'speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth.' In this church, this day, what wouldst Thou have me to do?—in the place of business, what wouldst Thou have me to do?—in the family, what wouldst Thou have me to do?—in the world, what wilt Thou have me to do? I will die to myself; henceforth, my own will be dead; may I have no will but Thine!"

There is a memorable passage in the history of St. Francis that may throw some light on this subject. The grand rule of the Franciscan Order, which he founded, was implicit submission to the Superior. Well, one day a Monk proved refractory. By St. Francis's order, a grave was dug, deep enough to hold a man; the Monk was put in it; the Brothers began to shovel in the earth; St. Francis looked on as stern as death. When the mould had reached the wretch's knees, St. Francis bent down, and looking at him, he said, "Are you dead yet? Is your self-will dead? Do you yield?" He got no answer; he gave the signal, and the burial went on. There seemed to be down in that grave a man with a will as iron as his own. When at length the mould had reached the wretch's lips, St. Francis bent down once more, and said, "Are you dead yet?" The Monk lifted his eye to his Superior, and he saw in that cold, grey eye no human feeling; he was dead to pity and human compassion, and ready to give the signal to finish the burial. It was not needed; the iron bent, and the funeral was stopped; the poor

Brother said, "I am dead." Now, brethren, there was death to the will of a man. It has been often said that Popery is not so much a denial of truth as a caricature of it; and it is true there. I would not be dead to any man; I have got my mind, and head, and reason from God Almighty, and bend it before no human authority. But the obedience that I refuse to man,—Jesus, I give to Thee; not wrung from me by terror, but won by love; not the result of fear or force, but gratitude. I am dead; I wish to be dead. Paul was dead. He said, "I am dead; I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I." Saul of Tarsus was dead; it was Paul the Apostle that lived. "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Now, brethren, what happy, what good, what brave Christians, we would be had we no will of our own! I have seen a servant come in the morning to his master to get his orders, and he has spent the day executing them; and would God every man and woman in this house went each morning to Christ to get their orders, and say, with Saul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do this day?" There would be no difficulty in getting money for Christ; no difficulty in getting people to work for Him; no difficulty in getting people to sacrifice for Him. Did you ever see a steward grudge paying away his master's money? And if I and you felt our money to be Christ's, we never would grudge paying it away for Him. I have seen many a ploughman whistling in the furrow; I have seen the milkmaid singing at her pail; I never saw one of them fret because they had to spend the whole day in their employer's service: no more would we to spend the day, the night, the year, the life, in Christ's service, if we felt that we were His servants. I have read with admiration how a troop of cavalry would ride to death, and soldiers throw themselves into the fiery breach, knowing that they were to leave their bodies there, because it was the will of their Commander. Shall they do that,—amid the shell and shot of battle,—obedient to the will of an earthly Captain, and Christians do less for Christ? My dear friends, are you your own—body—soul—your own? Have you anything you can call your own? We have one Master,—one Master in heaven; and if it be true that He bought us with His life-blood,—bought us with His tears,—bought us with His thorny crown,—bought us with the agonies of Mount Calvary;—in the name of reason and religion,—in the name of God and heaven,—what right has any Christian to himself? Is there a Christian man or woman here not ready to say as Saul, the happy convert, said?—"I have done with myself: I no longer live. I have no will but Thy will. Tell me what I am to do, and I will do it,—take up my cross and follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. Where Thou goest I will go, and where Thou lodgest I will lodge; Thy people shall be my people, and Thy God shall be my God: nought but death,—nay, thanks be to God,—not death—no—nothing, henceforth, shall part me and Thee." God give us this spirit, brethren.

WHAT DO WE REMEMBER?

WHAT are the acts on the part of others which are most distinctly impressed on the pages of memory? Acts of kindness. Go back to the seasons of childhood and youth: what images rise first in remembrance? The images of those who were kind to us. Apart from the family-circle, those who performed acts of kindness toward us and others, are most frequently called to mind. Fallen man is selfish, and loves to cherish the remembrance of injuries received: still, benevolent actions fasten them-

selves spontaneously in the memory, with greater tenacity than even injuries received.

Everyone wishes to be remembered by others. Nothing is more painful than the conviction that we are forgotten,—that no one remembers us. In the fact noticed above, we find a hint as to the course to be pursued by those who would not be "to dull forgetfulness a prey." Let them abound in acts of kindness. Let them seek to make all around them happy. Years may roll on: the child may become a man of grey hairs; yet will he remember the man that sympathized with his childish joys and sorrows, and took pains to make him happy.

But a stronger motive to benevolent acts lies in the fact that God remembers them. However small, every truly benevolent act is noticed and remembered, and will be rewarded by Him. Even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall not lose its reward.

THE UNIVERSAL QUEST.

"I SEE that when I follow my shadow, it flies from me: when I fly from my shadow, it follows me. I know pleasures are but shadows, which hold no longer than the sunshine of my fortunes. Lest, then, my pleasures should forsake me, I will forsake them. Pleasure most flies me when I most follow it."

Who the author of the above paragraph is, I do not know; but it suggests some very important truths in regard to the great search which we are all making. It is amazing that the accumulated, unvarying experience of the millions of our race, added to the precepts of Divine wisdom, has not made us wiser. But so it is. "Live and learn" is the motto; but we live a great deal, and learn very little in regard to the great problem, how happiness is to be attained. There are some axioms upon the subject, drawn from experience, which it is well to keep ever in mind.

1. Happiness is not to be sought directly, or, if sought thus, is not to be found. It is not an object, but a result, a consequence. A man may travel round the world in search of it; (as many do;) he may traverse the countries, and rummage the cities of the old world; he may dig among the ruins of past ages, and wander among the works of modern times, and fail to find it, while it will spring up spontaneously before one who is simply seeking to fulfil the end of his being, to do good, and to glorify God. When will the world learn that happiness is soonest won when least wooed?

2. It is not something outside of ourselves; it has its seat within the heart. The busy multitude are toiling hard to surround themselves with some chosen circumstances, in which each one is sure he will find what he craves so earnestly. Many a man has reared a costly mansion, and furnished it with every luxury, or surrounded himself with broad acres, in the expectation that amid these surroundings happiness would come and make its home, and he has found it was farther away than ever; while another without anything around him, has learned to be content, and thus to be happy. Happiness has very little to do with externals, but everything to do with the heart.

3. Happiness is not in selfishness. The proportion between the two is exact, but it is inverse; the more one has of the latter the less he will have of the former. One who seeks to minister to his own desires first, who in the choice between doing good to himself and doing good to others chooses the former, will find that he has chosen just the wrong method. There is a grand paradox in regard to this, which everyone must learn by himself, and reduce to practice ere he can be happy.

4. Happiness is something higher than pleasure. Pleasure is the mere froth upon the cup of life; it is easily dissipated. The breath of affliction will drive it away in a moment; but true happiness will abide and survive the saddest scenes of life, because it is a living principle, settled deep in the soul. Very few indeed aspire to real happiness: the multitude attempt to satisfy themselves with the fruitless chase of an empty shadow, pleasure.

5. It is an axiom in morals, as well as in hydrostatics, that "no stream can rise higher than its source." This is the grand reason why those, who look to this world for their enjoyment, so universally, and so constantly, meet with disappointment. There is no stream of earth than can rise to the height of an immortal spirit. The fountains of this world's joys fail to yield a supply because the source is too low. He who would have true, solid, lasting happiness must seek it from God. He alone can make a soul permanently happy. "Christ in you the hope of glory." "God with us," and God in us, is all we need; and worlds could not make us happy without Him.

ALWAYS A HYPOCRITE.

Yes, that is the cry: he has sinned and fallen, and you now say, "He was always a hypocrite."

I do not believe it. I cannot believe that through all the years in which he professed to follow Christ, he was a traitor to his Master. I pity the heart that can readily credit such a tale.

The poor old man has sinned and fallen. God pity him; for man's sympathy is full of scorn. How eagerly they whisper the sad story, and gloat over the shameful details, as though a brother's fall was a cause for rejoicing! The angels, the pure angels, weep, while frail man looks on with scorn.

True, they close the tale with, "I pity him;" yet their sympathy goes no further; and they add, "But I believe he was always a hypocrite."

Is not his present shame enough, that all the good of his past life should be counted as nought, or as the cunning acting of a confirmed villain?

"Always a hypocrite!" David fell, Solomon sinned, and Peter denied his Master thrice; yet who will say these were "always hypocrites?"

I do not know this poor old man, though I have seen him often, as he sat in the house of God; and now, when the story of his shame is on every tongue, my heart bleeds to think of him as, disgraced and deserted, he hides in the solitude of his home, moaning and weeping impotent remorse for the sin which has stamped the Cain-mark on his brow. God help thee, brother; and, in thine agony, find room for gratitude, that though thy sinful, erring brethren cast thee off, God, the pure, the almighty, heeds thy repentance, and will forgive thy sin. "For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

And you who join in this hiss, which pierces the lacerated heart, pause and look at yourself. What has kept you from falling? Perhaps you were not tempted. Then thank God for that, and strive to help those who were. Or, being tempted, you fled to the great Source of Strength, and found power to resist. Then be grateful, and assist those of weaker faith.

Proud Pharisee, despise not thy brother. Look deeply into the recesses of thine heart, and mark well the points of weakness, which, if attacked in an unguarded hour, might prove vulnerable; and humble thyself in the dust, thanking God, not that thou art "not as other men," but that He has supported thee in thy weakness, and guarded thee from "the sin which doth so easily beset."

And ye, young lambs of the flock, who, in your innocent purity, can scarcely believe that such iniquity

abounds, and penetrates even into the church of Jesus, while tears and prayers are fervently offered for the sinning and suffering, nestle closely to the Shepherd's bosom, and pray that prayer as you never did before, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE TILL YOU COME TO IT.

"NEVER cross a bridge until you come to it," was the counsel usually given by a patriarch in the ministry to troubled and over-careful Christians. Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business, and uncertainties hanging over your life, at the gloomy contingencies which fancy sketches and invests with a sort of life-like reality, —at the woes which hang over the cause of the Redeemer, or at any other earthly evil? Do not cross the bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to cross it; and if you do, you will find that a timid imagination has greatly overrated the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can enlighten the Christian's every labour. In approaching the notch of the White Mountains from one direction, the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road; it seems as if his journey must stop abruptly at the base of the barriers. He begins to think of turning back his horse, to escape from hopeless enclosure among impassable barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him unto other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path, teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is neither required to turn back, nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by crossing the bridge before he comes to it. Such is often the journey of life. How much of its toilsome ruggedness would be relieved by attention to the above admonition! Never cross a bridge until you come to it. Or, to express the same counsel in a form that does not involve the charge of a Hibernicism, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep" (garrison) "your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

MAKING RELIGION OUR BUSINESS.

OLD Thomas Watson says, that few make religion their business; and asks, Is he an artificer who never wrought in the trade? Is he a Christian who never serves Christ? Many will commend religion, but will not work it into daily practice. Others mind earthly things until the fire of heavenly love is put out. The bee may suck a little honey from the leaf, but put it in a barrel of honey and it will be drowned. So men in trade, at the shop, farm, counting-room, may be perfectly drowned in business.

1. A man who makes religion his business does not place his religion in externals, in forms, and shadows, and leaves, instead of fruit. Pomp of worship destroys the purity, as the paint on the glass hinders the light. Formality may damn as well as profaneness.

A Christian's main work is in his heart. He gives God the vitals, worships Him in spirit and in truth. Aaron must offer the fat upon the altar, not the skin. Those that give God the skin of duty, will carry away only the shell of comfort.

2. He avoids hindrances. A wicked man stands in the way of temptation. The Christian flies from it, and lays aside every weight of sin that doth so easily beset him. As a man may miss heaven by loitering in the way, he seeks haste, and is careful not to be taken off his work and out of the way.

3. He tries to preserve conscience, and would rather offend the world than it. He regulates it by the Scripture as his watch by the dial.

4. It influences his every-day actions. In eating and drinking, avoiding excess; in recreation, not to get into amusements; in buying and selling, does not sell the refuse of the wheat, (Amos viii. 6,) nor falsify the weights. (Hosea xii. 7.) In marrying, he seeks virtue before dowry, a helpmeet in the Lord, to be joined to one who is "the temple of the Holy Ghost."

5. It will make him a good husband, father, and a light in every place where God sets him.

6. He will take care of his company. Sin is catching. Men who mingle with the Heathen learn their works. If you put rusty and bright armour together, the bright will not remove the rust from the other, but will partake of it. Evil company, like the spider's embraces, will suck out the precious life.

7. He will watch his eye as Job. "I made a covenant with mine eyes," his thoughts, passions. Jonah in a passion quarrels with God. If he is angry, we need to be watchful. He stands upon his watch-tower, and, like the virtuous woman, whose candle goes not out by night, (Hab. ii. 1; Prov. xxxi. 18,) he keeps his watch-candle always burning.

8. Daily he examines the accounts of his soul. He is critic upon himself, not on others. He is afraid of painted holiness. He trieth whether he is in the faith. (2 Cor. xiii. 5.)

9. He can want health, riches, friends, but not Christ. He will follow Him upon the water; in persecution, will wrestle with difficulties. He is not a sailor who has gone to sea for pleasure, but for a profitable voyage. The hypocrite will sail when things are calm and serene, but not in a storm. He will hold on to heaven in the midst of tempests and death-threatening dangers.

10. He lives every day as if his last. Prays in the morning as if he were to die at night. Lives as if he were presently to be called to God's bar. Walks soberly, righteously, and godly. Girds his loins. Trims his lamp. Sets his house in order, that when death comes for him he may have nothing to do—but to die.

This is the man who makes religion his business.

HOW THE HEATHEN ARE CONVERTED.

More than half a century ago, both the true and the false theories of Missions were described in one of the simple narratives of the United Brethren. Johannes, a North American Indian, thus describes the mode and manner of his own conversion:—

"Brethren, I have been a Heathen, and have grown old among them; therefore I know very well how it is with the Heathen, and how they think. A Preacher once came to us, desiring to instruct us, and he began by proving that there was a God. On which we said to him, 'Well, and dost thou think we are ignorant of that? Now go back again to the place from whence thou camest.'

"Soon after, another Preacher came, and began to teach us, saying, 'You must not steal, nor drink too much, nor lie, nor lead wicked lives.' And

we answered him, 'Fool that thou art, dost thou think that we do not know that? Go and learn it first thyself, and teach the people whom thou belongest to not to do those things.' Thus we sent him away.

"But, some time after, Christian Henry, one of the Brethren, came to me into my hut, and sat down by me. His discourse was nearly in these words: 'I come to thee in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends me to acquaint thee that He would gladly save thee, and make thee happy, and deliver thee from the miserable state in which thou liest at present. To this end He became a man, gave His life a ransom for man, and shed His blood for man. All that believe in the name of this Jesus, obtain the forgiveness of sins. To all those who receive Him by faith, He gives power to become the sons of God. The Holy Spirit dwelleth in their hearts, and they are made free through the blood of Christ from the slavery and dominion of sin. And though thou art the chief of sinners, yet, if thou prayest to the Father in His name, and believest in Him as a sacrifice for thy sins, thou shalt be heard and saved, and He will give thee a crown of life, and thou shalt live with Him in heaven.'

"When he had finished his discourse, he lay down upon a board in my hut, fatigued by his journey, and fell asleep.

"But I could never forget his words. They constantly recurred to my mind; even though I went to sleep, I dreamed of the blood which Christ had shed for us. I thought, 'This is very strange, and quite different from what I have ever heard.' So I went and interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians; and thus, through the grace of God, an awakening took place among us. I tell you, therefore, brethren, preach to the Heathen, Christ, His blood, His sufferings, and His death, if you would have our words to gain an entrance among them; if you wish to confer a blessing upon them."

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

Archbishop Whately, in his "Future Revelations," seems to take the ground that there can be no repentance upon a dying-bed. His argument may, in a word, be summed up thus. Life is then practically ended; there is nothing left to give to Christ; we cannot, in fact, be said to be on probation; and, therefore, to talk about repentance under such circumstances, is utterly to misunderstand and misuse language. Without expressing an opinion as to the obligation, for these reasons, to deny the possibility of conversion in our dying moments, are there not other considerations, along with these, that should compel us to distrust the reality of a spiritual change at such a time? It would be sinful to declare that there are any whom the mercy of the Saviour cannot reach; and it certainly can extend to any who will receive it. But it is not wrong to say that sinners may be so situated that they cannot accept the offered grace of Jesus. Whether this is necessarily the case with everyone who is unreconciled to God when death is just upon him, we do not positively affirm, though we fear there is little reliance to be placed by us in their professions of faith, or by themselves in their feelings of peace and security in that awful hour. The only practical test of the idea thus advanced, may be found in the instances of those who repented when they supposed themselves dying, but who when recovered went back again into sin. With singular and startling coincidence, such cases, and they are innumerable, cut away any hopes we might build upon purposes to turn to God when there is nothing else to trust in.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XVI.

"He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home."

"So the old gateway is gone," said I, accosting a man in one of those remarkable streets of Saltash, which, as an old surveyor said, "every shower washes clean."

"Yes, Sir; they took it down about twelve months ago."

"And Mr. Drew, who used to keep that house?" I inquired, pointing towards a small quiet-looking inn, at which, on my first visit to the town, I had enjoyed a fulfilment of the once familiar road-side promise, "good entertainment for man and horse."

"Ah! he's gone too. Great changes, Sir, since you were here last, Sir."

"Since I was here last: do you know me then?"

"Know you? to be sure I do, Sir. Don't I remember the first time I saw you come trotting down under the old gateway that's gone now, in your spattered boots and rough riding-coat with a fur collar? It seems but yesterday. O yes, Sir! bless you, I should know your face anywhere. Time serves you pretty well, so far, Sir; though Saltash has seen many alterations. There are but few of the old folks left."

No indeed, so I felt, as I looked at one house and then another, and saw that they were now the homes of families to whom I should be a stranger. "Great changes," as the man said, "great changes," kept ringing in my ears. The quiet morning air seemed loth to lose the sound. There must have been "great changes," thought I, as I passed up the street, and felt as if my footfall were disturbing the pleasant stillness of the place; great changes at all events since 1540, when a traveller found this same "Asche a praty quik market-town, whose tounesmen use boothe marchandise and fischery;" and even since King James's day, when a visiter said, "The towne increaseth daylie in merchaundise and wealth: there belong unto the towne some eight ships, besydes small boates. The haven is capable of anie burden. The great carrack that Sir Francis Drake browghte home so rich, arrived here and was here disburdened, and after fatally fyred." A short walk brought me to the top of the hill; and there I hung over a gate to feast my eyes once more on the beautiful scenes which were endeared to me by so many pleasant and holy associations. Here there was no token of change. Below, was the Tamar calmly spreading herself like a small inland sea. On the left, Moditonham creek appeared as a little silver lake sparkling amidst its circle of wood and copse, gardens, orchards, meadows and lawn. There was the Tavy on the other side, winding her way among the woods from her moorland birthplace. In the far back-ground Kit-Hill and Rough-Tor were courting the distant clouds, while the gigantic peaks and undulations of Dartmoor swept along the horizon like the swelling breakers of an uplifted ocean about to burst in upon the lovely paradise beneath. But it must needs be that my eye turn again and again towards the venerable town, rather on account of the nearer than the more distant associations which it called up. One might indeed have looked and indulged in dreams about times when the old borough was represented in the Commons' house,—now, in the Long Parliament, by the historian Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon,—and now by a poet, Edmund Waller; or about the days when General Ruthen found short refuge within the gateway after his defeat on Bradock-down, "as the Cornish came up, fell upon his works, and in a short time beat him out of them, and then out of the town, with a good execution, many being killed in the fight and

more drowned." But the ancient river-pass had later memories which were dearer to me than tales of assault and storm, taking and retaking by Cavaliers and Roundheads in turn. It seemed "but yesterday," as my friend in the street said, since the "old familiar faces" were cheering the fireside in one, and another, and another hospitable home; "but yesterday," since I sat at table in the wainscoted dining-room of that tall old mansion, and found myself within a circle such as does not often gather around one in this shifting world. There was that majestic lady at the head, in widow's weeds, throwing her glance into the very depths of your soul, or hushing you with an ethereal smile, or charming you with the utterances of her beautiful simplicity and Christian kindness. On her right is one whose face is a sermon on the blessedness of the man who prays without ceasing; and of whom a venerable Minister once said to me, "He is the only clerical brother who ever hallowed a passing chat by directly and plainly inquiring after my spiritual welfare." On her left sits a person whom she always speaks to as her "dear George." Who is he? Who can it be, that enjoys the close friendship of the lady whose image I always recall when I want to have before me an impersonation of all that can be dignified, elegant, spiritual, and saintly in woman? Who is it? Why, it is George Coad, the old letter-carrier, who always has a place among her most honoured guests. Let nobody laugh. George was a saint. That lady knew this; and so did I. It was said of him, and said truly, that there was not an adult person in his native town, whether rich or poor, within the range of his knowledge, whom he had not at some time and in some manner warned to "flee from the wrath to come." Such a man, whatever his birth might be, was worthy of being placed among the friends of those who were greatly his superiors in life; and of being sought as the occasional preceptor and spiritual guide of highly-educated and accomplished Christians. His appearance at the table I shall never forget. He was easy, evidently free from any thoughts about self; modest and amiable amidst all that bespoke strong distinctive character. Some would have called his outer man coarse, rustic, and perhaps careless. Whatever the casket seemed, however, it enclosed a gem of delicate water. "There is a striking contrast," said a lady of the circle, "between George's rough, not to say wild, exterior, and sometimes gentle actions. It was from him that I first learnt, as I imagine, devoutly to look on flowers. On entering the parlour one day, I silently observed him. The ladies present were engaged in conversation with each other, and he was waiting their leisure. A beautiful nosegay lay on the table, which he was viewing with pious admiration and delight. He took up one flower and then another, touching each very tenderly, and looking upwards. From his countenance, one might have guessed his unexpressed aspirations,—

'These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty!'"

"My dear George," it was said, "I hope you will leave us some record of God's mercies to you, during your pilgrimage."

"Excuse me, Madam, but I can't do that. I have nothing to say about myself; and, if I can prevent it, nothing shall be said about me when I am gone."

"We understand you, George," another remarked; "but if a record of God's mercies may glorify your heavenly Father, surely you cannot refuse to render Him this tribute."

"I am afraid, Sir, of this self. It is very hard, if not impossible, to write faithfully about self. And, further, I don't much like to find sons writing their fathers' memoirs. They are never fair. Stay, I think I know one exception. But look at the books they have made about Wilberforce, and Dr. Clarke, and others: why, better those sons had left it to other people, who could see both sides of a question. No, no; you will get no autobiography from me; and God has saved me, too, from the fear of being flattered by a son when I am gone to my rest."

All George's precaution failed, however, to prevent others from making records; nor could he secure his desired oblivion. Too many hearts cherished his memory. Too many minds treasured up

his words. He was born in comparative poverty; but lived to secure the honour of being spoken of by his widowed mother as her "good son." His conversion was real. And in the reality of his conversion was to be found one great secret of his holy character and useful life. "It was in that cow-house," he would say, when he passed the spot, "it was in that cow-house, fifty years ago, that my heart was broken to pieces: the Lord apprehended me, not as a persecutor, but as an idolater. There I heard a Methodist Preacher. Before that time I could not shed a tear, if all my relations had died, my heart was so hard; but then I shed thousands of tears. Thus I went on for several months, when by faith I saw our Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, in agony for me. Then it was I felt so happy that I could hardly contain my peace and joy: I wished to go immediately to heaven!" Happy man, he was spared as a bright example of the practical as well as the heavenly character of the religion he had found. He had many plans of public usefulness; but his greatest power was in private. His appeals to the individual heart and conscience were resistless. He talked on religious subjects with fidelity and earnestness in every circle to which he had access; and was never ashamed of his Divine Master in any company, whether rich or poor. To homes which were shut against him, he often found means of sending useful books; and indeed neglected no opportunity of recommending Christ by word, by letter, and by patient endurance of the cross. Among the friends whom George's holy character and influence had drawn around him was a gentleman connected with the early history of the Tract Society; and he has given his tribute to the memory of the old postman, in "A Present to Sunday-School Teachers." "On the banks of the Tamar," said he, "on the borders of Cornwall, the Lord has raised up one of those plain, unlettered men, who, like a silent but deep stream, without noise or observation, is instrumental in pouring forth fertility far around. Previous to the call by grace of himself and a few other noble associates, the beautiful landscapes, on this part of the Tamar especially, were in awful contrast to its moral picture: instead of the songs of praise now ascending from Sabbath to Sabbath, families were living like beasts that perish. By the instrumentality of this poor man, schools have been formed, and prayers and praise arise. Several of the scholars now branching forth into life are giving sweet evidence that the Lord of the Sabbath has blessed the schools. The current of Christian beneficence in such a character runs silent but deep; let my reader take the following as a specimen:—A young person experiencing the truth of our Lord's words, 'Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake,' was, after repeated and continued trials and persecutions, which she was enabled to receive in meekness and filial affection, ordered by her own mother to quit the paternal roof, unless she promised impossibilities; namely, to quit the Lord and His people. In this critical and trying situation, and during the conflict between conscience and natural affection, her mother reiterating the threat of turning her out of doors,—an unexpected letter arrived, bearing marks of pious affection, and advising her in particular to look up to her Almighty Friend and Protector for support, consolation, and direction in her trying situation; that no premature step might be taken in leaving the parental roof, but that she might still be enabled to bear the cross like her dear Lord, and in His strength overcome evil with good; and begged her acceptance of the enclosed two-pound bank-note. Surprised and thankful for such advice, which appears to have been a word in season, she felt anxious to trace her unknown but tried friend. After repeated fruitless research through the village, the question at length was closely put to our venerable friend, who was pressed so as to be compelled to say that he knew of the circumstance, and obliged to hint that he himself was the writer and the donor. The poet might sing,—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

Not so the Christian hero and philanthropist, who, actuated by the great Captain of his salvation, from the depths

of comparative obscurity in private life, reflects the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, constraining the wondering world to say, 'See how these Christians love!'"—Ah! the loving and the loved, in this case, have all passed to the scene of their immortal communion. The young Christian who thus shared George's sympathy and counsels became the wife of one, the light of whose genial spirit played around me for several years, while it cheered the scenes of his own ministerial toil. I saw her at last amidst the calm glories of her journey's end. Since then, she and her husband have met again; and but now, their only daughter has given me her parting blessing in a whisper which seemed to come from the heavenward side of the river. Blessed souls! I shall not say farewell to you; though, for a little, it must be, "farewell" to the Banks of the Tamar.

Lady-land. X.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCVII.

"*And Moses took the rod from before the Lord, as He commanded him. And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, Because ye believed Me not, to sanctify Me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them.*" (Num. xx. 9—12.)

It has long been a question with Commentators, what was the sin with which Moses and Aaron were chargeable on the occasion here referred to, and on account of which there passed upon them also sentence of exclusion from the land of Canaan? It is said generally in the passage before us, that they believed not God, to sanctify Him in the eyes of the children of Israel; and in the 106th Psalm the subject is thus referred to: The people "angered Him also at the waters of strife," or Meribah, "so that it went ill with Moses for their sakes: because they provoked his spirit, so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips." Moses and Aaron, then, were chargeable with unbelief and irritation. With regard to the anger or irritation to which they gave way, it was the natural consequence of their unbelief, and was sufficiently manifest in the language which Moses employed, when he said, "Ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock?" as if it had been against them, Moses and Aaron, that the people had sinned; and as if their honour and authority, not God's, had been insulted. But wherein consisted their unbelief, of which this unadvised language was the consequence? Perhaps they doubted whether it were enough simply to speak to the rock, as they were expressly commanded to do; and whether it would not be necessary not only to smite the rock, as Moses had been instructed to do on a former occasion, but to smite it twice. And if so, then it was a distrust of God's power; a doubt whether the rock would give forth water at the Divine bidding, unaccompanied by the smiting of Moses, which formed no part of the Divine commission which he had received.

And if this was the point on which Moses and Aaron were charged with unbelief, the rebuke with which it was visited was full of instruction to the church in all subsequent times. The rock which supplied Israel with water, and which followed them in the wilderness, was one of the most significant of the many types of Christ with which the Old-Testament church was favoured. As that rock was once smitten with the rod of Moses, the lawgiver of Israel; so it behoved Christ, the Antitype of the rock, to be smitten once, but only once, with the rod of the Great Lawgiver, that He might vindicate the law, yea, magnify and make it honourable. When Moses, therefore, smote the rock again, and twice too, not only without authority, but in opposition to the Divine command,—for he was commanded to speak to the rock,—he marred the beauty of that significant

type, whereby the perfection of Christ's one sacrifice was so clearly set forth; and the rebuke, therefore, which he and Aaron thereby incurred, does most emphatically condemn the presumption of those who would add to Christ's one efficacious offering of Himself, either by works of self-righteousness, or by the frequent offering of what they call His body and blood in the idolatrous sacrifice of the Mass. The Divine influence which Christ, by His Spirit, imparts to His church, may, for the chastisement of the church, appear for a season to be dried up, as the rock in the wilderness did for a time withhold its water from the thirsting Israelites. But Christ needs not to be smitten again, either in reality or in figure, to give forth to His people the water of life. He has only to be spoken to in the prayer of faith, founded on the warrant of God's word; and whether such prayer proceed from the individual believer in his humble cottage, or whether it be offered up as the united supplication of the church in her collective capacity, it will not fail to draw down in rich abundance those communications of His grace, even the quickening influences of His Spirit, whereby He refreshes His inheritance when it is weary.—*Gordon's Christ in the Old Testament*, vol. ii., pp. 94—96.

No. XCVIII.

"*Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life.*" (Gen. xlv. 5.)

Joseph does not say that it was from God that his brethren sold him. This was their own act; and all the wickedness of it was their own. But it was God who sent him into Egypt, which his brethren never thought of, nor intended; their only concern being to get rid of him. And when God did that which they never intended to do, that may well be said to be God's doings, who permitted their wickedness, and made use of it to accomplish His own wise counsels: as he tells his brethren, "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it for good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive." (Gen. l. 20.)—*Sherlock on Providence*, p. 229, *Edit.* 1715.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. II.

Of the antiquity of the Sabbath we have spoken. It is the most ancient and venerable of all the institutions of our world,—a relic of Eden. It is also Divine in its origin; for "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." From the birthplace of the Sabbath, and from the fact that it was given to our first parent in his primeval and unfallen condition, we have drawn the inference that it was designed for the *race of man*, and that its observance is universally and perpetually binding upon man. The Sabbath, we have shown, was instituted whilst as yet the whole human family existed in the loins of our great progenitor; and, consequently, cannot with any fairness be contended for as merely forming part of the civil or ecclesiastical polity of any particular people. This view will be further confirmed if we unfold the ORIGINAL DESIGN OF THE SABBATH, and state the REASONS which revelation itself assigns for the observance of the sacred day.

First. — *The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the fact that it was designed to* COMMEMORATE THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE GREAT WORK OF CREATION.

That this *was* the original intent of the Sabbath is evident from the distinct statement of Scripture:—"God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: BECAUSE that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." (Gen. ii. 3.) "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh

day: WHEREFORE the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." (Exod. xx. 11.)

Now, here we have a matter in which all nations, and all ages of men, are alike interested. We are told that the Sabbath is a merely local or national institute; but its very origin stamps it with the character of a world-wide and enduring ordinance. The system of nature in its vast and beauteous variety was not designed for the Jewish people only, but for that large family of intelligent beings treading this globe, of whom God is the great Parent. What had the Jews to do with creation more than we have? The world is as fair and beautiful to us as it was to them. Creation is the common property of mankind. Is it not manifest, then, that the day which was set apart to commemorate its completion, and to celebrate its mighty achievements, belongs to, and is binding upon, the whole human race? As long as creation lasts, the law of the Sabbath—unless distinctly repealed by the power which originally enacted it—must be, on this ground, universally obligatory upon man.

Secondly.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the fact, that it was instituted as a* DAY OF HOLY WORSHIP, *and to afford opportunity for* SPECIAL ACTS OF RELIGIOUS HOMAGE AND SERVICE UNTO GOD.

Several Scripture passages distinctly bring out this great point. "And God *blessed* the seventh day, and *sanctified* it." (Gen. ii. 3.) There can scarcely be any dispute about the meaning of "blessing" and "sanctifying" the day. It obviously refers to the setting of it apart for religious observance; not by God,—that would be absurd,—but by His creatures.

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it *holy*." (Exod. xx. 8.) Sin, on any day, or under any circumstance, is offensive to God. To keep the Sabbath "HOLY," then, involves, by fair implication, special and specific acts of worship.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, Concerning the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, even these are My feasts. Six days shall work be done: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation; ye shall do no work therein: it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings." (Lev. xxiii. 2, 3.) Here the Sabbath is not only recognised as a day of repose from worldly pursuits, and enjoined to be set apart for holy uses; but it is also specifically ordained as a day for public worship;—for "holy convocation," or assembly.

"Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." (Isai. lviii. 13.)

It is manifest, from these scriptures, that the Sabbath was originally appointed as a day for distinct and special acts of religious worship, and for the purpose of maintaining and increasing holiness in the soul; and, on this ground, its claims to sacred observance must be regarded as being co-existent with and co-extensive as our race. That rational creatures should distinctly and repeatedly acknowledge the kindness and preserving care of their Creator; and that man—more especially made for the glory of God—should formally worship and adore Him, seems to be but natural and reasonable. That particular times and stated seasons should, likewise, be set apart not only for private, but also for SOCIAL RELIGION, in which there should be combined worship, and in which one man's worldly business should not interfere with another's devotions, seems, also, to be in unison with the dictates of nature.

If there had been no such sacred institution as the one for which we now plead, it is beyond question that the system of religion revealed in the Bible would—so far as its practical influence upon the minds and hearts of men is concerned—have long since ceased to exist. "Take away the Sabbath," (says the great Dr. Owen,) "and neglect and confusion will quickly arise and destroy all regard to solemn worship; which never did flourish in our world, nor ever will, without a due religious attention to such a day. Any man may foresee the disorder and profaneness which would ensue, upon the taking away of that whereby our solemn assemblies are guided and pre-

served: wherefore, by God's own appointment, it had its beginning, and will have its end, with His public worship in the world. Take this from off the basis whereon God hath fixed it, and all human substitutions of the like kind, or for the same purposes, will quickly discover their own vanity. Nor will religion long prevail in the minds and lives of individuals, without the advantage of such an institution which is the sacred repository of all sanctifying ordinances."

The *necessity* of the Sabbath for the purpose of moral training and spiritual instruction and profit; and the fact that it was instituted for this great end, is proof demonstrative of its universal and perpetual obligation.

(*To be continued.*)

Narratives.

BETKEN.

MAID-SERVANT OF PETER VAN KULEN, GOLDSMITH IN BREDA.

This humble Christian woman was a convert to the Reformed doctrines; and her Christian intelligence, conscientiousness, and intrepidity would have done honour to the most exalted rank. Kulen himself, who had embraced the same sentiments, had long held, with much approbation, the office of Deacon or Elder among the Reformed in Breda; and they secretly held their meetings for the exercise of religious worship in his house, for they were not allowed to assemble publicly.

Both these worthy persons were doomed to suffer for their steadfast adherence to the truth. In spite of the circumspection Kulen had exercised over his words and actions, his sentiments were discovered, and, being accused of heresy to the authorities, he was apprehended, imprisoned, and laid in irons; and, to seclude him from all intercourse with his Christian friends, he was removed from the common prison to the castle. He had to support himself in prison; and his servant, Betken, brought him his food from day to day. On these occasions she was unremitting in her endeavours to comfort and confirm him from the word of God. This she continued to do without obstruction for a period of more than nine months. At last, however, she, too, was imprisoned; but so far from regretting this as a calamity, she rather rejoiced, accounting herself happy in being called to suffer for righteousness' sake.

To extort both from her and from her master a confession of their faith, and information respecting their Christian brethren, it was resolved upon to put them to the rack. The master passed through this trying ordeal, which he appears to have endured with firmness, refusing to reveal his associates. Betken providentially escaped it. When about to have applied to her the engines of torture, she thus addressed the Commissioners who had come to her for that purpose: "My masters, wherefore will you put me to this torture, seeing I have in no way offended you? Is it for my faith's sake? You need not torment me for that: for as I was never ashamed to make a confession thereof, no more will I be so now, when I am before you; I will freely disclose to you my mind therein." But they wanted to extract from her more than a candid and full profession of her belief; and perceiving that her words had no effect on them, she said, "Alas! my masters, if it be so that I must suffer this pain, then give me leave first to call upon God." This request was granted her; and so deeply affecting was her prayer, that in the midst of it one of the Commissioners, convinced of her innocence, was so overwhelmed with terror at the idea of having any hand in her sufferings, that he swooned, and could not for a long time be recovered. This accident was the occasion of her escaping the torture.

Soon after, she and her master were examined at the same time. Both made confession of their faith; and neither by persuasions nor threatenings could they be induced to recant, and return to the bosom of the Romish Church. They were therefore sentenced to be committed to the flames.

To witness their execution, which took

place on the 29th of May, 1568, about two months from the date of the incarceration of Betken, a vast multitude assembled. Among the crowd were many of their Christian friends, who had come together, not for the purpose of gazing upon the revolting spectacle of their corporeal struggles, but to encourage them with their presence, and be able to bear testimony to their intrepidity and constancy in death. Whilst Betken and her master were led forth to execution, strong expressions of sympathy and indignant complaints were made by the people. Several women, observing the cheerful courage and steadfastness of them both, were so greatly excited, that, disregarding the danger they might thereby incur, they broke through the crowd and embraced them, praising God for the grace given them, and crying out, "Fight manfully; for the crown is prepared for you." But no uproar was created; nor were any attempts made to force them from the hands of the Magistrates, as had been done with success in various instances in other places. Meanwhile the two martyrs earnestly besought God that He would be pleased to perfect the good work which He had mercifully begun in them, and assist them, by the power of His Holy Spirit, until they had finished their course. On reaching the place of execution, Betken began to address the people with serene countenance, exhorting them to be always obedient to the word of God, and not to fear those who can kill the body, but who have no power over the soul. "As for me," she added, "I am now going to meet my glorious Spouse, the Lord Jesus Christ." She and her master then fell down upon their knees, and engaged in prayer with great fervour. Having risen up, they were bound with chains to the stake by the executioner; during which operation, Betken, in whom was not to be seen the least symptom of fear, encouraged her master to be strong in the Lord. He was first strangled, and then burned. Being more obnoxious, from her greater intrepidity and freedom in owning her sentiments, which was interpreted as a proof of her invincible obstinacy, she was denied the poor favour of being strangled before the flames had seized upon her. But her faith, if it did not literally quench the violence of the fire, gave her fortitude to endure it without shrinking; and out of the midst of the devouring element she was heard and seen, to the admiration of many of the spectators, to magnify the Lord.

The martyrdom of this female took place the year after the Duke of Alva's arrival in the Netherlands. Had it taken place somewhat later, she would, in all probability, have been prevented by the gag from speaking to the people. To prevent the martyrs, whose dying words produced a powerful impression on the spectators, from speaking at their execution, wooden balls were at first put into their mouths; but as these sometimes slipped out, in which case the martyrs did not fail to open their mouths and tell the people how joyfully they suffered for the sake of Christ, a new and more effectual mode of gagging them was invented, by the infernal ingenuity of some of the persecutors under the administration of Alva. The tongue was first screwed between two pieces of iron, and then it was seared at the tip with a red-hot iron, which caused it to swell to such a degree, as to become immoveable, and incapable of being drawn back. "Thus fastened, the tongue would wriggle about with the pain of the burning, and yield a hollow sound;" upon which, shocking as was the sight, some of the Friars looked with savage delight, as upon a curious experiment; and, to provoke laughter, made jocular remarks on the sound produced by the suffering member.*

* Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," folio edit., vol. iii., Appendix, pp. 49, 50.—Brandt, vol. i., p. 275.

Our Servants.

ECONOMY.

THERE is a common saying in the north of England, that "the husband must ask the wife if they are to live."

And assuredly many a good man who has been a hard worker, a careful man, and a man not without either good sense or good morals, has been brought into embarrassment and misery, simply by the want of thrift in the wife. All that he could earn, and all that he could gain, has the wife consumed in house-keeping and in other expenses. Worse than this, however, is the case now before us. From all sides we hear the outcry against the extravagance of our servants: so that it has come to pass, that both the husband and the wife must now ask *the servants* if they are to live. It is of little use that the family be frugal up-stairs, if the servants be wasteful down-stairs; for what an economical lady will save in a month, a couple of unthrifty servants will disperse in a single day.

Now what we wish to impress our good friends with, in this paper, is this, that "our servants" are trustees of our property. It is not necessary that there should be a legal agreement between us and them, to constitute them trustees: the fact that they are received into our families; that they eat and drink the same general diet; that a good part of our property is in their hands; that such is our confidence in their uprightness, that doors and drawers are often left unlocked; we say such facts as these constitute "our servants," in a good sense, "trustees." The first duty of trustees is to take care of property; the second, to employ it; and the third, to improve it. Let our servants look at these points; and decide whether they will be faithful or not. If they choose, they can give our meat to dogs and swine, or waste it upon professional beggars at the door, or throw it away with the ashes: there are many who practise these ways. Or, if they choose, they can remember that any part of a good ox, or of a good sheep, is good food; that little fish are just as sweet as large; that an occasional dinner of "odds and ends," nicely cooked, is a capital relish, and makes a clean larder. If they like, they can buy or bake ever so much more bread than is requisite; and then eating the crumb, leave the crusts—"till after;" which "till after" means "for evermore:" so one wasted batch of bread succeeds another, year after year; while beggars fatten, and the master of the house pays the score. If "our servants" be careless, they will presently lose our knives and forks, and spoons; our pans and our brushes; our crockery will be broken, and our glass let fall; part of our linen will be lost, part burnt, part out of use for want of mending; and as an answer to all inquiry, we have heard them say, "They are not our things." Just so; and for that very reason they should be taken care of, and not wasted. If "our servants" will remember that they are not the owners of our property, to neglect and waste it, but a kind of trustees to take care of it, and to use it rightly, we shall sincerely thank them. More than that,—"saving is good haddling" (earning); and many a servant, who is not of the swiftest in getting through her work, is, for all that, of great worth by what she saves. On the other hand, sometimes swift servants are likewise wasteful, so that if we were to set down what they destroy against what they earn, they would, perhaps, blush to see the balance.

Now we venture to say, that it is decidedly for the servant's own good that she become frugal. No generous mistress will be content to pay a clever, frugal servant her bare wages: a little present now and then, or a permanent advance of wages, is sure to reward her care of property. Many a tradesman is ruined by the extravagance and dishonesty of his servants; whilst many another is upheld and enriched by the faithfulness of good servants. But we speak principally of our female servants. As an instance of experiment,—let a ton of coal be used carefully; that is, let the fire be fed aright, stirred gently, and let every cinder be fairly consumed: then mark down how long that ton of coal has lasted. Then get another ton; throw coal on the fire, and stir it directly and lustily: never mind the cinders,—they have been in the fire once, and once is plenty; so says waste. Now you have had no better fires; but your second ton of coal is consumed in much less time than the first. Observe the same rules with your gas. Light your gas where you wish to use it, and there keep up a good, sufficient light: but when you leave a room for even a few minutes, turn it down, so as to be just "in." Practise this for a twelvemonth. Ascertain how

many feet of gas you have burned. Next year, light up freely all over the house: never mind turning down the gas when you leave the kitchen, or any other room, you'll soon be back; and it looks cheerful: blaze away in this style for the twelvemonth; look at the difference in the Gas Company's bill, and, if we are not in the dark, you will get light. Now, supposing things to have been carried on in all departments of housekeeping, for a few years, in thoughtless, wasteful habits, is it any wonder that the master marvels, and complains of the extravagance of his wife, while she takes revenge on his servants? Then follows a limited allowance for housekeeping, which rule produces the evil of separate purses between man and wife; and the limitation-plan descends to every person in the house, until the house is no longer an English home, but a set of brokers' offices, where everyone is doing the best he can for himself. On every person might be written, as is to be seen on a certain window-sill in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, "This is Number One."

P. H.

Poetry.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears!
What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears!
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry skies,
How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies!

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above,
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfill'd.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His word,
And to feel if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise what would its darkness be!

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature hope and trust;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
And flee for hope and refuge to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at last;
And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,
Where grief, and disappointment, and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy day;
Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for evermore!

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

IV. THE MUTINY OF THE SEPOYS.

THE year 1857 was the centenary of the battle of Plassey, when the bravery of British troops, and the genius of their Generals, were first presented in their full majesty to the astonished gaze of Asia; and a series of victories was commenced that has resulted in the subjugation of the greater part of India to the sceptre of our Queen. On the 23d of June, 1757, the daring Clive, with seven hundred and fifty Europeans, and two thousand one hundred Sepoys, defeated Sooraj-oo-Dowlah, with an army of sixty-eight thousand men, supported by fifty pieces of heavy cannon. From this time a hundred years had passed over, of almost unbroken prosperity. The opportunity was taken at home, on the platform, and in the senate, of celebrating the war-deeds of our soldiers, and the success of our statesmen in the difficult task of governing the most extensive colonial possession the world ever saw; and it was gratefully proclaimed that, notwithstanding the differences of religion and race, the people were happy under our sway, and loyal to our Government. This was true of the masses of the people, but not of the tens of thousands in the ranks of the military. The reign of the hundred years was remembered in India too, and prophecies were covertly uttered that the era had come in which it was destined that the rule of its numerous nations was to return to a native race. The symbol of rebellion was passed from regiment to regiment among the native troops. Petted and pampered by their officers, their wishes had been yielded to on every occasion; no regulation was knowingly enforced that at all interfered with the pretensions of caste; and from the deference constantly shown them, they were led to believe that they had only to put forth their united strength, and the whole of India would be their own. But some motive was yet wanting that would be of universal acknowledgment and equal force. This was presented at the moment they were most ripe for general revolt. A new kind of cartridge, prepared with the grease of swine, had been invented, which they were inconsiderately required to use. The Hindoos abominate animal fat of all kinds, and the Moslems have an equal aversion to every portion of the pig; so that at once the anger of the two most numerous classes in the army was aroused in bitter and mutual virulence. One hundred thousand men, in excellent discipline, all well-armed, set themselves to the task, apparently an easy one, of overturning the British Government, that they themselves might reign as the lords of the land.

The scenes that soon followed were of the most terrific character. In many instances, British officers were massacred by men in the midst of whom they had been accustomed to live in the utmost confidence, and their families had to submit to indignities that the lip may not utter, nor the pen write; persons who were innocent of everything but the fact of having a fair skin and foreign speech were put to death, after cruel torture; the most important magazines were seized upon; treasure of untold value was plundered; and above the strongest ramparts of the land the rebel flag was hoisted, amidst wild music, and still wilder cries. The first symptoms of open mutiny were seen at Berhampore, in the month of January; but the means taken to punish the offending soldiers were so lenient, that an encouragement was thereby given to the spread of the evil and the increase of the danger. On Sunday, May the 10th, whilst the Europeans were at church, in the solemn worship of God, at whose bar they were so soon to appear, the Sepoys rose at Meerut, massacred all upon whom they could lay their hands, and then marched to Delhi, about forty miles distant, where the same cruelties were perpetrated. The aged King of Delhi was proclaimed Emperor of India; and from Meerut to Allahabad all British authority was for a time extinguished, and a population of thirty-one millions was

under the authority of the rebels. The blood of the Missionary mingled in the common stream; but instances have come to light in which native Christians yielded up their lives rather than return to Heathenism; and the onward course of the Gospel, though for a time arrested, has not suffered any permanent obstruction, as many of the natives themselves are now led to confess their conviction that the miseries their country has had to suffer are in consequence of their rejection of the word of God.

On Havelock's return from Persia, when off the island of Ceylon, the steamer in which he was sailing struck on a reef of rock, not far from Caltura, where we have an interesting Mission. It was not long after midnight; and on proceeding on deck, after seeing their position, he said to the sailors, "Now, my men, if you will obey orders, and keep off the spirit-cask, we shall all be saved." The passengers, crew, and specie, were taken off in the canoes that came to their rescue immediately that their perilous situation was discovered. When they had reached the land, he called upon all present to return thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance; and they knelt down upon the sand for this purpose. Near the same spot, the writer has often proclaimed the Redeemer's love to interested congregations, with the palm-tree waving above him, the bright moonlight all around, and not far distant the noise of the sea as it rolled on the island shore. On his arrival in Calcutta, the General found the whole community in a state of most painful apprehension. Three days afterwards, he was appointed to the command of a moveable column, consisting of the 64th and 78th Highlanders, with other troops; and he was to be guided in his movements by circumstances, as opportunity was presented for using his force to the best advantage. On the 20th of June he wrote to Mrs. Havelock, expressing his confidence in God, and breathing forth an ardent prayer that he might be Divinely guided in the arduous course that was before him. His prayer was answered; and though his life was taken, his fellowship with God was maintained amidst the privations of the siege and the dangers of the battle, and he fell not until victory had crowned with success his perseverance and prowess.

Popery.

THE MASS-BOOK.

The following curious extract from the Public Mass-Book or Missal of the Romish Church is a fair sample of what is taught in a Church which claims infallibility in matters of faith:—

"Mass may be defective in the matter to be consecrated, in the form to be used, and the officiating Minister. For if in any of these there be any defect, namely, due matter, form, with intention and priestly orders in the celebrator, no sacrament is consecrated."

The defects in the Bread.—1st. "If the bread be not of wheat, or, if of wheat, it be mixed with such quantity of other grain that it doth not remain wheaten bread, or if it be in any way corrupted, it doth not make a sacrament."

2d. "If it be made with rose or other distilled water, it is doubtful if it make a sacrament."

3d. "If it begin to corrupt, but is not corrupted; also, if it be not unleavened, according to the custom of the Latin Church; it makes a sacrament, but the Priest sins grievously."

Of the defects of the Wine.—"If the wine be quite sour or putrid, or made of bitter or unripe grapes, or if so much water be mixed with it as spoils the wine, no sacrament is made.

"If after the consecration of the body, or even of the wine, the defect of either kind be discovered, one being consecrated; then, if the matter which should cannot be had, to avoid scandal he must proceed."

The defects in the Form.—"If anyone shall leave out or change any part of the form of the consecration of the body and blood, and in the change of the words, such words do not signify the same thing, there is no consecration."

The defects of the Minister.—"The defects on the part of the Minister may occur in those things required in him: these are, first and especially, *intention;* after that, disposition of soul, of body, of vestments, and disposition in the service itself, as to those matters which can occur in it.

"If any one *intend* not to consecrate, but to counterfeit; also, if any wafers remain forgotten on the altar, or if any part of the wine or any wafer lie hidden, when he did intend to consecrate but what he saw; also, if he shall have before him eleven wafers, and *intended* to consecrate but ten only, not determining what ten he meant; in all these cases there is no consecration, because *intention* is required.

"Should the consecrated host disappear, either by accident, or by wind, or miracle, or be *devoured by some animal, and cannot be found,* then let another be consecrated.

"If, after the consecration, a gnat, a spider, or any such thing fall into the chalice, let the Priest swallow it with the blood, if he can: but if he fear danger, and have a loathing, let him take it out, and wash it with wine, and when mass is ended, burn it, and cast it and the washing into holy ground.

"If poison fall into the chalice, or what might cause vomiting, let the consecrated wine be put into another cup, and other wine with water be again placed to be consecrated; and when mass is finished, let the blood be poured on linen cloth or tow, remain till it be dry, and then be burned, and the ashes be cast into holy ground.

"If the host be poisoned, let another be consecrated and used, and that be kept in a tabernacle, or a separate place, until it be corrupted, and after that be thrown into holy ground.

"If in winter the blood be frozen in the cup, put warm cloths about the cup; if that will not do, let it be put into boiling water near the altar, till it be melted, taking care it does not get into the cup.

"If any of the blood of Christ fall on the ground by negligence, it must be *licked up with the tongue,* the place be sufficiently scraped, and the scrapings burned; but the ashes must be buried in holy ground.

"If the Priest *vomit the eucharist,* and the species appear entire, he must *piously swallow it again;* but if a nausea prevent him, then let the consecrated species be cautiously separated, and put by in some holy place till they be *corrupted,* and after let them be put into holy ground: but if the species do not appear, the vomit must be burned, and the ashes thrown into holy ground."

And now, reader, I ask you, as an intelligent responsible creature, whether it be possible that any such degrading thing can happen to the glorified body of the blessed Redeemer? Can it be possible that the body, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ *can be* "lost by some accident," or "be carried off by wind," or "be poisoned," or "be eaten by some animal," or "be vomited from the stomach of any Priest," or "His blood be frozen up until released by hot water?" And yet all this is affirmed by the Romish Church, and provisions made to provide against the occurrence of such horrid results. Is this the Gospel of the grace of God, or any part of it? or is it Paganism seven times brutalized? Where will you find a Pagan nation, or people, so degraded, as to make the eating of their gods an act of religious worship? And yet, as you will see by the above extracts, and by the sacrament of the Mass, such are the teachings of Rome in the nineteenth century.

Our Home Work.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF VILLAGE METHODISM.

In a pleasant valley among the Welsh mountains, completely boxed in by the surrounding hills, and thus almost cut off from connexion with the world without, is the little village of Ll——. It boasts of a small public-house, two establish-

ments at which every possible article is sold, an old church with a school, and a Wesleyan-Methodist chapel.

With this latter building there is a history connected. Time was when the villagers had scarcely heard of "the people called Methodists," still less had listened to any of their Preachers. But in the course of time one of these devoted men found his way over the hills to Ll——, and preached in the open air. From that period the place was often visited, and a small Society was formed; among the members of which was a person of no less importance than the wife of the Vicar. Ever afterwards the parsonage was open to the Methodist Preachers; there they made their home for the night, and there they were entertained with food for man and horse. The good Clergyman had a comfortable income, and was a man of property besides. Yet there was no ostentation in his living. His house was furnished, and his table was spread, in a style that showed him to be a man whose wants were few. His hospitality was as homely as it was free. Strange stories are told of the reception the Preachers met with at his house. On one occasion, it is said, the new Preacher, in making his first rounds, found his way to Ll——, and was of course directed to the parsonage. It was in the forenoon of the day; and, entering the house, he found the good lady at the fire, frying pancakes for dinner. He had scarcely, at the bidding of his hostess, seated himself, when she turned abruptly upon him, and asked, "Do you like pancakes?" The Preacher was somewhat "taken aback" by the question, and answered, "Well, I cannot say that I do." The good wife forthwith went to the foot of the staircase, and called to the Vicar, who was in his study above, "Parson, here's the Preacher come; but he doesn't like pancakes: what shall we do?" The Preacher felt considerable vexation that he had declared his taste at all; but what they had for dinner that day, whether the pancakes or some fresh supply of meat, tradition does not inform us. But the Vicar was growing old, and by many tokens was he warned that he had not long to live. Still he grew in grace; and as his piety matured, stronger and stronger grew his love to the once despised Methodists. His large-heartedness was manifested by his deeds. At one time, giving £500 to the Foreign Missions in connexion with his own Church, he gave the same sum to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. And this noble action he afterwards repeated. His wife was equally liberal, and eminent in her love for Missions. At one Wesleyan Missionary meeting she gave £50 as an offering to the cause; and there are those still alive who remember the excitement produced as the Circuit Minister told out the bright sovereigns on the platform, and spoke of it as "his speech."

But the good couple did more than give their gold. They wished to erect a more substantial monument to testify their love to Methodism, and to the work of God. The Vicar finally resolved to build, upon his own ground, a chapel for these same Methodists. While this idea possessed him, he had a dream. And, surely enough, he dreamed of the completion of his own half-formed plans. He thought he saw, fixed on the hill-side, a neat Methodist chapel, well filled with people. The doors were thrown wide open, and Dr. Bunting was preaching the opening sermons. These night-visions appear to have hastened the work; for in a short time afterwards the foundation-stone was laid, and the chapel erected. And, to complete the story, Dr. Bunting actually preached the first sermon in it; and the old Vicar was led into the chapel, a man on either side supporting him, and sat, and heard the Preacher, and saw with delight the fulfilment of his plans. Soon after he died. But before he died, he gave the chapel with the parsonage-house and fields adjoining, by a deed of gift, to the Wesleyan Methodists. The heirs at law disputed the claim, and even went so far as to try by force to gain possession of the chapel. A lawsuit ensued, in which the Methodists gained the victory. And now the little chapel, with the house and farm, are secured to the Conference for "the people called Methodists" for ever, and the rental of the premises goes to the support of the work of God in the Circuit.

A good man was Parson Lloyd! A good woman and true was his wife. Their names will long live in the memories of God-fearing men; and when

their names are forgotten, the savour of their lives and deeds of piety will ascend, as the odour of a sweet-smelling sacrifice to God.

The lane which leads to the village is trodden by but few, and seldom does a stranger enter the church, or read the epitaphs on the tomb of this excellent pair. But they deserve to be kept in remembrance. It may be well said of them both, "Their works do follow them." The wife died first, and the epitaph is evidently from the pen of her husband. Two years after her death, he died, in a good old age, full of years. Here are the inscriptions on their tomb:—

"UNDERNEATH *are deposited the remains of* MARY, *the beloved wife of* DAVID LLOYD, *Clerk, Vicar of Ll——. She died March* 10*th*, 1836. *Ætat.* 89.

"She was a woman possessing many valuable traits, sound in faith, upright in morals, friendly to the poor, sympathetic to the distressed. But chiefly she delighted in supporting the Gospel Missions to the Heathen.

"This is emphatically the work of God! Great is the reward that awaits every faithful servant in this work. The LORD *hath pronounced them blessed."*

"SACRED *to the memory of* DAVID LLOYD, *Clerk, who was Vicar of this Parish forty-nine years.*

"He possessed strong mental powers, highly cultivated, was purely evangelical in his ministry, and unbounded in supporting Gospel Missions. He died March 3*d*, 1838. *Ætat.* 85.

Kington. I. E. P.

The Portfolio.

INVISIBLE HARMONIES.

WE are apt to "limit the Holy One of Israel," and to say, "Some things have worked together for our good." God says, "All things!" Joys, sorrows, crosses, losses, prosperity, adversity, health, sickness; the gourd bestowed, and the gourd withered; the cup full, and the cup emptied; the lingering sick-bed, the early grave!

Often, indeed, would sight and sense lead us to doubt the reality of the promise. We can see, in many things, scarce a dim reflection of love. Useful lives taken, blossoms prematurely plucked, spiritual props removed, benevolent schemes blown down. But the Apostle does not say, "We see," but, "We know." It is the province of faith to trust in the dark. The uninitiated and undiscerning cannot understand or explain the revolutions and dependencies of the varied wheels in a complicated machine; but they have confidence in the wisdom of the artificer, that all is designed to "work out" some great and useful end. Be it ours to write over every mysterious dealing, "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."—*Rev. R. Macduff.*

Monthly Notes for Readers.

THE readers of the Rev. Benjamin Smith's "Vice-Royalty; or, Counsels respecting the Government of the Heart," will be delighted to receive another work from his able pen. *Climbing; a Manual for the Young who desire to rise in both Worlds*, is written in the same lively, instructive, and popular style as his former work. The Rev. Frederick W. Briggs has added to the expository works of Methodism a valuable book entitled, *Pentecost, and the Founding of the Church.* In its fresh and edifying pages the spirit of the honest expositor has been faithfully maintained, and the reader's profit has been sought "by manifestation of *the*

truth" as "in the sight of God." The Rev. R. Spence Hardy's admirable Life of *William Grimshaw* has already reached a second edition. *Death Averted; or, Divine Providence illustrated in the Deliverance of a Missionary and a Native from Shipwreck*, has been added to our Reward-Books, by the Rev. William Moister. *He died Cursing*, and *The Living Way*, are the titles of two powerful tracts by a new writer, who, we trust, will live long to render much acceptable service in this important department of our work. The Rev. Samuel Coley's recent Exeter-Hall lecture on *The Blessed Life*, has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. It contains many gems of rare and rich thought and illustration. M. A. S. Barber's *Earning a Living; or, from Hand to Mouth*, conveys, by means of striking *scenes from the homes of working-people*, an earnest advocacy of woman's mission in both town and village populations.

Memorials of the Departed.

Died, at Etruria, in the Newcastle-under-Lyme Circuit, March 1st, 1858, Mr. Charles Copeland, after being favoured with sixty-three years of lifetime. His early life was spent in worldly frivolity. While yet a youth, he enlisted into the army, and was present at Waterloo, but escaped the dangers of the battle-field. After a short sojourn in Paris, he was remanded back to England, and, obtaining his discharge, he returned to his native village, where he spent the rest of his life. His religious course extended over a period of more than forty years. For its commencement, he was indebted, instrumentally, to the pious example and kind attentions of a beloved sister. When a boy, he was one of the first scholars in the newly-formed Sabbath-school, and an attendant at the Wesleyan chapel; and after his return home he was induced, through his sister's influence, to renew his attendance at both the chapel and the school. Shortly after this he became a member of the Methodist Society. There was, at that time, a general revival of religion in the locality; many persons came under its influence; and among them was the subject of this memorial. Becoming desirous of religious assistance, he sought it at the Methodist class-meeting; and so anxious was he, that he did not wait for an invitation, but he himself applied to a Leader for permission to attend his class, and, of course, he was received with gladness, and encouraged to persevere. He was not yet converted; but this blessed event took place shortly afterwards. Deeply convinced of the sinfulness of his nature, and of the wickedness of his practice, he was greatly distressed; and for some time earnestly sought the mercy of God in the pardon of his sins. One day, while engaged in business, he was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was justified. The evidence of this was so clear, and his assurance so strong, that he could do little else than praise God; so that, referring afterwards to the joyous event, he would exclaim,—

> "Jesus all the day long
> Was my joy and my song;
> O that all His salvation might see!
> He hath loved me, I cried,
> He hath suffer'd and died
> To redeem such a rebel as me."

His own conversion was so distinct, that he ever exhorted others, in seeking salvation, not to be satisfied without knowing their sins forgiven. A consistent religious life furnished outward evidence of the genuineness of his own experience. Viewing him in the various relations of life,—as a servant, as occupying a position between the employer and the employed, as a husband, and as a friend,—it is not too much to say, "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many." His Christian character was also manifested in his religious activities and usefulness: his forty-years' connexion with the Sabbath-school; his diligence as a Class-Leader; his conscientious

discharge of the duties of the other offices he held; his own punctual attendance on the means of grace; all evidenced that his heart was in the cause of God at home. He was interested, too, in the spread of religion throughout the world. He contributed himself to Missions, and he laboured as a Missionary Collector. He had a kindly disposition: if at any time he thought he had occasioned pain of mind to any one, he could not rest until he was reconciled. For thirty years his house was a Preachers' home; and, to his utmost ability, he was "a cheerful giver" to every good object. His death was what always follows such a life: it was *peace*. It was, however, unexpected, and affectingly sudden. His last day will not soon be forgotten. It was a cold, bitter, wintry day; but, as usual, our departed friend was happy and cheerful. At an interesting service in the evening of that day, he rejoiced with the writer in eleven new members being admitted into the church of Christ; and he received his own Society-ticket. At the close of the meeting he set the tune to that beautiful verse,—

> "Together let us sweetly live,
> Together let us die;
> And each a starry crown receive,
> And reign above the sky."

This was his last sanctuary-service. As he walked homeward, he was engaged in cheerful religious conversation; in five minutes after he crossed his door-step he was unconscious, and in one hour a corpse! But we feel sure he passed into the temple above, from the singing here to join in songs around the throne; and from the company on earth, with whom he so delighted to associate, to the "multitude which no man can number," who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

R. K.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armstrong, Elizabeth,	Brampton,	Brampton,	61	Dec. 6th, 1860.
Barker, Mr. John,	Gayton,	Lynn,	73	Dec. 16th, 1860.
Billing, Mrs.,	Late of Magdalens,	Lynn,	90	Jan. 24th, 1861.
Clark, Mary,	Chesterfield,	Chesterfield,	66	Dec. 29th, 1860.
Dye, Mrs.,	South-Gates,	Lynn,	72	Nov. 15th, 1860.
France, Mr. Joseph,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	45	Jan. 12th, 1861.
Galloway, Mr. William,	Wolviston,	Stockton,	83	Jan. 11th, 1861.
Gamble, Mrs.,	Ernest-Street,	London Fourth,	65	Dec. 17th, 1860.
Gill, Mrs. Eliza,	Orchard-Street,	Londonderry,	79	Jan. 30th, 1861.
M'Ilwaine, Jane,	Caal-Hame,	Ballyclare,	78	Jan. 22d, 1861.
Mason, Ellen,	Garsdale,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	26	Sept. 30th, 1860.
Porteus, John,	Hall Bank Gate,	Brampton,	61	Nov. 12th, 1860.
Stainton, Matthew,	Malton,	Malton,	78	Jan. 8th, 1861.
Starling, Mr. Michael,	Terrington,	Lynn,	79	Aug. 3d, 1860.
Statham, Catherine,	Draycott,	Derby,	35	Sept. 15th, 1860.
Sumnan, Richard,	Malton,	Malton,	85	Oct. 6th, 1860.
Taylor, Mr. George,	Derby,	Derby,	67	Dec. 11th, 1860.
Wilks, Ann,	Desborough,	Kettering,	17	Dec. 3d, 1860.
Willcox, Rachel D.,	Great-Dover-St.,	London Fourth,	18	Jan. 3d, 1861.
Woodhead, Mr. M. A.,	Whiston,	Rotherham,	31	Nov. 9th, 1860.
Wowns, Ann,	Portland,	Portland,	79	Dec. 12th, 1859.
Wright, Ann,	Gravesend,	Gravesend,	66	Dec. 16th, 1860.
York, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Kettering,	Kettering,	77	Dec. 25th, 1860.

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THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

"What of the rock of Gibraltar?" you inquire. "Everybody has heard of it." Perhaps so: you may have heard, too, that it was taken by the English under Sir G. Rooke, in the year 1704; that, under Lord Heathfield, it withstood successfully a memorable siege by the French and Spaniards in the year 1782; and that it is at the present time an important military station belonging to the English crown.

Many things, however, may be said concerning it which you do not know; and many events have transpired there which you may never know. It is more than probable that what is about to be related will be news, and it is hoped interesting and profitable to you. If the reader be the father or the mother of a soldier-boy, or the sister of a soldier-brother, you will be interested in any account of what has taken place at the rock of Gibraltar. It may be that from thence the last letter came sent by the prodigal, stationed there with his regiment, or on his way to India or China, telling of bitter sorrow for having left the home of his boyhood. Or, it may be he tells of repentance towards God, for having grieved Him by wandering in the

paths of sin. He may tell of the Methodist chapel, and of the Methodist Missionary, at the Rock;—that it was in the former, and under the ministry of the latter, he first came to himself;—that there the first tear of penitential sorrow filled his eye and fell upon his cheek, because it would not be restrained; and that at the same time, and in the same place, the lips for the first time quivered with the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," for the Holy Spirit had shown him his sin and guilt in the sight of God. The light had shone into his heart, revealing to him his sins, which like dust in vacant chambers dwelt there, just as the sun shining through the lattice-window of the cottage makes manifest the countless motes which fill the room. Yes, and what is still better, he speaks of Jesus Christ, whom he has found through believing; and with Him has found the goodly pearls of wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. If such a letter has come to a godly family, what joy! a joy in which angels join you; for that your "son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." True to your nature, you seek participators in your joy. That precious letter which has sped across sea and land, bringing glad tidings, is looked upon as a bird of paradise, rich with the plumage, and sweet with the song, of its home. The Minister must see it; and your Leader, and the boy's former teacher in the Sabbath-school. Your joy is the joy of them all. The "good news from a far country" spreads rapidly, as all good news ought to do, until it is pretty generally known by the villagers that J—— C——, who went a soldier two or three years last Michaelmas, "has got converted."

We have not been painting the above with colours from the palette of imagination, but from real life. Our witness is true, happily true, in the experience of many a British homestead. To them the rock of Gibraltar is dear: it is graven as with an iron pen, upon the still more enduring rock of their memory. They thank God for the place; for the Methodist chapel, and for its Minister. They pray, too, for the British army, to whose ranks they have contributed men, who are both soldiers of the cross of Christ, and of the crown of England.

In many ways intelligence is received similar in its joyous character to that of the sketch given above; intelligence which will yield to none greater joy than to those who have laboured at the rock of Gibraltar, in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of these have gone with their sheaves to heaven which they gathered there. Some still survive, and are now gathering goodly sheaves in the harvest-field of England, in addition to those which they housed when upon the Rock. We will now give one instance, and then another, of the honour which God has been pleased to put upon the Wesleyan-Methodist Mission at Gibraltar.

I. THE SOLDIER'S SON.

At a Wesleyan Missionary meeting held in the autumn of 1859, at an important village in one of the eastern counties of England, a cordial and devoted Minister of another denomination occupied a seat upon

the platform, and took part in its earlier proceedings. A Corporal of the Royal Artillery was also present, who detailed some interesting reminiscences of his own residence upon the rock of Gibraltar; and also testified from personal observation of the great value of our Mission at that place. When the Corporal had concluded, the Minister already mentioned desired to add something further concerning our Mission there. With great feeling he then proceeded to say that he was born at Gibraltar, and was the son of a soldier who held the rank of a Corporal in the Royal Engineers, then called the Royal Sappers and Miners; but who, when the speaker was quite an infant, was unfortunately killed by falling from a height of five hundred feet, when at work at the North Front. Mercifully, however, the deceased had been truly converted to God, but only a fortnight before the fatal accident occurred. When the melancholy fact became known, a pious Methodist named W—— having informed the late Rev. William Barber, at that time the Missionary there, they proceeded in company to the house of the widow, to break to her the loss she had sustained. She, being a Christian woman in connexion with the Methodist Society, received the intelligence with becoming submission, and gave heed to the consolatory words of Mr. Barber and his friend. In a cradle by her side lay her infant son unconscious alike of his own loss and of his mother's grief. Before the Minister and his companion left the house of mourning, they commended her and her infant to the care of the Judge of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, and prayed that the Lord would spare the child and make him a Minister of the Gospel. Shortly after the mother and child returned to England, and Mr. Barber soon after went to heaven. Years, like so many waves, rolled up the shore of time, and receded again to their mother ocean, eternity.

Twenty years elapsed, during which the Missionary's prayer was had in remembrance before God. During that interval Mr. W——, who went with Mr. Barber to the widow's house, had also returned to England, and had taken up his abode in a town in Devonshire. Upon a certain Sabbath-morning he attended his accustomed house of prayer as usual. A stranger occupied the pulpit. The service concluded, he greeted the Preacher and inquired his name: it was W——. Further inquiry elicited that he was born at Gibraltar, at such a time; that he was the son of Corporal W——, who met his death by an accident on the Rock. The two strangers had met before, when he, Mr. W——, was a Leader at Gibraltar, and he, the Preacher, an infant in the cradle, in a house of mourning, when the former had joined his entreaty for the child with that of the now sainted Missionary. The child had grown a youth; the youth had become a man; the man a Preacher, and had preached to him that morning the everlasting Gospel. Then, an old fact was verified anew to the encouragement of the two friends; they had fresh evidence that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The prayer that God would make the fatherless boy a Minister had been answered; and he is now sustaining a responsible charge over a Nonconformist church in the place where the meeting was held. That the Leader and the Preacher

rejoiced together upon that Sabbath morning we dare not doubt; the old man rejoicing at God's faithfulness, and the young man at God's grace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ADVICE OF BISHOP HALL TO THE FOUNDER OF THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

(*To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."*)

In reading the interesting paper on "John Wesley at the Charter House," in your Number for March, I was reminded of another great and good man who had a share in the work of founding that noble institution. Sutton's large heart was under the influence of at least one of the noblest intellects of his day: perhaps he had other advisers of whom we now know nothing, as much of what pertains to his personal history seems to be irrecoverably lost. At all events, Joseph Hall, who was afterwards successively Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich, rendered him and all posterity a valuable service, by writing the letter a copy of which I send, hoping you may see fit to give it insertion. Had the date been affixed, it would be more intelligible; but in the absence of a date it is fair to presume it was written about 1608, since in the next year Sutton obtained an Act of Parliament empowering him to erect the hospital in Essex, which two years afterwards he removed to its present site in London. What were the relations subsisting between Hall and Sutton, which rendered it fitting that a man so polite as Hall should write such a letter, we do not know at all; and what the circumstances which seemed to lay Sutton open to the suspicion of needless delay, we know but very imperfectly. Possibly the fact that he had executed a deed of gift to certain distinguished persons for the purpose of founding this hospital fifteen years before the Act of Parliament just referred to was obtained, may account for the impression on Hall's mind that he was dilatory. But whatever the facts may have been, or whatever the relations between the parties, the intrinsic value of the letter remains the same. It is a noble specimen of Christian wisdom and fidelity in a Minister of the Gospel, and contains lessons which the lapse of two centuries has done nothing to supersede, but rather makes more impressive. Nine or ten years after writing this letter, Hall preached the sermon before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen on Easter-Monday, commonly called "the Spital Sermon," in which, amidst much beside that is very interesting and instructive, we find a passage that may remind the reader of this letter to Sutton, and at all events serves to show that lapse of time had not altered his opinion on the folly of those who have abundance laid up —for it is only to such that his remarks will fully apply—reserving their benevolence to the end of their lives:—

"Do not so do good that we may thank your death-bed for it, and not you. Late beneficence is better than none but so much as early beneficence is better than late. He that gives not till he dies, shows that he would not give if he could keep it. And God loves a cheerful giver.

That what you give thus, you give it by your testament; I can scarce say you give it by your will. The good man's praise is 'he disperses his goods,' not he left them behind him; and his distribution is seconded with the retribution of God, 'His righteousness endureth for ever.' (Ps. cxii. 9.) Our Saviour tells us that our good works are our light. (Matt. v. 16.) Which of you lets his light go behind him, and hath it not rather carried before him, that he may see which way it goes, and which way himself goes by it? Do good, therefore, in your life, that you may have comfort in your death, and a crown of life after death."

Trusting that the republication of these sound advices may prove seasonable and useful,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

G. Osborn.

"Sir,—I trouble you not with reasons of my writing, or with excuses. If I do ill, no plea can warrant me: if well, I cannot be discouraged with any censures. I crave not your pardon; but your acceptation. It is no presumption to give good counsel; and presents of love fear not to be ill taken of strangers. My pen and your substance are both given us for one end, to do good: these are our talents: how happy are we if we can improve them well! Suffer me to do you good with the one, that with the other you may do good to many, and most to yourself.

"You cannot but know that your full hand and worthy purposes have possessed the world with much expectation. What speak I of the world? whose honest and reasonable claims yet cannot be contemned with honour, nor disappointed without dishonour. The God of heaven, which hath lent you this abundance, and given you these gracious thoughts of charity, of piety, looks long for the issue of both; and will easily complain either of too little or too late.

"Your wealth and your will are both good; but the first is only made good by the second: for, if your hand were full, and your heart empty, we, who now applaud you, should justly pity you. You might have riches, not goods, not blessings. Your burthen should be greater than your estate: and you should be richer in sorrows than in metals.

"For, if we look to no other world, what gain is it to be the keeper of the best earth? That, which is the common coffer of all the rich mines, we do but tread upon, and account it vile because it doth but hold and hide those treasures; whereas the skilful metallist that findeth and refineth those precious veins for public use, is rewarded, is honoured. The very basest element yields gold; the savage Indian gets it; the servile prentice works it; the very Midianitish camel may wear it; the miserable worldling admires it; the covetous few swallow it; the unthrifty ruffian spends it. What are all these the better for it? Only good use gives praise to earthly possessions.

"Herein, therefore, you owe more to God, that He hath given you a heart to do good; a will to be as rich in good works, as great in riches.

To be a friend to this mammon, is to be an enemy to God; but to make friends with it, is royal and Christian. His enemies may be wealthy; none but His friends can either be good, or do good. '*Da et accipe*,' saith the wise man. The Christian, which must imitate the high pattern of his Creator, knows his best riches to be bounty: God, that hath all, gives all; reserves nothing; and, for himself, he well considers that God hath not made him an owner, but a servant; and, of servants, a servant, not of his goods, but of the Giver; not a treasurer, but a steward; whose praise is more to lay out well than to have received much. The greatest gain, therefore, that he affects, is an even reckoning, a clear discharge; which, since it is obtained by disposing, not by keeping, he counts reservation loss, and just expense his trade and joy. He knows that, 'Well done, faithful servant,' is a thousand times more sweet a note, than 'Soul, take thine ease;' for that is the voice of the Master recompensing; this, of the carnal heart presuming; and what follows to the one, but his Master's joy? what to the other, but the loss of his soul? Blessed be that God which hath given you a heart to forethink this; and, in this dry and dead age, a will to honour Him with His own, and to credit His Gospel with your beneficence. Lo, we are upbraided with barrenness: your name hath been publicly opposed to these challenges; as in whom it shall be seen that the truth hath friends that can give.

"I neither distrust nor persuade you, whose resolutions are happily fixed on purposes of good; only give me leave to hasten your pace a little, and to excite your Christian forwardness, to begin speedily what you have long and constantly vowed. You would not but do good; why not now? I speak boldly; the more speed, the more comfort. Neither the times are in our disposing, nor ourselves: if God hath set us a day, and made our wealth inseparable, there were no danger in delaying: now, our uncertainty either must quicken us, or may deceive us. How many have meant well, and done nothing, and lost their crown with lingering! whose destinies have prevented their desires, and have made their good motions the wards of their executors, not without miserable success; to whom, that they would have done good, is not so great a praise, as it is dishonour that they might have done it. Their wrecks are our warnings: we are equally mortal, equally fickle. Why have you this respite of living, but to prevent the imperious necessity of death? It is a woeful and remediless complaint that the end of our days hath over-run the beginning of our good works. Early beneficence hath no danger, many joys; for the conscience of good done, the prayers and blessings of the relieved, the gratulation of the saints, are as so many perpetual comforters which can make our life pleasant, and our death happy; our evil days good, and our good better. All these are lost with delay; few and cold are the prayers for him that may give; and, in lieu, our good purposes fore-slowed are become our tormentors upon our death-bed.

"Little difference is betwixt good deferred, and evil done. Good was meant; who hindered it? Will our conscience say, there was time enough, means enough, need enough; what hindered? Did fear of

envy, distrust of want? Alas, what bugs are these to fright men from heaven! As if the envy of keeping were less than of bestowing. As if God were not as good a Debtor as a Giver. 'He that gives to the poor, lends to God,' saith wise Solomon. If He freely give us what we may lend, and grace to give; will He not much more pay us what we have lent, and give us because we have given? That is His bounty, this His justice.

"O, happy is that man that may be a creditor to His Maker! Heaven and earth shall be empty before he shall want a royal payment. If we dare not trust God while we live, how dare we trust men when we are dead?—men that are still deceitful, and light upon the balance; light of truth, heavy of self-love. How many executors have proved the executioners of honest wills! How many have our eyes seen, that, after most careful choice of trusty guardians, have had their children and goods so disposed as, if the parent's soul could return to see it, I doubt whether it could be happy! How rare is that man that prefers not himself to his dear friend! profit, to truth! that will take no vantage of the impossibility of account! Whatever, therefore, men either show or promise, happy is that man that may be his own auditor, supervisor, executor.

"As you love God and yourself, be not afraid of being happy too soon. I am not worthy to give so bold advice: let the wise man of Sirach speak for me: 'Do good before thou die; and, according to thine ability, stretch out thy hands and give: defraud not thyself of thy good day; and let not the portion of thy good desires overpass thee; shalt thou not leave thy travails to another, and thy labours to them that will divide thine heritage?' Or, let a wiser than he, Solomon: 'Say not, To-morrow, I will give, if now thou have it; for thou knowest not what a day will bring forth.'

"It hath been an old rule of liberality, 'He gives twice that gives quickly;' whereas slow benefits argue uncheerfulness, and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts, is condemned as unthrifty. He that knoweth both, saith, 'It is better to give than to receive.' If we be of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worse, and slack in the better?

"Suffer you yourself, therefore, good Sir, for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these poor lines, to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions: and take this as a loving invitation sent from heaven, by an unworthy messenger. You cannot deliberate long of fit objects for your beneficence, except it be more for multitude than want; the streets, yea, the world, is full. How doth Lazarus lie at every door! How many sons of the Prophets, in their meanly-provided colleges, may say, not '*Mors in olla*,' but '*fames!*'* How many churches may justly plead that which our Saviour bade His disciples, 'The Lord hath need!' And, if this infinite store hath made your choice doubtful, how easy were it to show you wherein you might oblige the whole church of God to you, and make

* Not "There is death in the pot," but "hunger."

your memorial both eternal and blessed; or, if you would rather, the whole commonwealth!

"But now I find myself too bold and too busy in thus looking to particularities. God shall direct you; and, if you follow Him, shall crown you. Howsoever, if good be done, and that betimes, He hath what He desired, and your soul shall have more than you can desire. The success of my weak, yet hearty counsel shall make me as rich as God hath made you, with all your abundance. That God bless it to you, and make both our reckonings cheerful in the day of our common audit."*

HOW A CLASS WAS REVIVED.

The class met early on Sunday morning. For the first month only one member beside the Leader attended. The latter suggested to the former, "Let us see if among our acquaintances there are not persons seriously seeking the salvation of their souls, who would like to spend an hour each Sunday in Christian converse and prayer." The effort was made in good earnest, and the next Sunday a young man and a middle-aged man presented themselves in the class-room. Both were sincere seekers of the great salvation, and unhesitatingly avowed themselves to be such. The four persons sat down and talked about God's plan of saving sinners, justification by faith, the Spirit's witness, making frequent reference to the holy book, and now and then engaging in prayer. The meeting closed, all feeling that they had been profited, and the two Christian men that they had been greatly refreshed. Somehow it got out during the week that two penitents had attended the class, and on the following Sunday, at the early hour of meeting, there were ten or twelve persons present. The Leader asked the two seekers if they had found peace, and was answered in the negative. He then read "Wesley on Justifying Faith," and engaged in earnest prayer. And while they prayed, the older of the two believed unto salvation, and with a full heart shouted forth the praises of the Most High. The worshippers arose, and united in singing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"—

to the "Old Hundred" tune, all standing, every eye moistened with happy tears. The good old man, through whose solicitations the lately-born soul had come to the class-meeting, sat overwhelmed with emotion too deep for utterance, while all present shared largely in his happiness. The voice of rejoicing reached the ears of persons without, some of whom came in to catch the flame; and long after the accustomed hour had passed the meeting closed. Of course, the next Sunday saw other persons at the class, and among them other seekers; and so week after week the interest continued unabated, and the attendance grew. In less than six months the attendance averaged from forty to sixty persons, and this

* *The Works of Joseph Hall, D.D., successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich: with some Account of his Life and Sufferings, written by Himself.* Oxford, 1837. Vol. VI., pp. 255—258.

continued not for a month, or two months merely, but through years. Nobody found the class-room dull, none went there reluctantly; there was no need to urge, and insist, and persuade.

Thus was a class revived which theretofore had been only such in name.

SAD PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF AN OLD NONCONFORMIST FAMILY.

Dr. Calamy, in the "Historical Account of" his "own Life" and "Times," relates at considerable length some sad and yet instructive passages in a family whom he characterizes as "the most unhappy" he "ever was acquainted with."

The man's wife was "very melancholy;" and the eldest son "a most miserable wicked creature, who, by the time he arrived at manhood, had run through an unusual course of villany and impiety."

With this family, Dr. Calamy and a friend of his lodged before they became housekeepers themselves. During the time they were there, that son was confined, and the letters that came from him were shown to them. They had often in them high strains of seeming penitence, that "rather appeared forced and affected than natural and genuine, and signified very little" because he presently returned into like wickedness as before, as soon as he had capacity and opportunity.

This son had been the darling both of father and mother; and the latter had set her affections upon him to that degree, that when she found him, "instead of a comfort, prove a heart-breaking cross, and a monster of wickedness," it overset her, and was the occasion of a melancholy madness, in the height of which she frequently attempted to kill herself. More than once the lodgers were witness to affecting attempts of that kind. This proved so troublesome to both, that they were at length the occasion of their removal together out of the family.

Some time after, the poor woman actually did put an end to her life. The wretched son, though he well knew he was the original occasion of it, was not at all suitably affected, but rather ran into greater wickedness. At length he took a fancy to go to sea. On purpose to get money out of his father, he pretended to become very sober, and got Mr. Samuel Pomfret, the Minister, with whom his father was well acquainted, to intercede for him. He so far insinuated himself into that good man's favour, that he began to have great hopes of him, persuaded the father to rig him out for a sea-voyage, and in the mean time lodged him in his own house, was exceedingly kind, and took abundance of pains with him in the way of instruction and good advice. But the poor unhappy youth, getting again into bad company, upon their instigation, the very night before he was to set sail, made poor Mr. Pomfret a sorrowful requital for all his kindness. He robbed him, ran away, was pursued and taken. He was committed to Newgate, and in a little while after convicted and condemned.

The Lord's day after his condemnation, when he was to die on the Wednesday following, the father came crying to Dr. Calamy, as he came out of the pulpit, earnestly requesting that he would go along with him that evening to see and converse with his unhappy son in Newgate.

When they got to Newgate, the young man was brought to them into the chapel in a chain, and Dr. Calamy, father and son, sat down together. They found the young man very stiff and sullen, exceedingly captious with his father, and ready to snarl at him at every turn, and warm in his resent-

ment of several things that had passed between them.

Dr. Calamy told him that this was very unaccountable and unbecoming; and that he was heartily sorry that he was not better disposed, and otherwise employed, when his condition was so very lamentable, and he had such melancholy prospects before him. He replied that it was entirely owing to his father that he was so unhappy, for that he might easily get him a pardon if he would but part with a little money; but he said that was his god, and that he cared not what became of any that belonged to him so his money was but secured. Dr. Calamy told him "that sort of carriage was, in his apprehension, far from being likely to encourage" his father to do anything for him; and that no one could have the least word to drop in his favour if he held on in that strain; but, that if, on the contrary, he would freely humble himself, and fall upon his knees before his father, earnestly and importunately beseeching him to forgive all his past provocations, and also to beg of God to forgive him, and would solemnly promise that if his life was but spared, he would make it his endeavour to live to some good purpose, and in such a manner as that he might be a comfort and blessing to the family, efforts would be made to obtain a reprieve which might ultimately be followed with a pardon.

He, however, returned an answer that perfectly amazed Dr. Calamy, in these words: "Sir, I scorn anything of that nature, and had rather die with my company." This raised the Doctor's indignation, and he freely told him that such sort of talk fully convinced him that he had not duly considered what death was; and that he was not aware of the consequences which, in his case, would follow upon it. He asked him if he really believed that his soul would survive his body, and that, if he left this world without true repentance, he must as certainly be for ever miserable as he was then living; and that the wrath of God was as intolerable as it was inevitable. On this, tears trickled down the culprit's cheeks, and he said that he most firmly believed all this, and yet found his heart so hard and unaffected that nothing of this nature would move it.

His carriage plainly discovered a peculiar senselessness; for, in the midst of this serious discourse, he on a sudden turned to his father, and said, "Sir, won't you come and see me at the tree?" at which the old man was so much moved, that he broke out into a flood of tears, and ran to the other end of the chapel, wringing his hands, and taking on most lamentably at such sad stupidity.

We give the conclusion of this sad history in Dr. Calamy's own words:—

"Hereupon I fell to talking with the poor unhappy youth, as movingly as I was able, in order to the setting his great and abominable wickedness, as far as the particulars of it had come to my knowledge, as distinctly before his eyes as might be. I told him I could upon good grounds lay to his charge the death of his unhappy mother, that bore him and brought him into the world, and afterwards brought him up with so much tenderness and affection. I mentioned to him the blood of some other persons, which he had himself actually shed while he was abroad, which cried to heaven for vengeance against him; as well as abominable crimes of another nature, which he had been charged with, and from which he could not clear himself: and dilated on the heaviness of that punishment he had all the reason in the world to expect, if he remained without a change made by the grace of God, until his entrance upon another life; and desired him to think closely of the account he had to give to the great Judge of all. He seemed to

make but light of anything of this kind that was offered to his thoughts.

"I then told him that his father had desired me to give him my advice, whether or no he had best interpose on his behalf; and added, that there was one thing that would go a good way in determining me as to that matter, if he would but open himself to me with freedom about it. He desiring to know what that was, I told him, there had been a report that he had formed a design with a company of ruffians like himself, to break in upon his father by night, and rob and plunder, and afterwards murder him. He returned me this answer; that as to robbing his father, and breaking in upon him by night, he must own the design was formed, and it could not be denied; but that this was with an intention to get money. What the consequence might have been, if the old man had been cross and sullen, or passionate, and refused to let them know where the money might be found, or should have been obstreperous and clamorous, and made resistance, he could not tell: but, without somewhat of that kind, he told me there was no thought of using the old man with any violence."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MISSED TREE.

When an oak, or any noble and useful tree, says one, is uprooted, its removal creates a blank. For years after, when you look to the place which once knew it, you see that something is missing. The branches of adjacent trees have not yet supplied the void. They still hesitate to supply the place formerly filled by their powerful neighbour; and there is still a deep chasm in the ground, a rugged pit, which shows how far his giant roots once spread. But when a leafless pole, a wooden pin, is plucked up, it comes easy and clean away. There is no rending of the turf, no marring of the landscape, no vacuity created, no regret. It leaves no memento, and is never missed.

Brethren, which are you? Are you cedars planted in the house of the Lord, casting a cool and grateful shadow on those around you? Are you palm-trees, fat and flourishing, yielding bounteous fruit, and making all who know you bless you? Are you so useful that were you once away, it would not be easy to fill your place again, but people, as they pointed to the void in the plantation, the pit in the ground, would say, "It was here that that brave cedar grew; it was here that that old palm-tree diffused his familiar shadow, and showered his mellow clusters?" Or are you a peg, a pin, a rootless, branchless, fruitless thing, that may be pulled up any day, and no one ever care to ask what has become of it? What are you doing? What are you contributing to the world's happiness or the church's glory? What is your business?

THE DRUNKARD'S HEARTH.

It was a wretched home: and yet it was not the grinding pressure of poverty that made it so. Externally, there were many comforts; and had sobriety and order ruled its inmates, they might have been a happy household. But, alas! all was going wrong; for George L—— no longer attended to his business, nor spent his evenings at home, but too frequently reeled there in a state of intoxication, or was led by his boon-companions long after the noon of night. His wife, harassed and perplexed by unwonted cares, and the wants of a young family, had borne up for some time against her bitter trials, but, neglecting to seek strength where alone it could be found, she too had occasionally sought oblivion in the intoxicating cup. What prospect but that of speedy ruin

could be anticipated for this unhappy family?

It was Sunday evening, and George L—— sat alone by his fireside. It was not usual for him to be there at that time; but his wife was ill, confined to her room; and in a little cot beside her lay one of their children, a boy of eight or nine summers, who had for some months been wasting away, and who seemed to become every day weaker and more helpless. This dear child had been taught in a Sabbath-school, and, whilst on his couch of sickness, had recalled the holy lessons learned there, and had given his young heart to Jesus. Child though he was, he felt that all was not right with his parents, and would frequently warn them of the consequences of their course of life. Was it the remembrance of these warnings that kept his father at home that evening? Utterly wretched and forlorn he felt himself, and would have given worlds to stifle the voice of conscience, and drown her reproaches in oblivion; but it would not do: an invisible hand was upon him. More than once he had risen with the resolution to rush from his house to the excitement of the "Star," or the "Lion," but as often had sunk down again helpless and hopeless. Presently a feeble voice in the adjoining room called, "Father."

"Well, Harry; what is it?" he said, glancing round on the disordered room, as if for the first time conscious of its utter discomfort.

"George," said his wife, "the child is worse, much worse. I think he is dying! O, it is hard work!" And poor Mary sobbed in agony of soul.

"Do not cry, dear mother," said Harry: "I am going to Jesus. Sing 'Happy Land.'"

"I cannot, darling; O, I cannot!" replied Mary.

"Father, will you meet me in heaven? will you? Will you seek the Lord, and learn to follow Him? He will forgive you, and make you happy. O, say you will, father!"

"Yes, yes; I will try, Harry. I must try," faltered the father, roused and alarmed by the evident change in his boy's features. But there was no time for more. A few short breathings, a whispered murmur of "The angels are there," and the spirit of little Harry had departed.

There was bitter sorrow that night as the parents looked on their departed child. But neither sought to comfort the other. Each heart knew its own bitterness, and writhed in the intensity of its anguish. He was happy and blessed, they were assured; but they, alas! they had no hope.

The grey light of morning struggled through the dull window, but they still sat by the hearth silent and wretched. The poor mother at length lay down on her couch; and George started from his chair, and left the room.

"Do not go out, George," said Mary; but no answer was returned, and a vague feeling of dread took possession of her mind. Conscience, in the meantime, had been very busy, though as yet she saw "through a glass darkly."

George presently returned to the room, holding in one hand a bottle containing brandy, in the other a tumbler.

"Now, Mary, drink," said he; at the same time pouring out the burning poison.

Mary shuddered violently. "George," she said, with terrible earnestness, "what has this brought upon us? Misery, poverty, almost ruin! I tell you now, in the sight of God, in the presence of my dead child, that never, never, never more will I taste one drop of that accursed thing! I am resolved. So help me God!"

George was amazed, thunderstruck. His hand trembled; but though he held the glass, he did not drink. Pale with excitement, he sat down on

the nearest chair. It was some moments before the silence was again broken.

"Mary," he said at length, in unsteady tones, "if you can do without it, I can; and what is more, I WILL! Too long I have been a brute: I will now be a man!" And in a moment bottle and glass were dashed on the hearth, and shivered into a thousand pieces.

Mary did not expect this, and she almost trembled at his fierce excitement. He walked the room for a little time in silence; then, as if seized by a sudden determination, he went out, shutting the door after him.

Could her ears deceive her? Smash after smash! What was he doing? Weak and ill though she was, she descended into the cellar. There stood her husband. Every bottle containing wine or spirits he had dashed to atoms, and their contents mingled on the dingy floor. To turn the tap of the ale-barrel was his next work; and with a strange look of exultation he returned to the apartment.

This was the first step to reformation and happiness. Angels looked on approvingly; and strength from on high was sought and vouchsafed to enable them to keep to their resolve.

Months rolled away, and prosperity returned. He and his wife began regularly to attend the sanctuary. Their minds were enlightened; they were led to the Saviour; and now, prosperous and happy, they seek to win others from the paths of the destroyer, and to point them to the Source of light and peace.

Woolwich. ADELINE.

A DIM SENSE OF GOD.

THERE are few, if any, who deny the existence of God; but there are many to whom His existence is not a reality.

Many have only a dim sense of God. In consequence of this, they have a dim sense of sin. Sin against an unconscious principle, or against an indefinite law given by an unknown lawgiver, can never be felt to be an evil and a bitter thing. The cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," can never be uttered by one who has a dim sense of God. Such a one can have no confidence or trust in God. A clear perception that God is, is necessary to faith in Him. Clear views of God's being and character lie at the foundation of all true, decided, growing piety. We all need to pray for a clearer sense of God's existence and presence.

PRAYER AND IMMUTABILITY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated declarations of God, there are many who are sceptical as to the efficacy of prayer. God, they say, is immutable. Prayer, in order to be efficacious, must produce a change in Him, must lead Him to do what He would not have done had prayer not been offered.

The Bible affirms that God is influenced by the prayers of His children as truly as an earthly parent is influenced by the prayers of his children. This does in no way conflict with His immutability. Immutability and inactivity are not identical. God does to-day what He did not do yesterday. He is daily calling new objects into existence. Do these acts affect the unchangeableness of His character? By no means. As long as all His acts are performed on holy and wise principles, so long He is immutable.

The influence of second causes or of instrumentalities in the material world is just as inconsistent with His immutability as is the efficacy of prayer. God maketh the corn to grow upon the mountains, but the instrumentality of man has something to do with its growth. God clothes the hills with corn through the instrumentality of man's toil; and so He bestows the blessings of a spiritual

harvest through the instrumentality of prayer. In the material world He uniformly produces certain results when certain conditions have been performed by men. With a similar uniformity He produces certain results in the spiritual world when certain conditions have been performed by men. Nothing is done from caprice. There is no change in the principles of action.

Prayer, then, is efficacious. It is power, not with nature, but with nature's God. It is an instrumentality mightier than that which drives the steam-ship against wind and tide; swifter than the electric current. It enables a soul to beat back the engulfing waves of guilt; to send, in one instant, a message to the presence-chamber of God.

The most interesting chapter in the history of the world (excepting that which records the labours and sufferings of Christ) is that relating to prayer. It cannot be written (except very imperfectly) by the historian of earth. It is written in heaven, to be read by the redeemed. There it will be seen that a mother's prayers reached her wayward son when far away from her in the ends of the earth. There it will be seen that a sister's prayers reached her brother in his lonely room in the crowded city, and led him to open his neglected Bible, and to weep over that loss of innocence, and that departure from God, which he thought, when he left the pure influence of his beloved home, could never take place. There it will be seen that a powerful revival of religion which caused joy in heaven, and sent the Gospel to many a heart, was owing to the prayers of some one of God's unhonoured poor. There is power in prayer. The resources of omnipotence are within our reach, and we may use them. Ask, and ye shall receive. The word of the Lord standeth sure.

LEARN TO SAY, "NO."

If we would, says the Rev. Samuel Martin, (to use a Scripture phrase,) *possess our souls*,—retain, that is, our self-possession, instead of allowing our fellow-men to possess us, or circumstances to control us,—we must often say, "No." He who yields to every enticement may justly be called "a pitiable atom, the sport of divers and casual impulses." Instead of being like a bird, guiding itself through the air, he is like a feather, driven hither and thither by every changing wind. Instead of being like a gallant ship, steered in a fixed and definite course, he is like a straw, floating up and down with the rising and falling tide.

If we would be *fit to live in such a world as this*, we must learn to say, "No." In the man who sets up as an accountant, you expect a knowledge of figures; and in the man who calls himself an artisan, you look for skill in some handicraft: and a man taking his place in such a scene of trial and temptation as "this present evil world," is expected to say, "No."

If we would have *peace of mind*, we must learn to say, "No." The relation of the power of refusal and rejection to quietness of heart, is like that of an anchor to a ship. And if any man seek peace by following every voice that addresses him, or by yielding to every impulse that arises in his heart, instead of finding rest, he will be like "a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

If we would be *happy*, we must learn to say, "No." When a man is hungry, giving him a stone is giving him something, but it is not giving him food. If a man be thirsty, poison would be drink; but he had better thirst yet longer than drink a deadly draught. When a man is sick, many adventurers are ready to administer to him, but their nostrums may kill him. Food, and drink, and medicine, to be of service, must be pure, and good, and wholesome, and adapted to the

case. And thus with sources of true happiness,—these are not what will meet a man's present wishes, but what will advance his real welfare. Yet, as in most markets there is inferior and unwholesome food, and as in every district there is impure water, and as in every apothecary's stores there is poison; so there are always at hand sources of miscalled happiness, as false, and filthy, and foul as hell. And seeing that in every market in which unwholesome food happens to be sold, men are to be found exhibiting the refuse of the shambles, and crying, "Buy! buy!"—and seeing that wells of impure water are accessible to the passenger, and that on a hot and dusty day there are strong temptations to the tired and thirsty wayfarer to drink the poisoned water,—it is clear that if a man would be really happy, he must learn to say, "No."

If we would *attain to excellence in any of our pursuits and engagements*, we must learn to say, "No." Human life, in some of its departments and phases, is very like mounting a ladder, with a crowd below calling to us, "Come down! come down!" and progress is largely dependent upon our saying, with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work, and *cannot* come down." The pendulum describes continually an arc, but it never describes a circle; and a man who cannot say "No," may do fragments of good work, but a *whole* performance will be impossible to him, and progress will be entirely out of the question.

We may add,—*if we would follow Christ, and work out our own salvation*, we must learn to say, "No." How emphatic and distinct are the words of Jesus Christ upon this topic! "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." "If any man will come after Me, let him *deny himself*, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

A SUPERIOR PEOPLE.

It is curious, says one, how men soothe themselves and avoid coming down, or mitigate the pain of doing so, by secretly cherishing the belief that in some one little respect they are different from and higher than all the rest of their kind. And it is wonderful how such a reflection has power to break one's fall, so to speak. You don't so much mind being only a commonplace man in all other respects, if only there be one respect in which you can fondly believe you are superior to everybody else. A very little thing will suffice. A man is taller than anybody else in the town or parish; he has longer hair; he can walk faster; he is the first person who ever crossed the new bridge; when the Queen passed near, she bowed to him individually; he was the earliest in the neighbourhood who got the perforated postage-stamps; he has the swiftest horse in the district; he has the largest cabbages; he has the oldest watch; one Smith spells his name as no other Smith was ever known to do. It is quite wonderful how far it is possible for men to find reason for cherishing in their heart a deep-seated belief that in something or other they stand on a higher platform than all the remainder of mankind. Few men live who do not imagine that in some respect they stand alone inthe world, or stand first.

I have seen people quite proud of the unexampled disease under which they were suffering. It was none of the common maladies that the people round about suffered from. I have known a countrywoman boast, with undisguised elation, that the doctor had more difficulty in pulling out her tooth than he ever before had in the case of mortal man.

Our Servants.

CLEANLINESS.

Welcome, merry month of May! Old England never looks so bonny as in the month of May. Everything looks so young! As the "Times" says,—"After all, it is the cold that kills." And surely the late winter has killed all it could. Many a noble tree, that had withstood the blasts of a hundred years, has been uprooted and laid prone upon the earth, with a thousand lesser plants strewn around, by the cold winds of the past winter. Many a noble ship, laden with a rich cargo, and manned by a brave crew of husbands and brothers, has foundered at sea, or been wrecked on the coast. And many a hoary head, crowning a life of seventy years and upwards, and expecting to weather a few years more, (for the love of life is strong,) has fallen beneath the hand of winter at last. This is very sad: but still by the removal of old things, all things become new; and a population never seems so young as in the month of May. Vegetable nature is in her loveliest robes. Grass is greenest, trees are goodliest, flowers are sweetest, in May. The skies are pure, the air is clear, all nature seems renewed in life and beauty. One element in all this loveliness is cleanliness. The many rains of early spring have washed everything, and cleansed the very air from its impurities. We read in the Bible of "the tender grass springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain:" a beautiful emblem of kindly instruction.

Now all our good servants are resolved to make everything within the house as sweet and clean, as everything outside the house. They determine that Nature, with all her renovating powers, shall not very far excel them in the matter of cleanliness: hence they look forward with perfect delight to the grand "May cleaning," when every article of housekeeping is to be thoroughly purified, whether it wants it or not. Against this, the men-folks are sure to complain loudly: but never heed them for one moment; they had better do that for a week or two, than be growling for a whole year about dirt. Now, out go the fires; up come all the carpets; down come the winter's curtains: these will be beaten and shaken till every atom of dust be gone, and the colours stand out as fresh as new. For the comfort of our nightly hours, the bedsteads will be taken to pieces, and very carefully purified. Different tradesmen, from him who makes things black, to him who makes things white, are now called in, and the whole house is overhauled. These gentlemen appear to make matters worse, and certainly they leave a provoking quantity of work behind them; but have a little patience, get rid of them as soon as you can with decency, and then take sweet revenge, by giving every floor and door, chair and table, pot and pan, knife and spoon, from the least to the greatest, a perfect cleansing. Order being restored, what is so sweet to one's senses now, as a man's own house? The good man of the house will grumble no more: he may not say much to you, but he will quietly praise both wife and maids. Such a thorough operation will cost not so much money as labour; not any great outlay, except that of industry: but every stroke tells its own tale upon the coming comfort of both the family and the servants.

We have sometimes wished that to the prizes that are often awarded to those servants who have been the longest term of years in their situations, there might be added another,—a prize to those servants who keep the cleanest household matters. So this brings up the next suggestion; the important duty of *keeping* things clean after they have been made clean. There are some girls who are capital hands at cleaning; they like nothing so well as a regular, good scouring of a house, or a polishing of hardware; but, unfortunately, they have no skill in keeping things clean; and so in a month, say, by the end of June, everything is nearly as bad as ever. Now, we should remember, and that constantly, that *nothing can take care of itself*. If a man have been successful in making

a fortune, he will lose it all, unless he take proper care in its disposal. He must be cautious in placing it in good security, and every now and then he must examine his accounts. If another be a tolerable scholar, yet he will forget all he ever learned, unless he go over his attainments now and then, and keep adding to his stores of knowledge. If a good housewife be ever so well supplied with household plenishing, yet all will go wrong without a careful eye and a busy hand. The reason is, everything is perishable: all things are but dust; and it is as true of anything else as it is of our own bodies, that dust it is, and unto dust shall it return. So that nothing keeps itself in order. But when things are well cleaned, and put into good order, prompt attention, and a resolute hand, will easily keep them so. What a pity it is, then, that the beauty and sweetness of one's house should be lost!

Besides this, a more weighty reason is behind. Our servants ought to know how very much their own health and life, as well as those of our families, depend on cleanliness. It is a fact, that "cholera morbus," fever, and other most destructive maladies, are fed by dirty habits. Persons who have closely studied the health of towns have foretold, with surprising accuracy, what course the "cholera" would take, and where it would stop. Whatever our servants do, we hope they will remember, by frequent washings, and a plentiful use of water, to keep every floor, every hole and corner of the house, especially the kitchen and sinkstone, clean and fresh. Personal cleanliness, one would hope, their own self-respect would command. Some servants are always clean and comely. Let them be doing what they may, they manage to keep the dust off themselves. One has observed, that such persons love cleanliness for its own sake. They are frequently among the best of servants. But there are others, equally valuable, who have not that ability. Work being ended, no house looks comfortable if the servants are not clean; it wants a certain air of respectability; it makes a caller think, on finding the servants untidy, that their mistress is unreasonable and unceasing in employing them. Otherwise, when ordinary work is finished, and the servants are clean, tidy, and bright, each week-day seems to close with a kind of Sabbath. Then to Truth, Order, Economy, let us join that favourite quality, Cleanliness.

P. H.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. II.

(*Continued from page* 118.)

THIRDLY.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the fact that it was instituted as a* DAY OF BODILY REST, AND PHYSICAL RECRUITMENT FROM SECULAR TOIL.

"In it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." (Exod. xx. 10.)

All men need periodic repose, in order to the recruiting of their wasted physical powers. The rest of one day in seven is just as essential in preserving the physical constitution from sinking under the pressure of labour, as are the regularly-recurring hours of sleep. Such is the constitution of man, that occasional rest and recreation from the labours of life are absolutely necessary to his well-being. Medical writers tell us, that were there no moral, no spiritual, motive to assign for the observance of a Sabbath, *on the ground of bodily health alone, such a rest should be observed.* It has been further stated, that a *seventh* portion of our time thus devoted, is by far the best arrangement that could, by possibility, be devised; a more or less frequent occurrence of a day of rest being fraught, on the one hand or the other, with many disadvantages and positive evils.

On this subject we will quote the testimony of a distinguished physician,—the celebrated Dr. Farre,—given in evidence before a Committee of the British House of Commons. "The use of the Sabbath," says he, "medically speaking, is that of a day of *rest*. As a day of rest, I view it as a *day of compensation* for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power; because if this be once lost, his healing office is at an end. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man *run down* the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature, by which God prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. I consider, that in the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the Sabbatical appointment is not (as it has been sometimes theologically viewed) simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution; but that it is to be numbered amongst the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question. I point out the Sabbatical rest as *necessary* to man; and the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day in which it should repose." Such is the language of one who had thoroughly studied this question, and who by habits of profound thought, and patient and philosophical observation, had qualified himself to speak with decision and authority.

The Sabbath, then, is pre-eminently and emphatically, THE WORKING MAN'S DAY. Let him guard it; guard it sacredly and jealously, from the first encroachments of those who openly, or more covertly and speciously, would rob or cajole him out of any of its precious hours. Experience has demonstrated that man needs a Sabbath; he cannot do without it. Let it be wrested from him by tyranny; let it be wrung from him by avarice; let it be voluntarily sacrificed by his own indifference; and man's physical, mental, and moral powers become early enfeebled, and his whole nature is degraded. The Sabbath was intended by Him who knows our frame to mitigate the severity of the original curse, and to soothe the sorrows of a labouring world. Every seventh sun, as it rises upon the earth, is designed by God to come "with healing in its wings," announcing to a toiling world its day of holy rest. Thus in the adaptation of the Sabbath to man, in all the departments of his complex being, we read its heavenly birth, its celestial character, and infer its reign of universal and eternal beneficence!

From the fact, then, that the original reasons for a Sabbath still exist, we naturally conclude that the Sabbath itself, in all its sanctity and power, remains untouched. Has the Sabbath law ever been repealed? When? Where? Under what circumstances? In what book is the repeal registered? Has any voice from heaven ever recalled the solemn mandate, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy?" No. Have, then, the circumstances of man changed? Is there now no creation to commemorate; no God in solemn assembly to worship; no overwrought body to rest; no jaded mind to refresh and soothe? Yea: the very circumstances that originally demanded a Sabbath still exist; and in this fact we read its universal and unceasing obligation.

Fourthly.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the* CONTINUED FORCE OF THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Here we lay the great stress of our argument, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." This is a precept clear, distinct, and unequivocal. That this law, in connexion with the others by which it was accompanied, still remains unrepealed, and that it is as obligatory upon

us as upon those to whom it was first given, admits of satisfactory proof. In that most clear and beautiful exposition of doctrine and practice given in St. Matthew's Gospel,—our Lord's Sermon on the Mount,—we meet with these remarkable and striking words: "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." (Matt. v. 17.) In this text we have all on the subject of the perpetual obligation of the commandment under consideration we can reasonably require. Let us examine it. In this declaration our Saviour, undoubtedly, must have had reference either to the moral or ceremonial law. Both He fulfilled. As it regards the moral law, He fulfilled it by upholding its authority: with respect to the ceremonial law He did so by realizing and embodying in Himself its types. Destroy either He did not. The ceremonial law was "a shadow of good things to come;" consequently, it is substantiated and perpetuated in and by Christ, to whom it had direct and special reference. The moral law, or ten commandments, Christ more fully enforced, and, in effect, re-enacted, by explaining its nature, spiritualizing its requirements, and epitomizing its contents.

St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, reasoning with the unbelieving Jews, distinctly assumes the continued obligation and perpetual force of the Decalogue; and from "THE LAW," charges the Jews with inconsistency, and demonstrates their need of a Saviour. (Rom. ii. to v. inclusive.)

St. James, in his Epistle, also assumes the continued force of the Decalogue: "Whosoever," says he, "shall keep the WHOLE LAW, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (Ch. ii. 10.) What law? The law of the ten commandments, unquestionably; for he continues,—"He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of THE LAW." (Ch. ii. 11.)

Here we have a distinct recognition, under the Gospel, of the still-binding character of the law of the ten commandments. What right, then, have we to strike out from the tables one of their solemn injunctions? Did not He who said, "Do not kill," say also, at the same time, in the same place, surrounded by the same circumstances of impressiveness and grandeur, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy?"

But it is objected:—Nine of the commandments are *moral* in their nature, the other is a *positive* precept merely. This oft-repeated objection is, after all, little better than a mere evasion. That the Sabbath is a positive institution of God is admitted;—from the nature of the case it could scarcely be otherwise;—but the positive part of the fourth commandment is as little as possible; so little, that the grand duty of devoting some portion of time to the immediate service of God is its main import. The fourth commandment is *in itself* and *essentially* a moral law. It arises from the fitness of things, and rests, like the other precepts, on the primary relation in which man stands to his Creator. To worship God lies at the very foundation of morals; to have a distinct season in which openly to worship Him, nature teaches is both reasonable and necessary.

The Sabbath, then, is perpetually binding upon men, because God has solemnly commanded its observance; commanded it by a law which has never yet been superseded or repealed. Those who tell us that the Sabbath is one of the mere relics of Judaism, and part of a burdensome system of ceremonies which has long since been abolished, in effect tell us, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal," form part of the same burdensome system which was long ago intended to be removed from the world: the fourth commandment forming a portion of God's everlasting law, equally with the sixth, seventh, or eighth.

Lastly.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the manner in which the* LORD JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF SPAKE OF IT, AND RECOGNISED IT.

We will select but one illustration. Towards the end of His ministry, the Saviour warned His disciples of the evils that were about to come upon the Jewish people. Advising them as to their conduct during these troublous times, He bids them pray "that their flight be

not in the winter, NOR ON THE SABBATH-DAY." (Matt. xxiv. 20.) Here, we contend, we have a distinct recognition of the Sabbath under the Gospel dispensation. The whole system of Judaism, as authoritative, confessedly expired when Christ, upon the cross, exclaimed, "It is finished;" and yet here the Saviour, looking forward into the depths of forty years, —when Judaism as a divinely-recognised system had ceased,—directs His disciples as to their mode of action *on the Sabbath.*

What inference must be deduced from this? Why, that the Sabbath was to be perpetuated and held sacred under the Christian economy. As "Lord of the Sabbath," He could legislate for it. Repeal it He did not; sanction it He did; predict its continuance He here does; and what the disciples were to do on the Sabbath, in given circumstances, He here tells them. The conclusion is unanswerable.—*There is a sacred day under the Gospel, as there was a sacred day under the Law.*

Natural History.

THE JABIRU.

DR. GEORGE BENNETT, the naturalist, who has just published an account of his twenty-two years' residence in Australia, gives a description of the grandest of all Australian birds, the Jabiru, or gigantic crane. It grows to be five feet high, and is so rare that the Doctor had seen but four skins of the bird during his residence there. It is very graceful, has large and brilliant eyes, a beautiful metallic brilliancy of plumage, and is easily domesticated. He chanced to meet some blacks who had caught one, and brought it into Sydney for sale. The Doctor says:—

"The first evening it was at my house it walked into the hall, gazed at the gas-lamp, which had just been lighted, and then proceeded to walk up-stairs, seeking for a roosting-place; but, not liking the ascent, quietly came down again, returned into the yard, and afterward went to roost in the coach-house, between the carriages, to which place it now retires regularly every evening soon after dark. It may always be found in that part of the yard where the sun is shining, and with its face invariably toward it. It is amusing to observe this bird catch flies: it remains very quiet, as if asleep, and on a fly passing, it is snapped up in an instant. The only time I observed any manifestation of anger in it, was when the Mooruks were introduced into the yard where it was parading about: these rapid, fussy, noisy birds, running about its range, excited its indignation; for on their coming near, it slightly elevated its brilliant feathers of the head, its eyes became very bright, it ruffled its feathers, and clattered its mandibles, as if about to try their sword-like edges upon the intruding Mooruks; but the anger subsided without any further demonstration than an occasional flapping of its powerful wings. One day, however, on one of the Mooruks approaching too near him, he seized it by the neck with his mandibles; on which the Mooruk ran away, and did not appear in any way injured.

"The Jabiru is an expensive bird to keep, consuming a pound and a half of meat daily, and, being a dainty feeder, the meat must be particularly fresh and good. When he was first placed in the yard where some poultry were kept, he stared at the fowls, and they ran away on his approach, although he did not make the least attempt to molest them; and when striding around the yard, all the poultry fled before him, although it did not appear to be an intentional chase on his part. There happened to be a pugnacious, fussy little bantam-cock in the yard, who would not permit the intrusion of any stranger, and, on seeing the Jabiru, he strutted up with expanded and fluttering wings, and ruffled feathers, in a violent state of excitement, cackling and screaming most vehemently, and

making efforts, as energetically as so diminutive a bird was capable of, to frighten and drive him out of the yard. The Jabiru, with his keen, bright eyes, regarded the little fluttering object with cool contempt, and walked about as before; the bantam followed. At last the Jabiru turned, and strode after the consequential little creature, as if to crush it under his feet; when the bantam, seeing matters take such a serious turn, made off as fast as possible,—like all little bullies,—and did not venture to attack so formidable an opponent. In a few days the Jabiru became quite domesticated among the poultry, and they evinced no fear: even the little bantam tolerated his presence, but whether from fear or affection I know not.

"This noble representative of the most gentlemanly of all the feathered tribe, had hardly been four months in his new quarters, when a fit of indigestion carried him off. His skeleton is now in the British Museum."

Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle,
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming;
Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary;
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties;
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway;
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darken'd hearth.

Hearts there are oppress'd and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head:
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

IMMANUEL.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR, 1667.

How good a God have we! who for our sake,
To save us from the burning lake,
Did change the order of creation:
At first He made
Man like Himself in His own image; now
In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span;
And said,
"Let us make ourselves like man:
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman man."
Hallelujah! we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCIX.

"*He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool.*" (Prov. x. 18.)

This is such an abomination as the very nature of God detests. It is against His nature to prevaricate. For though He is almighty, yet He is pleased to have this said concerning Him, again and again, in His holy word, that He cannot lie; nay, it is impossible to Him to do so, notwithstanding His omnipotence. It is a thing so repugnant to the true God, so contradictory to the sincerity and simplicity of the Divine nature, that you can imagine nothing more hateful and

provoking.—*Howe's Sermons*, vol. ii., p. 42. *Edit.* 1744.

No. C.

"*If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth.*" (1 John i. 6.)

The man who does this is guilty of a lie in practice; for "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." So that if any one professes he has fellowship with God, and yet allows himself in works of darkness, he is guilty of a practical lie. He does by his practice give the lie to his profession. The word rendered "fellowship" signifies participation and converse: but we may understand it in a greater latitude than to signify converse with Him only; since it signifies to have an interest in Him, and relation to Him; and is therefore of the same import with knowing God. "Israel shall say, My God, we know Thee. But Israel hath cast off the thing that is good." (Hosea viii. 2, 3.) There was a laying claim to God, as if they had a part or portion in Him, when there was no such thing. It was but a lie. "I know the blasphemy of them who say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie." (Rev. ii. 9.) As if our Lord had said, "I take it for a high blasphemy against Me, and My name; against the religion of which I am the Author; that such persons should pretend to be of it, or to belong to Me. It is at once a scandalous lie, and blasphemy itself."—*Ibid.*, p. 43.

No. CI.

"*But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.*" (James i. 22.)

To be a doer of the word plainly imports a habit; according as we denominate every person that is of such or such a calling, or trade, from the course and way of life which he follows. A doer of the word is not one that doth some single act now and then, which the word enjoins or directs; but one whose wonted course, and the business of whose life, it is to obey the dictates of this word, and who governs his life and the tenor of his actions by it. Just as we find the phrase of "a worker of iniquity" is in the Old and New Testament made use of to represent and hold forth to us the course of those persons who trade in sin. They are said to be "sin-makers," as the expression doth emphatically note. Their business is to work sin; and they do often exert their strength and power that way. So we are to understand, in general, a "doer of the word" of God; that is, one whose business of his life it is to do it in a continual course.

The Monitor.

MEASURED WORDS.

A Minister, who was remarkable for pausing when it became necessary for him to express an opinion on any important topic of conversation, was once rallied by a friend for this peculiarity, and asked for a reason. His reply was simply, "When great principles are involved, I like to measure my words before I speak." This measuring of words is a rare virtue. Too frequently these sacred symbols of thought are bandied about with a recklessness as if they meant nothing, or were designed to express nothing. Were their import duly considered in all cases, they would oftener give utterance to sound opinions, and less frequently endanger the friendship and peace which society in pleasant communion enjoy. How often has the escape of a rash or irritating word disturbed the peace of families, and interrupted pleasant social intercourse! How often has an ill-advised expression imparted a distorted view to a sacred doctrine of religion! How often has a testy word determined the temper of the speaker as irascible! If it were possible to subject the words of all public debates, religious addresses, speeches of all kinds, to this measuring process before they were uttered, to say nothing of personal conversations, there would be vastly less embittered feeling and quarrelling, and, of consequence,

vastly more friendly confidence and harmony in the world. "Think before you speak," is an old and neglected rule; for multitudes speak without thinking, and they imagine that the fluent nonsense which trickles from their tongues is sagacious remark. We have met with persons —and we never wish to meet with any more of their class—who have thought themselves to be wonderfully clever because they could say biting things, by which the feelings of others were deeply wounded.

Words of anger, words of uncharitableness, words of impiety, are never measured words. In a family, words of harshness, words of bitterness and recrimination,—these are gunpowder words, and must produce explosion. In church-relations their effects are the same. We do not commend, by any means, mere art, if we might not say artifice, in the use of words, by which really bad feelings may be concealed; for such speech is an implied dishonesty. Rather, we urge that careful cultivation of right thoughts and feelings which, if they become habitual, will be apt to express themselves in words suitably chosen. Where there is love in the heart, and a genial feeling towards our fellows, the words of kindness, sincerity, and truthfulness will flow forth. These are very different from words of artificial politeness and flattery, which, although ready for the tongue, never represent any true feeling of the heart,—mere sound, and nothing else. We are taught to pray for "the spirit of wisdom, and of a sound mind;" and who would not be happier, and more useful, and more beloved, had he received into his soul the answer to this prayer? We would then "take to ourselves words," right words, not only in our devotional intercourse with God, but in our intercourse with one another. Rough ways would be made smooth, crooked ways straight, and barren spots covered with flowers.

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

V. THE FINAL VICTORY.

No class of our countrymen needs the sympathy of the Christian church more than the military in India, and no class has more richly repaid the attention it has received. The importance of our establishment at Aldershot, and of the recent appointment of military Ministers to one or two of our colonial stations, can only be rightly appreciated by those who have seen the cantonments and visited the hospitals, in the vast territories of the East, where enemies without number lurk, more fascinating and deadly than the wily serpents that infest its pathways or glide through its jungles. We learn from the last Report of the Baptist Missionary Society that there is not one of the Missionaries now labouring at any of the military stations but reports recent conversions to God among the troops, both native and European. These men, among whom officers of all grades are not unfrequently found, become very earnest and decided Christians. The "saints," as they are called, were, under God, the saviours of India, when the mutiny took place; and during the siege of Lucknow, the eyes of all England were anxiously fixed upon the movements of one whose highest ambition it was to prove himself worthy of this honourable name.

The first enterprise to which Havelock was appointed on his return to India from the Persian expedition, was the capture of Cawnpore. For this purpose he had one thousand four hundred Europeans placed under his command, but without either artillery or cavalry. Before he had assumed official charge of his column, the city had capitulated to Nana Sahib. This vilest of men had sworn an oath, on the water of the Ganges, that Sir Hugh Wheeler, the Commandant, should be permitted to retire with his troops to Allahabad, without molestation; but they were no sooner seated in the boats that were to convey them, than a signal-gun was fired, and there was a general massacre of the men, whilst the women and chil-

dren, two hundred and ten in number, were taken back to Cawnpore. It was now the middle of July, with the thermometer above 100°, and there were deluges of rain. Under these unfavourable circumstances the field had to be taken. In the first battle, twelve men were struck down by the sun, never to rise again; but it was also the first encounter in which a victory was gained over the rebels, and its moral influence was of the greatest consequence. In a letter to his wife the General says, "Away with vainglory! Thanks to Almighty God, who gave me the victory." In the order of the day he attributed his success to "the blessing of God on a most righteous cause, the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India." Another battle was fought on the 27th, not far from Cawnpore, in which he was again successful. He slept on the field, with his arm on the bridle of his horse, after partaking of part of a biscuit, which was his only food. On the following morning it was discovered that the insurgents had abandoned the town. The troops hastened onward, and then, with marks of deep anxiety on every countenance, rushed towards the spot where the women had been confined. They were too late. The pavement was swimming with blood; fragments of dress were scattered around; and the whole scene told a tale of most terrible import. It was discovered that the dead and dying had been thrown into a well; and at the sight, men who had again and again braved death without shrinking "lifted up their voices and wept." The vows of vengeance were many and deep; and throughout the campaign every caution had to be taken to prevent outrage and excess. A provost-martial was appointed, "with special instructions to hang up, in their uniform, all British soldiers who were caught plundering;" and the whole of the spirits in the cantonment were collected in one place, and well guarded.

The next movement was to advance to the relief of Lucknow. But at this time the General was obliged to yield to the force of circumstances, and, after the endurance of incredible hardships, failed in the attempt. Nine pitched battles were fought and won. After a severe engagement, he was proceeding towards a certain position, and when his approach was noticed by the men, they called out enthusiastically, "Clear the way for the General." "You have done that already," was the prompt reply; and on the hearing of this compliment, there burst from a hundred lips the cry, "God bless you, General!" At another time he rode along the line, and when the troops cheered him, he said, "Don't cheer *me*, my men: you did it all yourselves." On his return to Cawnpore, Mr. Carre Tucker telegraphed to him to ask if it would be agreeable to him to have the services of a Missionary to visit the wounded in the hospital, as the Chaplain had been massacred. The telegraph-clerk called the Missionary a Papist; but as the greater part of the forces with him were Romanists, though wondering that no Protestant Minister could be found, he replied, "Send him immediately." On his arrival, he was invited to dine with the General, who now found out that this Missionary, the Rev. John Gregson, was of the same denomination as himself, the clerk having mistaken the word Baptist for Papist.

On the 5th of August Sir James Outram was gazetted as the Commander of the united Dinapore and Cawnpore division; by which Havelock was superseded in the command of the army he had led on to so many victories. Three days afterwards Sir James wrote to him a kind letter, in which he nobly declared that it was his intention to forego the advantages of the position in which he had been placed, and leave the General in the unfettered exercise of his former powers. On the 16th of September he issued an order, in which he said, "The important duty of first relieving the garrison at Lucknow has been entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions he has made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement." This generous act won for Sir James universal admiration; and Sir Colin Campbell, now in the supreme command, said, "Seldom, perhaps never, has it occurred to a Commander-in-Chief to publish and confirm such an order." On the 25th the General

rose as usual, before dawn, and passed some time in prayer, commending himself and his troops to the protection of God. On the night of the same day he reached the Residency at Lucknow. Upon the part of both officers and men, deeds had been done that will long live on another page; and we can only here express our admiration of their valour, and our thankfulness that Britain has yet sons so brave, to defend her interests when imperilled by the insurgent or assailed by men of other lands. On entering the city, the Generals were accompanied by the troops, to whom that moment was one of enviable exultation. "The garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense," says an eye-witness, "burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery; from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses; from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer; even from the hospital many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten." The rough and bearded Highlanders shook the ladies by the hand, and the children were made to partake in the excitement of that hour of joy. But sterner thoughts came over them, when they thought of those that had exhibited equal valour, but were now with the dead. The Highlanders had fought twelve battles, before they could accomplish the relief of the city, and had lost one-third of their number. There is deep sorrow even in the loudest shout of the soldier's victory.

The name of Havelock had by this time become a household word throughout the United Kingdom. By receiving the rank of Knight-Commander, he became Sir Henry. Other honours had been conferred upon him, but of these he knew not. When the excitement was over, the effect of his exertions manifested itself in extreme weakness, and on the 20th of November symptoms of diarrhœa appeared. On the 23d he was heard repeatedly to exclaim, "I die happy and contented." To Sir James he said, "I have for forty years so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear." The next day he died, at the age of sixty-three. At his funeral, Colin Campbell, Outram, and Inglis were present, and he was borne to his humble grave near the wall of the city, amidst the tears of the warriors who had shared in his dangers and triumphs. On the 26th of November, 1857, two days after his death, he was made a Baronet; and a grateful nation expressed its hope that he would long survive to secure further honours, little thinking that he was already beyond the reach of human praise. A pension of £1,000 per annum was granted for his natural life. When his death was known at home, the rank he would have gained was conferred on his widow and son; and the daughter of a Missionary became Lady Havelock.

As with Wellington, stern attention to duty was the rule of Havelock's life. In early rising, diligence, love of order, and the calm quiet with which he continued his career under circumstances of the most varied character, he resembled the founder of Methodism. Naturally reserved and distant, by the power of religion he yet made himself beloved. The firm trust he habitually exercised in the Redeemer enabled him to meet the most appalling dangers with unblanched courage. There have been few deaths within our memory more generally or more sincerely regretted by the nation. It was not his greatest honour that he relieved Lucknow, but that he made thoughtless men do homage to the religion of Christ. One of the journalists thus wrote: "We implicitly believe that none fear men less than those who fear God most. No soldiers ever show themselves more invincible than those who can pray as well as fight; nor have any swords proved more resistless than those wielded by hands that know their way through dog-eared Bibles." The least serious of all our periodicals paid this tribute to departed worth:—

"Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald's verse;
Let us hear no words of fame
Sounding loud a deathless name;
Tell us of no vauntful glory,
Shouting forth her haughty story:
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those;
'*In hoc Signo*,' pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won
Was the crown for duty done."

THE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The work of the Holy Spirit is a secret work in the heart. It cometh not with observation. It was so from the beginning, and shall be so to the end. The outward manifestations of the genuine transformation which He effects are very apt to be misconstrued. Sometimes it is believed that the evidences of it, to be true, must be showy and ostentatious. The Pharisees of former days, while neglecting the weightier matters of the law, were fond of the publicity of praying at the corners of the streets; they were very pious outwardly, while very careless of inward holiness. The external manifestation was everything to them, while the inward manifestation was nothing; they commended themselves, by a seeming devotion, to their fellow-men, and neglected the cultivation of that secret religion of the heart which could alone commend them to God. It may at least be suspected that the spirit of many in the present age is strongly assimilated to that which actuated them. We should be sorry to utter a word which might even seem to militate against any genuinely good work, and had rather urge men to abound in such works. Still, it is possible, that there may be a religion which is only seeming, having no root of faith in a truly regenerated soul. Many who profess conversion seem to think that the best way of manifesting their change, is to be always in public and social religious assemblies, to talk much on the subject of religion, and to keep their minds in a constant whirl of excitement. It may be right that these things should be done, and yet there are other very essential things which should not be left undone.

It might startle many showy professors, if they were closely questioned as to the time which they spend in secrecy and retirement, in communing with God and their own souls, in prayer, in religious reading, in self-examination, in the earnest cultivation of the graces of the Spirit. It is possible that a person may be nearly a stranger to the duties of the closet, and yet be found prominent in attendance at sanctuary-services, and much engaged in the work of charitable societies. Indeed, they may make their attention to these an apology for the neglect of the former. Both classes of duties are good, but they must subsist in harmony. The man whose whole religion consists in such outward demonstrations, is not like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; but rather like a showy shrub, which springs up in a soil where there is no depth of earth, and is doomed to wither. If there is not a religion of the heart, it is a poor substitute to be satisfied with lofty pretension and noisy exhibitions. He may be a hypocrite who fasts twice in the week, and for a pretence makes long prayers; but hypocrisy cannot be charged against him who holds daily communion with God, who prayerfully searches the Scriptures, who inquires into the mind of the Spirit, and who in secret retirement tries his own heart by God's standard, and fears a mistaken judgment of his own character. It is well to remember that the Christian derives all his strength and armour from God in his retirement, and is thus prepared for his religious and secular duties in the world and the church. This is the religion between God and the soul, which is most effective in its outward manifestations. This kind of religion is of difficult acquisition, it is the *striving* kind; while the religion which is only for the public is easy, and too often valueless.

Anecdotes.

OLD-TIME SCOTCH STORIES.

Dean Ramsay in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" has furnished many amusing incidents. From those relating to Ministers and people, and to religion, we select the following:—

The kindly feelings and interest which the pastoral relation universally awakens in Scotland have led to much familiar and pleasing intercourse between Minister and people.

John Brown, Burgher Minister at

Whitburn, (son of the Commentator, and father of the late Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, and grandfather of the present accomplished M.D. of the same name, author of "Rab and his Friends," &c.,) in the early part of the century was travelling on a small sheltie, (a Shetland pony,) to attend the summer sacrament at Haddington. Between Musselburgh and Tranent he overtook one of his own people. "What are ye dain' here, Janet, and whaur ye gaun in this warm weather?" "'Deed, Sir," quo' Janet, "I'm gaun to Haddington *for the occasion*," (the Lord's supper,) "an' expeck to hear ye preach this efternoon." "Very weel, Janet; but whaur ye gaun to sleep?" "I dinna ken, Sir; but Providence is aye kind, an'll provide a bed." On Mr. Brown jogged, and after service in the afternoon, before pronouncing the blessing, he said from the pulpit, "Whaur's the auld wifie that followed me frae Whitburn?" "Here I'm, Sir," uttered a shrill voice from a back-seat. "Aweel," said Mr. Brown, "I have fand ye a bed; ye're to sleep wi' Johnnie Fife's lass."

There was at all times amongst the older Scottish peasantry a bold assertion of their religious opinions, and strong expression of their feelings. The spirit of the Covenanters lingered amongst the aged people whom I remember, but which time has considerably softened down. We have some recent authentic instances of this readiness in Scotchmen to bear testimony to their principles.

A friend has informed me that the late Lord Rutherfurd often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, "What a —— mist!" and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him: "What ails you at the mist, Sir? it weets the sod, it slockens the yowes, and," adding with much solemnity, "it's God's wull;" and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherfurd used to repeat this with much candour as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

Something like this is reported of an eminent Professor of geology, who, visiting in the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The Professor had his pocket-hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and, going up to him, quietly said, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes!"

The same feeling under another form was exhibited to a traveller by a Scottish peasant. An English artist, travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time, he walked out a short way in the environs, where the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling: "It's no the day to be speering sic things!"

A manifestation of even still greater strictness, on the subject of Sabbath-desecration, I have received from a relative of the family in which it occurred. About fifty years ago the Hon. Mrs. Stewart lived in Heriot-row, who had a cook, Jeannie by name, a paragon by excellence. One Sunday morning, when her daughter (afterwards Lady Elton) went into the kitchen, she was surprised to find a new jack (recently ordered, and which was constructed on the principle of going constantly without winding up) wholly paralysed and useless. Miss Stewart naturally inquired what accident had happened to the new jack, as it had stopped. The mystery was soon solved by Jeannie indignantly exclaiming that "she was nae gaeing to hae the fule thing clocking and rinning about in *her* kitchen a' the blessed Sabbath-day."

It may be well supposed that a peasantry with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any person whose principles were known to be of an infidel character. There is a story traditionary in Edinburgh regarding David Hume, which illustrates this feeling in a very striking manner, and which, I

have heard it said, Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp at the back of the Castle, the existence of which I recollect hearing of from old persons forty years ago. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing, and begged her assistance. She passed on apparently without attending to the request: at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him, "Are na ye Hume the Atheist?" "Well, well, no matter," said Hume: "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for you till ye turn a Christian yersell: ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grafel there as I fand ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the required formulas.

THE CRAFTY DEFEATED.

Archbishop Whately, in his "Annotations on Bacon's Essays," relates the following anecdote:—A Curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the Rector or the Bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan: they drew up and signed a memorial to the Bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the Curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, *this very living* quite unexpectedly became vacant: whereupon the Bishop, considering how acceptable as well as deserving he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE LORD LEADING HIS PEOPLE.

"He . . . leadeth them out." (St. John x. 3.)

"He leadeth them out." It is not said, you observe, that the shepherd driveth them out, for that was not the manner of shepherds; but that he leadeth them, going before to call them after him. This, indeed, is expressly and formally said in the next verse,—"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him." Hence those poetic figures of the Old Testament,—"The Lord is my Shepherd; He leadeth me beside the still waters;" "Thou leddest Thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron;" "Give ear, O Shepherd, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." The same custom of going before the flock pertains even now, it is said, in the sheep-walks of Spain.

What a beautiful image, or picture, to represent the attitude and personal relationship of Jesus among His followers,—*That He does not drive them on before, as a herd of unwilling disciples, but Himself goes before, leading them into paths that He has trod, and dangers He has met, and sacrifices He has borne Himself, calling them after Him, and to be only followers.* "He leadeth them out."

If driving could do any good, He might well enough drive His flock as a body, caring nothing for any of them in particular; but, if He is going to draw them after Him, He must work upon their inclinations, draw them by their personal favour to Him, and must therefore know them personally, and call them to follow, as it were, by name. Just the difference will be observed in this matter that pertains between the eastern shepherds and those of the west and north.

No sooner do we come upon this latter fashion of driving flocks a-field, than we see the noting, knowing, and calling of particular sheep disappear. When the driving and thrusting on before becomes the manner, there is no need of getting any one of them under a power of confidence and attraction, no need of noting them individually at all. So, if driving were in place, Christ might well enough let fall the fires of Sodom behind His flock, and drive them out, as He drove Lot's family, or his vain-hearted wife, out of the city. But the best use that could be made of such a flock, after all, would be to turn them into pillars of salt, and let them stand. No disciple is a real disciple till he becomes a follower, going after the Shepherd, as one that follows by name, and is drawn by love.

Here, then, is the beauty and glory of Christ as a Redeemer and Saviour of lost man, that He goes before, always before, and never behind His flock. He begins with infancy, that He may show a grace for childhood. He is made under the law, and carefully fulfils all righteousness there, that He may sanctify the law to us, and make it honourable. He goes before us in the bearing of temptations, that we may bear them after Him, being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He taught us forgiveness by forgiving Himself His enemies. He went before us in the loss of all things, that we might be able to follow, in the renouncing of the world and its dominion. The works of love that He requires of us, in words, are preceded and illustrated by real deeds of love, to which He gave up all His mighty powers from day to day. He bore the cross Himself that He commanded us to take up and bear after Him. Requiring us to hate even life for the Gospel's sake, He went before us in dying for the Gospel; suffering a death most bitter at the hand of enemies exasperated only by His goodness, and that when, at a word, He might have called to His aid whole legions of angels, and driven them out of the world. And then He went before us in the bursting of the grave and the resurrection from it; becoming, in His own person, the first-fruits of them that slept. And, finally, He ascended and passed within the veil before us, as our forerunner, whom we are to follow even there. In all which He is our Shepherd, going before us, and never behind; calling, but never driving; bearing all the losses He calls us to bear; meeting all the dangers, suffering all the cruelties and pains which it is given us to suffer, and drawing us to follow where He leads.

Narratives.

THE SLOP-SHOP WOMAN.*

Two robins, about to build their nest, were fluttering round a country-house belonging to a great engineer.† Somehow, they could not easily suit themselves with a convenient spot. At length they flew in at an open window, and finding a quiet uninhabited room, they agreed to take possession of it. The nest was built, the little ones hatched; all went on prosperously; until, one unhappy morning, the parent bird went out in search of food, leaving his mate sitting on the nest. When he came back with the supply, he could not get into the room; a servant, accidentally entering, had shut the window. Poor little things! The one kept her wings spread over her nestlings, and starved to death with them; her mate without, beat himself, day after day, against the window-panes. Three days this went on. At length the bird was observed by the master of the house: he went up, and opened the window; the bird flew in, sunk exhausted upon the floor, and soon after died. We sympathize with the little bird. Shall we not sympathize with our fellow-creatures when we see them painfully striving, and sometimes against insurmountable ob-

* *Earning a Living; or, From Hand to Mouth.* By M. A. S. Barber. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

† George Stephenson. This incident is related in his Life.

stacles, to provide for the wants of those they love?

Some time ago, there dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Tower two poor women: they lived together in the same house. One, Sarah P——, worked at her needle. Sarah had not had much to love in life. The daughter of a small tradesman in one of the busy thoroughfares at the west end of London, she had married, early in life, a labouring man, probably a mechanic. Her husband's master sent him to work at a job in the country, and he never returned. What became of him she never knew. Nearly forty years had passed away since then; nearly forty years, during which she had laboured patiently and industriously to earn her daily bread. Now she was old and alone in the world; but she still possessed a loving heart, and her warm affections seem to have expended themselves upon her neighbour, and her neighbour's little girl, whom the mother used to call "My Kitty." But if old Sarah had nothing to love, the mother had; and it does not appear that, while she lived, she made any cordial return for the friendship of her poor and lonely neighbour.

Death came; the mother, on her sick and dying bed, learned to appreciate the tender offices of her self-denying friend. "My poor woman," she said, laying her hands upon her, "if I had to live, how good I would be to you!" Then she bewailed the fate of her fatherless children, the babe to which she had not long given birth, and "My Kitty," for whom there remained no shelter but the workhouse. "I will take them," said Sarah; "both of them."

So the poor, lone woman folded both the little ones to her bosom, little ones whose daily bread was henceforth to be earned by her. It is true, there was no closed window between her and the objects of her love; but there were difficulties, very, very difficult to surmount.

Sarah's source of maintenance was her needle; and this she employed in working for the slop-shops, making trousers, which were cut out for her at the shop. Kitty was daily sent to school, and learned to read, and write, and cipher. To the great delight of her "grandmother," as she always called Sarah, she brought home from time to time pretty little books, the rewards of her industry, and other tokens of the approbation and affection of her teachers.

But still, food, lodging, clothing, these were the difficulties. At the end of ten months the baby died, so that Sarah's charge was reduced to the one child. But though her work seems to have been pretty constant, though she was an industrious, careful woman, much respected by all who knew her, yet to keep herself and even one child upon slop-work was a great, a very great, difficulty.

She had only one small back-room, in a Rag-Fair lane; yet for this she paid two shillings a week. The rent paid, barely so much as two shillings sometimes remained for food, coals, &c., and for candles, as Sarah worked early and late at her needle.

It was a hard struggle for daily bread: often there was *not enough;* that is, not enough for both. Then old Sarah gave it to her Kitty, and she, occasionally for her a whole day together, went herself without.

Then followed sickness: she had a bad leg, and became lame. She could hardly get to the shop to fetch her work, and take it home, for the pain. She became an out-patient of an hospital, but got no better. Of course not; the want was probably food, not medicine. How could a poor old woman, who denied herself enough bread at times for days together, be the better for medicine?

About this time, a City Missionary began to visit in the quiet little back-room. Feeling the old woman's privations, and knowing how ill her work was paid, how almost impossible it was for her to earn a living, he thought of getting the little orphan, now about ten years old, into an institution, where she would be well taught and cared for, and her feeble friend set free from the task of maintaining her. To his surprise, however, the offer was decidedly refused; nothing would induce her to part with "my Kitty." She met with a loss about this time. She was behind-hand with a week's rent, and the landlady insisted upon her leaving. She took another small room in the neighbourhood, paying for it a deposit of sixpence; but afterwards, having succeeded in getting up the arrears, she found it better to remain where she was; but the

sixpence was lost, of course, forfeited. The landlady also made her enter into an agreement, that if ever she was a week behind again, she was to leave.

Things went on in this way for some while, until fever, that great sorrow of the poor, laid poor little Kitty on a sick bed. Then she and her grandmother were left alone; for no one dared enter the room. Sarah was accustomed to be alone in the world; but the alarm spread, the neighbours got frightened, the landlady began to grumble, and insist upon the child being taken out of the house. Then Sarah's heart began to sink. "What should she do, if her darling were taken away?" Perhaps some day, when the poor sick little one was left alone, she might come back and find her gone. Also there was another danger. For a day or two, she had not been able to get any work at the shop. The well-remembered agreement about the rent was hanging over her; any week that the two shillings should not be ready, what might become of her child? None but the *very* poor know of the troubles from hand to mouth, the life without a future, the life which puts by nothing.

One day, when she was passing through Rosemary-lane, full of her sorrowful forebodings, she met the Missionary. He comforted her as well he could, and persuaded her that such a thing could not, should not, be. He would come and see the child, he said. All honour to the City Missionaries, and the other visiters of the sick, who enter unhesitatingly into the abodes of noxious and pestilential disease! In what other class of men amongst us, are so many lives offered up to the duties of Christian sympathy with the sick and dying? The Missionary went to the sick child, read the Bible, and prayed with her. In this case, however, his ministrations of comfort were not the only ones bestowed upon the little girl. The child had sent a message to her teachers, asking for their prayers, and telling of her sickness; and a kind friend had come in answer to comfort her. This kind friend also brought help of another sort, so that the terrors about the rent were averted for the present; and "my Kitty" in time got well.

And "my Kitty" and her grandmother were rich, notwithstanding the troubles of "from hand to mouth;" for the Scripture says, "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

Monthly Notes for Readers.

Mr. Mason has issued new editions of the Rev. George Cubitt's brief but singularly full and able comments on *The Parables of Christ;* Caroline Matilda Thayer's *Religion Recommended to Youth*, in which the doubts and hesitancy on this all-important matter so often met with among the young are most judiciously treated; and *A Father's Religious Counsels addressed to his Son at School*, by the Rev. David Hay. These "counsels" have been revised by the author for this edition; and the work in its now perfected form will abundantly sustain the reputation which his godly and practical pen, so well and frequently employed in the pages of "The Christian Miscellany," has deservedly brought him. We are glad that the Rev. Dr. Hannah's very able and edifying *Memoir of Mrs. Hincksman, of Lytham*, has been published in a separate form, accompanied with a beautiful portrait of that estimable and devoted lady. The Rev. Benjamin Frankland, B.A., has rendered good service to the Bible and to truth, by a work which he entitles *Intuitionalism; or, the Insufficiency of "the Pure Reason" in Matters of Religion.* Mr. Robert Plummer has written and published a *Memorial of Mr. Benjamin Pollard*, a devoted Class-Leader, well known in Leeds and the neighbourhood; and who earned for himself the title of "the praying little man." That gift and grace of prayer made Mr. Pollard what he was, and enabled his biographer, with perfect truth, to call this memorial an exemplification of "the successful Class-Leader." The New Tracts issued this month, under the direction of the Methodist Tract Committee, belong to the Large-Type Series, and are entitled, *Silver lining for a dark Cloud*, 8 pp.; *Where lies the Hindrance?* 12 pp.; and, *Ah! there is Danger*, 16 pp.

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED, at Eccles-Green, in the Hereford Circuit, March, 1858, ELIZABETH DAVIES, the beloved wife of Mr. William Davies. She was the subject of serious and religious impressions very early in life. Under the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists, she was led to see her need of personal salvation, and became at once decided, and united herself to the Society. She gave herself up to God, earnestly sought and found redemption through the blood of Christ, "the forgiveness of her sins." As a member of the church of Christ, she was steady and consistent. Her reliance on the atonement of her Saviour was firm and unshaken. She took a deep interest in the cause of the Redeemer; and while in health was an active collector for our Missionary Society. She was modest and retiring in her religious habits. She was sincerely and strongly attached to the Ministers of Christ, and cheerfully ministered to their necessities and comfort. During a long and painful affliction, she was patient and submissive, never uttering a murmur or complaint. When conversed with about her spiritual state and future prospects, her replies were always ready, confident, and satisfactory. She was blessedly sustained and cheered to the close of her affliction, and departed this life in great peace.

DIED, at Alkborough, in the Barton Circuit, March 4th, 1858, respected and beloved by all who knew her, MRS. MARY BREETON, aged seventy-nine. She feared the Lord from her youth, and early in her married life gave her heart fully to God. By a painful providence she was suddenly deprived of her pious and affectionate husband thirty-eight years ago; and by his death was brought from comfortable, into very trying, circumstances. She was remarkable for entire submission to the will of God, and simple, confiding trust in His care. When she had little, she was still; when a little was added to her small store, in her own cheerful, thankful way, she often said, "Now I am set up." She sometimes said, "I know God will never let me want;" and though, like the sparrows, she had neither storehouse nor barn, yet God fed her. Just before she died, her daughter said, "You are very ill." "Yes," she replied, "I am going." "Are you happy?" "Yes, happy, happy;" and soon after, almost imperceptibly, she passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beal, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Thornton-le-clay,	Easingwold,	74	Feb. 6th, 1861.
Blakebrough, Mrs.,	Peckhill,	Bedale,	65	April 25th, 1860.
Brittain, Walker,	Howden,	Howden,	21	March 9th, 1861.
Clewes, William,	Yeavely,	Ashbourne,	34	Nov. 16th, 1860.
Cooper, William,	Ashbourne,	Ashbourne,	81	Jan. 13th, 1861.
Davidson, Thomas E.,	Douglas,	Douglas, Isle of Man,	21	March 9th, 1861.
Gardner, Jane,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	73	March 11th, 1861.
Gardner, Thomas,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	63	Oct. 11th, 1860.
Greenwood, Mrs. H.,	Thornton-le-clay,	Easingwold,	74	Jan. 27th, 1861.
Henderson, Mrs. Sarah,	Lisnahanna,	Lowtherstown,	36	Jan. 29th, 1861.
Hughes, Alice,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	78	Feb. 11th, 1861.
Martin, Thomas,	Bentley,	Ashbourne,	83	March 31st, 1860.
Morgan, Margaret,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	65	March 4th, 1861.
Mosgrove, Mrs. Isabella,	Lisnahanna,	Lowtherstown,	64	March 5th, 1861.
Mosley, Mrs. Mary,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	76	Nov. 15th, 1860.
Outhwaite, Mrs. Elizth.,	Hutton-Sessay,	Easingwold,	88	Dec. 27th, 1860.
Parnaby, Miss Martha,	Kilburn,	Easingwold,	27	Nov. 23d, 1860.
Wingate, Mary M.,	Portland,	Portland,	26	Sept. 28th, 1860.

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WESLEYAN CHAPEL, AND CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE, SCHOOL, AND SOLDIERS' READING-ROOM, CURRAGH CAMP.

METHODISM IN THE ARMY.

The Curragh of Kildare is one of the finest commons in Europe. Nearly from old Kilcullen, to that distant point where the ancient town of Kildare, with its high round tower, and remains of ecclesiastical splendour, stands boldly outlined on the horizon, it stretches in an expanse of beautiful green sward, six miles in length, with an oval circumference of almost twenty miles. This area contains about five thousand acres. To the eye of the casual observer, it appears one vast plain, but when examined more closely, especially by one having to traverse it in all directions, many a stout hill is encountered; steep elevations are seen, and between them picturesque ravines; while here and there, in the smoothest level, large basins dip, in which thousands of men can stand massed without being discovered, until the foot of their foe would be on the brink of the hollow. Hence, as a place for military strategy, and for acquiring the whole art of war, it has probably no superior. The ancients appreciated it so; for history tells us that in feudal times, and in the earlier part of the modern era, it was resorted to

for military purposes, and was the scene of sanguinary conflict, which record, various indications on its surface help to confirm. In later days it was chiefly notorious as a race-ground. Again, however, it has resumed its more ancient character, and the camp bids fair to eclipse the course as an attraction. Here grand reviews are held, and "field-days" take place almost every week, for half the year; and all the year round there is incessant drill and ball-practice. Officers and soldiers are accustomed to act together in large bodies; and the Generals, in the absence of, or preparation for, actual warfare, have plenty of scope to design and execute the plans of battles. Altogether they are well worked; and there is nothing like keeping them busy; so that with having to live in huts and tents, with a commissariat now admirably organized from among themselves, they learn to "rough it," and are thus made ready for real campaigning. No place can exceed the Curragh in a sanitary point of view, unless it may be in the case of radical unsoundness, such as pulmonary disease; and the health of the troops is consequently excellent. The experience of nearly six years has fully established the wise choice of the authorities in selecting this for their camp in Ireland.

While so much attention is necessarily bestowed on the soldier's physical man, we are happy to state that increasing efforts are made to improve his intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. Schools and libraries have been established, in which the men can most advantageously spend their leisure-time. Many who entered the army wholly illiterate have acquired in it a considerable amount of education. In the discharge of their duties, they receive vastly less of rude coercion than in former days, and they are made, as far as possible, to respect one another as well as their superiors. It is justly due to the present Royal Commander-in-Chief to say that as he works our military system, it appeals more strongly than ever to the moral nature; and his recent classification of the men according to conduct, especially seems to us, in all its bearings, an admirable measure. Chaplains of the Established Church, of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Romanists, are duly appointed, and paid by Government; and if their souls' health do not prosper, the soldiers can hardly in fairness attribute the fault to the authorities. They must worship somewhere *once* every Sunday, but they are at perfect liberty to make their own choice. Two large churches in this camp are always well filled; and when, in the height of the season, thirteen thousand troops are encamped, several services have to be held in succession.

The attention of the Irish Wesleyan-Methodist Conference was early directed to this important station. A Chaplain was appointed in the year 1856, who ministered faithfully and successfully to the Wesleyans quartered here, to whom the use of a hut for public worship was for a short time permitted. When this was withdrawn, the service was adjourned to the house of a good friend, until reasons arose for its discontinuance. Strong efforts were made to secure ground, and build a place of worship, but without success. On the appointment of the present Chaplain, renewed application was made to the authorities for accommo-

dation. A promise was actually obtained from one in high command that it should be granted; but for reasons best known to the authorities it was cancelled. An application for ground met with similar refusal. At last, however, after encountering many difficulties, a good site was obtained from Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods, &c.; and on this royal grant, the chapel and Chaplain's residence, as depicted in the cut, were duly erected by voluntary effort. In September last, the chapel was "opened" for public worship, under most favourable and providential auspices. Ever since, the Wesleyan troops have been paraded for it, and in large numbers have voluntarily attended likewise; and, best of all, the blessing of God has marked its services with a most encouraging measure of success. Several can already rejoicingly point to that house, and say, "We were born there."

The erection of the school and soldiers' reading-room, the centre building, is delayed for want of funds; but it is to be hoped that those who love this good cause will soon afford the means of completing this most necessary portion of the plan. S. P.

Curragh-Camp.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

(*Concluded from page* 132.)

II. THE MOTHER'S SOLDIER-BOY.

In the younger of our University-towns, upon the register of whose colleges are found the names of John Milton, England's bard; Isaac Newton, England's philosopher; Thomas Babington Macaulay, the latest and most brilliant of England's historians;—each of these in his day was a monarch in his own right, holding undisputed empire in his own realm; wielding the highest of all sceptres, that of thought, in the grandest and wealthiest of all dominions, that of mind;—in that town, about the year 1855, a youth, of about eighteen years of age, received from a recruiting-Sergeant the ominous shilling. Not long after he removed to Gibraltar with a detachment of the regiment he had joined; and in the year 1858 embarked there, on board the "Lord Raglan," for Hong Kong in China, where he died soon after his arrival. These were facts in his history which his pious mother was acquainted with. Though resigned to the dispensation which had removed her son into the eternal world, she continued to feel extremely anxious to ascertain whether or no her son had died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The official announcement of his death by the authorities at the War Office, contained in it, of course, not a word as to his spiritual condition at the time of his departure. Still she prayed that she might know, and sought every opportunity of ascertaining, the circumstances of his death. During her suspense, she was sustained by the hope that he had experienced the saving grace of God, as, for some time before he left Gibraltar for China, the tone

of his letters had become serious and devout. By the concurrence of the following circumstances, the information she so ardently wished for was obtained: happily it was of a character fully to confirm her hope, and she was indeed made joyful in spirit when she ascertained that he had only gone before to the skies.

In the winter of 1859, in the town already alluded to, a meeting of the Soldiers' Friend Society was held, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the support of a Scripture-Reader to be sent out to the army in India, in memory of the late gallant and devoted Sir Henry Lawrence. The meeting was numerously attended; the Earl of Hardwicke presided; and amongst the speakers were the honoured names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Sir John Lawrence, the brother to the late Sir Henry. A man from the ranks, Corporal W——, also addressed the meeting, and incidentally alluded to the stay of the First Royals at the Rock of Gibraltar, from whence he had recently returned to England. At the close of the meeting, a young lady asked the Corporal, as he had referred to the First Royals in his remarks at the meeting, if he knew one who had belonged to that regiment named Thomas Moore, who left Gibraltar for Hong Kong in 1858. She stated that she inquired on behalf of his mother, who was anxious to have fuller particulars of his life and death than she had yet been able to obtain. The Corporal recollected a man of that name, and promised he would endeavour to satisfy her inquiries. Upon his return home he consulted his Class-Book,—for he had been a Leader at Gibraltar,—and found there the name of Thomas Moore. Aided thus by his book, which testified to the most praiseworthy attendance at the class-meeting on the part of Moore, he was able distinctly to remember him; his first visit to the class, and his uniform punctuality except when on duty. He could remember, too, that Corporal Moore had, during his stay at Gibraltar, walked in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. More than this, from his own personal knowledge, he could not add. Another chapter in the life of Moore was wanting which Corporal W—— could not have written himself. This, however, a letter which he had just before received from a Sergeant W——, of the First Royals, Moore's regiment, enabled him to do. That letter acquainted him with the circumstances of their voyage to China; how he and a few other pious soldiers, among whom was Corporal Moore, had continued to hold their prayer-meetings on board ship, in spite of an attempt made by some persons on board to have them discontinued; and added, last of all, the sequel to this narrative, that Corporal Moore, who was brought to God under the ministry of the Rev. G. Alton, at Gibraltar, died in the Lord at Hong Kong in the early part of the year 1859. Every link in the chain of Corporal Moore's history was now complete. Corporal W—— soon after conveyed this most gratifying intelligence to the mother of the departed soldier. Greatly did she rejoice that God had answered her prayers for the conversion of her son. She yields to Him, also, the tribute of gratitude for having, in so unexpected a manner, gratified her wish in making her acquainted with his spiritual condition at the time of his

death. And she now waits until her own change shall come, when, beyond "the weeping and the parting," she shall rejoin her son, who was born at C——, born again at Gibraltar, and was received up into glory from Hong Kong, in China, in the year 1859.

Such incidents as those we have been narrating speak volumes to the praise of God's grace; and they read us many lessons of the liveliest encouragement. Here we have accumulating evidence that "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" and that the prayer of faith shall not remain unanswered, though that answer may seem to tarry for a while: and here, too, we cannot but rejoice with some of the more immediate subjects of these incidents, who, by the concurrence of unexpected circumstances, have found their prayers answered. In relation to the efforts now making on behalf of the soldiers born of Methodist parentage at Aldershot, and elsewhere, these facts may not prove uninteresting, as they relate the conversion of two soldiers, upon our own Mission station at Gibraltar, which is to a considerable extent a military Mission station. We owe such efforts to our "men of war," both as patriots and as Methodists. As patriots, we should seek the conversion of our soldiers, because our country is never so well guarded from aggression as when her shores are defended by God-fearing men: as Methodists, we owe a large debt of evangelical effort to our gallant troops, and especially to those of them who are the sons of Methodist parents, who have been dedicated to God at the font of Methodism, and who have received their early, and in many cases, perhaps, their only, training in the Sunday-schools of Methodism. These men are ours by their parentage, by their baptism, and by the labours of our Sabbath-school Teachers; and we should give them Pastors and Teachers after their own heart. Many of them will then, by the blessing of God, be saved to us as Methodists, and to the church of God as Christians. They will also become powerful auxiliaries to our extensive Missionary operations wherever a British soldier is called to exercise his profession in distant lands, when they as a class shall embody in their lives the righteousness, without which neither individuals nor nations are of much worth.

Ely. ——— W. D. W.

MAN'S TRUE LIFE.

"He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." (John vi. 57.)

What is it to live? Anything truly lives when it fills up the capacities of its being: and anything is dead, just in proportion as its faculties or functions are inoperative. When, in the frame of an animal, pulsation ceases, and the breath is gone, we say of it that it is dead, although, as mere matter, that frame is alive with energy. Life in the animal does not consist merely in material force, but in organic vitality; and therefore, we regard the distinct force of the organic vitality; and if that is

gone, although the material forces operate, it is dead. But in man we rise to a still higher grade. We see in him not only material force and organic vitality, but an element of spiritual existence. He has within him that which the brute has not,—this element of spiritual existence. Surely, then, man does not really live—is not alive to the full extent of his being, when he exists only as an animal—has only breath and pulsation, sense and appetite. Some may call this living, and think it is living. It may be all they comprehend in their idea of being alive; perhaps it is all they have ever known of living; but no man can be largely self-conscious, no man can look into his own nature and trace the deep lines of his own experience, and then think that all life consists in this mere animal, organic form of living.

And here comes up the old, everlasting fact; old, yet always new, always fresh in its suggestion; that man is not, like the brute, satisfied with meat and drink, but has faculties which overleap all sensual indulgence. When we are appalled by the spectacle of universal decay; when for a moment we start back at the phenomenon of death, seeing those we live with, and with whom we are associated, dropping around us like autumn leaves; when our vision fails to penetrate beyond the dark boundary that limits the horizon of this life, we always fall back with great confidence and assurance upon the thought, that there are in man faculties that the material objects of this life do not satisfy; there are within him powers that develop beyond the limitations and resources of this life. We look around upon nature, and see all other creatures filling up the full orbit of their being, every faculty employed, every desire satisfied. There is the air, through which the free wings of the bird may beat; there is the sunshine, that awakens the joyousness of its song; there is everything adapted to it, to call out the fulness and glory of its being. Man alone is the unsatisfied one; man alone yearns for that which is higher,—that which is beyond. But, assured that there is harmony in the universe, we say that there must be something more than the animal and material, something more than meat and drink. Almost all men feel this. I say almost all men, because there are spiritual idiots as well as intellectual idiots. There are men, I mean, whose whole spiritual nature seems totally dead; who, perhaps, may have no throbbing instinct of a higher life; no sense of spiritual being; but, taking men in their normal condition, I repeat, every man has some sense of this higher life within him, demanding something better and more exalted than the objects of this outward world.

If you should take a human heart and listen to it, it would be like listening to a sea-shell; you would hear in it the hollow murmur of the infinite ocean to which it belongs, from which it draws its profoundest inspiration, and for which it yearns. Man, then, has a higher nature, which must have its aliment, its food, or practically and essentially that nature dies. It is the peculiarity of Christianity that it announces this truth. It has made man conscious of his inward life; it has shown to each man the immortality of his own soul. It is one thing to believe,

as some philosophers do, speculatively, in immortality; to reason out a future life, like Plato or Cicero. It is another thing for each man to feel his own immortality; to be conscious of the spiritual essence of his own inward nature. And this was what Christianity did. It gave to men a profound conviction of their own spiritual being. They realized it as they never realized it before. They were convinced of it, and knew it. It was to them that Jesus Christ addressed Himself. This was the reason why He looked below the outward conditions, why He consorted with the publican and sinner as with the Scribe and Pharisee. This was the reason why the Samaritan was as precious to Him as the Jew; why He died for all, and not for some. He saw the spiritual nature of man in all its priceless capacity, in all its quenchless immortality; and to that He spoke, to that He addressed Himself, when He bade His hearers eat of His flesh and drink of His blood, saying, "He that eateth Me, shall live by Me."

Each kind or nature in the universe is linked in its own chain of dependencies. The body depends on things material, and those things material in turn have a material source. Were it not for the unmistakable lineaments which they present, and were we to consider nothing but the material phenomena of nature, we might say that this perhaps is true; that matter only proves the existence of matter. But the moment we look upon the soul of man,—that which is deepest and most peculiar, that which distinguishes him from all animal existence, that which constitutes his humanity,—we must ascribe it to some higher source than matter. You cannot think that the affection of the human heart is born of the dust; you cannot think that the yearning for the beautiful and good which springs up in the soul of man comes merely out of the slime of matter, or out of the abyss of our mere sensual nature. Whence comes love so mighty, breathing in every heart; whence the gravitation and attraction of the social world, if not from loving sources? Whence comes the intelligence of man? You cannot suppose that to have sprung from the dust, simply by the conditions of material nature. Whence comes mounting and deathless thought, that soars beyond the highest stars, and seeks the unities of nature? Surely you cannot suppose that this, the crown of man's nature, has all come from dust and ashes. And whence man's sense of sin, his consciousness of moral freedom, the deep, earnest breathings of conscience? Whence come they? Are they the suggestions of a nature that has sprung from the dust, and returns back to nothingness? If you could take away every other proof of the existence of a God; if you could blot out the universe, with all its glorious elements of harmony, order, and wonder; yet, looking into the deep soul of man, and beholding there a sense of sin, a feeling of obligation, of duty, of responsibility, you would be compelled to say, this soul of man proves the existence of a moral, intelligent source over and above the material world.

Each thing is linked to things of its own kind. The soul of man, living, intelligent, and morally conscious, is linked to an intelligent and moral God, and by Him and in Him alone can it live. The soul of man,

this intelligent, this living, this moral nature of man, cannot link itself to mere sensation and matter; cannot live merely by material things; by the world's wealth, its fame; by meat, drink, ease, and raiment. It depends for its development, for its noblest action, for its highest end, upon communion with the infinite intelligence, love, and freedom from which it came.

Now Jesus Christ came to bring mankind into communion with that infinite intelligence, love, and freedom, by bringing man's soul into communion with Himself; so that living in Jesus Christ, we might live in the Father, and living by Jesus, we might be brought into communion with our highest life and highest possibilities. As Christ becomes assimilated to our inner spiritual being, so we truly live. There is no vagueness about this at all. It is the simple statement of the truth. When Jesus says, "I came to reveal the Father; I came to bring you to life in Me, and in the Father;" He utters no vague, mysterious truth. He came to bring our nature, our spiritual being, into communion with Himself, that, by communing with Himself, we might commune with God, and thus truly live.

SAD PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF AN OLD NONCONFORMIST FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 139.)

"I FURTHER told him," says Dr. Calamy, "that I could not see how his father could interpose in order to his being spared, unless he discerned some ground to hope, that if he was spared he would grow better. He told me frankly, that for his part he had no hope of it; nay, that he was rather satisfied he should grow worse and worse; which was but small encouragement. After a great deal of such sort of discourse, I put up a serious prayer with him, and came away with the father, who, upon the whole, demanded my advice in the case.

"I told him he must judge for himself, and I could not see how another could determine for him. I insinuated that though the unfitness of his unhappy son to launch into eternity was very evident, yet, if upon his being spared, he should be guilty of other gross acts of villany and wickedness, it might be questioned whether or not his concern and endeavours to procure the continuance of his forfeited life, though he was his own child, would not make him in a measure responsible before God, for having a hand in them, and contributing to them. I committed him to the Divine direction and conduct, but was sorry I could give him no more encouragement vigorously to interpose for his son's preservation. I added, that were I in his case, I should have a great regard to the advice of his uncle Dr. Jekyl, (who was his mother's brother,) who, I understood, was to be with him the next morning.

"That gentleman, as I was afterwards informed, was actually with him at that time, as he designed, and, among a great many other questions proposed, asked him whether or not, in all the time he had been confined in Newgate, he had ever bowed his knees to the great God, making it his earnest request to Him to give him a sight and sense of his sins, and to work in him a soft and tender heart, in order to his living better, if his life should be prolonged, and he delivered out of the danger he was in. Upon which, he freely owned that he had not, and

that he thought it to no purpose to attempt anything of that kind.

"He afterwards made him an offer, that if he would but make him a promise, that he would every morning and evening duly pray to God to give him His grace, in order to his leading a new life, he would interpose for his reprieve, and did not doubt of procuring it, and would endeavour that it might be followed with a pardon. But he positively refused to come under any such engagement. Upon which, the poor gentleman retired with great concern, and did not think fit to give himself any farther trouble about him, but declared he was very much of the opinion, that if he was any longer spared, he would be very likely to prove a yet farther and greater curse than ever.

"On the day upon which this peculiarly unhappy youth was executed, I spent several hours with the father and the rest of the children in his chamber. A very melancholy day it was, though an instructive one. I went to them about eleven in the morning, and, coming into the chamber, found the father lying upon his bed, and the children sitting round him. After some discourse both to the father and the children, I put up a prayer with them, suitable to the awful occasion, begging that so startling a dispensation of Divine Providence as that was, might be remarkably sanctified, and that all of us might have wisdom and grace from heaven to make a right improvement of it. Nor did I forget that poor creature that was then to make his exit; begging that He that had all hearts within His reach would in such a manner work upon him that was near his end, as that he who had taken so much pains to sin himself out of the reach of the Divine mercy, might be touched with such contrition that he might give glory to God. Both father and children seemed not a little affected. I still continued with them, talking one while to the poor father, and another while to the children, doing what in me lay to promote some good impression from so melancholy a Providence as this, both on the one and on the other.

"At length, between one and two o'clock, the father on a sudden broke out into a violent fit of crying, and all the children, as it were with one common consent, fell to crying and roaring in a manner that was affecting. I sat still on my chair by the bedside, without attempting to stop or check it, and in some time it a little abated. But upon my beginning to speak, it broke out afresh. Therefore, I made a further pause, till they began to be composed. Then I asked the father, what the occasion might be of the agony I observed he was in? I made it my request he would give me satisfaction, whether the consideration of the case of his unhappy son, who he might reasonably suppose was about that very time launching into eternity, was the sole ground and occasion of it, or whether any particular passage coming then into his mind, might contribute to it? Upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he told me the following memorable story:—

"'Sir,' said he, 'when this wretched creature, that I now count myself a miserable man that I ever was a father to, was a very young child, and our only child, my wife and I were so fond, as even to dote upon him. It pleased God then to visit him with a fever, and we were not satisfied with using such means as were within our reach in order to his relief, looking upwards for a blessing upon them; but we thought that our lives were bound up in his, and were apt to imagine we should be perfectly undone, if we should lose him; upon which I was earnest with God to spare him. One evening, particularly, as I was praying in my family, I was more than ordinarily importunate with God to continue him to us, and ran into

some expressions that discovered an indecent earnestness.'

"He added, that a good Christian woman, a country friend, then in the family, came to visit them in their affliction, and took particular notice of it, and freely reasoned with him; and as he was, one time, rising from his knees, charged him home with an immoderate vehemence of spirit, and told him that he seemed to carry the matter so far, that she dreaded the consequence. Whereupon he told her that it was not possible for him to help it. She gave it him as her judgment, that it was better and safer, and much more becoming, to leave the matter to an infinitely wise God, who knows the end from the beginning, than for such weak creatures as we, so much to seek as to futurities, to pretend to be positive and peremptory, as to any events that fall out that we have concern in. His answer was, that he could not bear the thoughts of losing his child, of which he apprehended there was great danger. She desired him to consider how little he knew what that child might prove if he should live to be a man; and how unreasonable therefore it was in him to pretend to say, that he could not bear the thoughts of losing him. The poor father, in the agony of his spirit, made answer, 'Let him prove what he will, so he is but spared, I shall be satisfied.'

"'This,' said he, 'I now see to have been my folly. For, through the just hand of God, I have lived to see this wretched son of mine, a heart-breaking cross to them that loved him with the greatest tenderness, a disgrace to my whole family, and likely to bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to my grave. I read my sin very distinctly in my punishment; but must own, that God is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.'

"As I could not but be much affected with such a passage as this myself, so have I often told it, very particularly at such times as I have been called, in the way of my function, to visit parents that were in sore affliction and distress of spirit, for the loss of their children while they were yet young. I have several times observed that the telling it has had a good effect, and helped to compose, silence, and quiet, notwithstanding the aptness of most parents to hope well as to their own children, what wretched crosses soever they many times find the children of others prove to them.

"I do not, however, think it needful to dilate upon the little effect, for any good purpose, that such an awful dispensation of Providence as this was, taken in all its circumstances, had on the other children who survived, or even upon the father himself. The judgments of God are sometimes unsearchable, and 'His ways past finding out;' and I think it sufficient to add, that this proved afterwards, in the several parts and members of it, as unhappy and miserable a family as any I ever knew, which was generally observed by all their friends and acquaintance, and which, I think, should be a warning to all who know or hear of it, 'to take heed lest their hearts be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.'"

BORROWED MISERY.

"Take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (Matt. vi. 34.)

THE pure, wise, and holy words of Jesus, says Dr. Hamilton, in "Good Words," we sometimes tremble to touch them. Usually they are so plain and simple that it is needless to expound them; and, in themselves so weighty, what argument can enforce them? Yet occasionally, in order to rouse the reader's attention, and excite his reasoning or reflective powers, they start up into a momentary paradox, and, like every paradox, they may be misunderstood or perverted.

In the present instance, is it not strange that He should say, "Take no thought for the morrow?" Was it not very much His object to make people thoughtful, and to get them to send their minds forward from an absorbing present to an overwhelming and all-important future? Was it not very much His object to get them to prefer to this little day of life the long morrow of eternity? And even, within the bounds of this present life, did He not urge them to prefer to the sinful gratifications of the passing hour, the good conscience of next year, and the serene satisfaction of an innocent and unreproachable old age?

Precisely so. And in the context this is His lesson. He exhorts us to take God for our Master, and not mammon; and this on the great principle that God is sure to take good care of His servants. Mammon is a tyrant. He takes all the work out of his slaves, and then tells them to do the best they can for themselves. In other words, they have to do a double drudgery. They have to take thought at once, for mammon's "to-day" and their own "to-morrow." But "seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." God is a good Master. Whether he be a Prophet beside the brook, or the raven who brings that Prophet his daily bread; whether they be a million of pilgrims spending forty years in the desert, or those lilies on the mountain-side, God feeds His servants and clothes them; and whilst they to-day are doing *His* work, He is taking care for *their* morrow.

Such is the wisdom from above, such is the Divine philosophy taught by the Lord Jesus, and such is the great life-lesson learned by His meek and docile scholars. If right to-day, you are right for eternity. If God reigns in your heart, you will be in His kingdom, and under His care, whether in the body or absent from it. Should to-morrow introduce you to the unseen world, you need take no thought for it; for if safe now, you will be safe then. Or should many years on earth await you, there is no day in all the distance which will develop aught absolutely "evil;" for in all that protracted morrow, God lives and rules, and He will "take thought" for it, so that you shall not be tempted above that which you are able to bear, nor swallowed up of overmuch sorrow.

You say that you never like to anticipate your income. You do not like to live on borrowed money; but is it not as bad to live on borrowed misery? Yet, what else are you doing? At present, you are in excellent health, but you have a great dread of pain; and when you think of some violent malady or fearful operation which may yet await you, it brings the perspiration to your brow. At present, you have your family all around you; but the thought of possible separation sinks your spirit, and makes you groan amidst your happiness. At present, you have bread to eat, and can pay your way; but what if you were at last becoming poor? And so, in order to create a fund of carefulness, in order to get materials for gloom and foreboding, you go forward and borrow crosses and vexations from the future.

Is it right, when the Father of mercies is surrounding you with good and perfect gifts, instead of receiving and using them with thanksgiving,—is it right to look over the top of them? is it right to stand on tiptoe, and try to detect some calamity not seen as yet? When there is evil in the day actually passing,—sin of your own, and perhaps sorrow of God's sending,—is it right to say that this evil is insufficient, and so add to it a forestalment of evil from days to come, yes, and from days that may never come to you? And when you say that to

your heavenly Father you can intrust your whole eternity, is it right to take out of His hands, and assume as your own special and undivided charge, the brief residue of your earthly sojourn?

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Even within the day now present there is probably less evil than you fancy. There is great art in packing; and if "every man must bear his own burden," he need not lumber about with him a great shapeless heap, clumsy to carry, and jostling every passenger; nor need he adjust it so awkwardly as to gall his own shoulders; but he should make it as compact and portable as the case permits. And see to it, that it really is the burden of the Lord, the care, the cross, the trial He sends. In order to waste your happiness, and so weaken your power for your proper work, the devil will try to put a burden of his own on your back; but don't you be cheated. Before setting out morning by morning, throw aside all the rubbish which he would persuade you to take up as part of "the evil of the day," and which will keep you panting, sighing, groaning to the close. Throw aside that rubbish—fancied slights, false shame, the fear of others. Your sorest trials, putting one day with another, and adding together the little but long-continued griefs, your sorest trials have arisen not from dispensations of Providence, but from devices of the devil, or from purely gratuitous grievances, self-inflicted sufferings. Not a hair of your head has been injured, but your feelings have been hurt. No subtraction has been made from any solid good which you possess, but some one has been speaking unkindly about you, or to you. There is some little misunderstanding which Satan's bellows, the busy-body, is trying to blow up into a quarrel, or a conflagration: some apparent neglect, some careless word, some trivial affair of personal dignity; such trash that it is a shame to call it a trial. And yet, if the devil can persuade you to treat it as such, if he can get you to put it up along with the cross, and carry it as a tribulation, it will prove no light affliction. You will look as gloomy, and be really more wretched, than if it were only a fortnight after your dearest friend's funeral. You will be far more miserable, because far more morose, than if you had lost half your fortune. And, to crown the whole, from this sour and unsanctified sorrow no peaceable fruit will survive; but, after being so foolish as to forego much happiness, and so frustrate much strength and energy, you are mortified to find that it has been all a mistake; that this was no Divinely-appointed affliction, but a mere devil's vexation; and that you would have been a wiser as well as a better man if you had not once allowed a thing so paltry to distress you.

But besides reducing the evil of each day to its real dimensions,—that is, besides rejecting all grief not of God's sending, and resolutely refusing to anticipate the grief of to-morrow,—in order to be without carefulness, commit your care to Him, who, beside taking thought for your morrow, will take care of your present day. You may trust Him; He does not grudge your happiness. He has given you good proofs how much He desires it. And if you will only surrender to the guidance of His word, His providence, and Spirit, that happiness you cannot miss. It may sometimes come in strange disguises, or with startling precursors. It may come in crape as well as in festive attire, and is as likely to meet you under the cypress as under the myrtle. It may sometimes play a serenade or sing a Christmas carol under your window; but it may also rouse you from your sleep by the cry of "Fire!" or some other terror of the night. But when a grief comes from God, He Himself

comes with it. Nay, He comes before it. He is with you already, preparing you for it, strengthening you to bear it, in His everlasting arms upholding you, and by His own Spirit fortifying and tranquillizing you. And of such a history, without unduly anticipating that which shall be on the morrow, we may safely predict that the conclusion will bring out on the Lord's side nothing unkind or capricious, but much that has surpassed all your hopes and confounded all your fears. Like a late amiable young Minister, (Rev. George Wagner, of Brighton,) who, when he could preach no more, wrote the following short sermon on the text, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant," you will be able to say in the retrospect,—

"Thou hast dealt well in seeking me when I sought not Thee;

"Well, in giving me what I have not asked;

"Well, in refusing what I have asked;

"Well, in calling me to the service of Thy church;

"Well, in calling me to suffer, instead of serve;

"Well, in succouring me in temptation;

"Well, in guiding my wandering feet.

"Thou hast dealt mercifully with me when I have sinned;

"Bountifully with me when I have been brought low;

"Gently with me when I have been in trial;

"And faithfully with me at all times."

SALVATION "TO THE UTTERMOST."

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

THESE words of encouragement were spoken to one who was seeking the Saviour. It was the beginning of the night-watch: we had asked to be allowed to minister to her bodily wants, that we might ascertain her spiritual state, and lead her to Christ; and a faithful servant, who would otherwise have been her attendant, waved her claim in our favour. There were circumstances of peculiar interest in the case of our beloved sufferer, claiming our tenderest sympathies: an engagement, of many years' standing, soon to be consummated, had suddenly been severed by death. Hopes were blighted, affections crushed, preparations laid aside, smiles exchanged for tears, a cheerful countenance for one of perpetual sadness; the one for whom she had lived was hidden from her earthly vision for ever, the fond anticipations of joy in which she had been wont to indulge could never now be realized. Friends around her were kind and sympathizing; and all that a praying mother's love could suggest was provided to alleviate the heart-agony, and raise the drooping spirits of her child; but she never rallied.

She was the first-born, the gayest, and brightest of a large family; but she had not sought a refuge from the ills of life in the Saviour; and now that this bitter sorrow had come upon her, it was more than she could bear, and, after months of general debility and great languor, she became ill.

Soon after our arrival on the evening named, the medical man paid his last visit for the day, and then told her sorrowing friends that there was no hope of her recovery. It was with the solemn feeling that she must soon die, and that this, perhaps, would be the last opportunity we should have of conversing with her upon religious subjects, that we entered the sick-chamber. Earnestly had we prayed that each word might be suggested by the Holy Spirit, that we might be the instrument of conveying Divine truth to her mind. Awhile she appeared to slumber: at length she moved, and in a low tone of voice we repeated the precious words above-quoted. How

she accepted them, her looks testified; and she said, "But I want more faith." The reply was, "My God shall supply all your need." "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." And so, to each remark of hers, Scripture words were suggested in reply; and we thought of the Saviour's words to His disciples, "It is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." And so the night passed; Divine light illumined her mind, and before the dawning of the day she rejoiced in the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, and His healing beams conveyed peace and comfort to her heart.

Very early in the morning her mother came into the room: evidently she had spent the night-watches in pleading with God for the salvation of her child; and now again she realized that He does indeed answer prayer.

"Mother, I have been wayward, and selfish, and worldly, and have caused you much sorrow; but God has pardoned my sins, and I know that you will forgive me." So clear a testimony—no doubt expressed, but firm confidence in God's forgiving love—fully repaid her mother for the many years spent in believing prayer; and, after a few questions and most satisfactory answers, we knelt and praised God for this renewed token of His power on earth to forgive sin.

Bitterly she regretted the years spent in the service of the world; thankfully she adored God's mercy in assuring her that her "sins, which were many," were "all forgiven her;" and earnestly did she pray that those dear to her might be led to forsake their sins, and to serve the Lord. And in reference to the sad bereavement which had shattered her health and broken her spirits, she said one day to a relative, "I see mercy now in God's providential dealings. I believe He used the best means to bring me to Himself; and I thank Him, though it was painful indeed."

Some days elapsed, but, through grace, her faith in Christ as her Saviour remained unshaken. Once she expressed a fear as to whether she should be faithful unto death; but she derived much comfort and strength from a text repeated to her by her Minister: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Then came the last day of her earthly sojourn: about three o'clock P.M. a marked change took place, and death stamped his seal upon her brow. Awhile she lay speechless, and apparently unconscious; but she raised her hands in the attitude of prayer, in which her mother engaged, commending her dying child to God. Afterwards she spoke, and witnessed "a good confession" before the different members of her family, each of whom she exhorted to meet her in heaven. No doubts, no fears were permitted to harass her mind; she was kept in "perfect peace" by the good Shepherd who careth for His flock. For several hours she lingered, calmly "looking unto Jesus;" and then departed, to be "for ever with the Lord." Pain of body and mental suffering, languor and weariness, sorrow and tears, sighing and regret, were exchanged for "quietness and assurance for ever," the unclouded vision of her God and Saviour and Comforter, the "fulness of joy" in His presence, and "pleasures for evermore."

Let the young who read this, who are still undecided for God, learn, at once, to make Him their Friend, and to secure His blessing. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not;" and let those who are on the Lord's side learn still further to adore God's faithfulness in answering the prayers of His believing people; let them be encouraged to persevere in prayer for the conversion of relatives who are yet strangers to true religion, firmly

trusting in the promise secured to them by the blood of the covenant; "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." S. A. B.

ONE OF THE GREAT DELUSIONS OF INFIDELITY.

I UNDERSTAND that as the most dangerous, because the most attractive, form of modern infidelity, says Ruskin, which, pretending to exalt the beneficence of the Deity, degrades it into a reckless infinitude of mercy, and blind obliteration of the work of sin; and which does this chiefly by dwelling on the manifold appearances of God's kindness on the face of creation. Such kindness is, indeed, everywhere and always visible, but not alone.

Wrath and threatening are invariably mingled with the love; and in the utmost solitudes of nature the existence of hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances, as of heaven. It is well for us to dwell with thankfulness on the unfolding of the flower, and the falling of the dew, and the sleep of the green fields in the sunshine; but the blasted trunk, the barren rock, the moaning of the bleak winds, the roar of the black perilous whirlpools of the mountain's streams, the solemn solitudes of moors and seas, the continual fading of all beauty into darkness, and of all strength into dust, —have these no language for us? We may seek to escape their teachings by reasonings touching the good which is wrought out of all evil; but it is vain sophistry. The good succeeds to the evil as day succeeds the night, but so also does the evil to the good. Gerizim and Ebal, birth and death, light and darkness, heaven and hell, divide the existence of man and his futurity.

THE WEEDED GARDEN.

WHATEVER we may think of the hardships of the vagrant life, it is not without a considerable share of interest. The study of the physiognomy of those appealed to, and the exercise of the imitative faculties, give it a great zest; the calculation of chances, too, has great excitement connected with it. The proof of the charm of this strange life lies in the difficulty of reclaiming those who have adopted it. It is told of a Justice who had a nice place near London, that he contrived to have his garden and pleasure-ground constantly kept free from weeds without his being put to any cost. The moment a beggar solicited alms at his door, he would ask why he was not at work.

"Work! Bless your honour," he would say, "I would be glad to get it, if I knew where."

"Well," the Justice would say, "I'll see what I can do. There is that plot of ground: when you have weeded it, you shall have a shilling."

Having been furnished with the necessary implements, to work the beggar would go with affected alacrity; but soon tiring of the monotony of his employment, he would take advantage of an opportunity, and steal away. Thus a succession of applicants would take up where others had left off, and, like them, would make their escape as soon as they could; and so the weeds were cleared, and nothing to pay.

TEACHING CHILDREN.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humour. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion. If pride makes his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sin.

Our Home Work.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AMONG WORKING-MEN IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

Three working-men lately died within three weeks of each other, and one funeral sermon was preached for the three, in Poplar Wesleyan chapel, in February of the present year. These three men were all led to the Saviour within the last three years; and a brief outline of their Christian course may give an idea of the genuineness and depth of a work of God which has been going on during that period.

Nearly three years ago, about forty active Christians undertook to visit every accessible house in Poplar, and invite, by handbill and conversation, every neglecter of worship to attend the Wesleyan chapel. Above 60,000 visits were paid in two years, and hundreds are now regular attendants who formerly did not keep the Sabbath and reverence the sanctuary. Among the first who accepted one of these organized invitations to come to the Wesleyan chapel, was John Simpson. He was born in Ross-shire, in Scotland; and when in his native land he kept up an outside righteousness, by attending religious ordinances, but he did not seek to get inside iniquity purged away by the renewing of the Holy Ghost. When in Scotland, he went to church because his neighbours went; and when he came to London, he ceased to attend a place of worship, as multitudes of people do who come from the provinces. He knew he was wrong, and felt he was miserable. When invited, at his own cottage, to come to the chapel, he readily consented; and the welcome he met, and the truths he heard, deeply affected him. His seriousness was observed, and he was spoken to before he left the sanctuary, and was soon invited to go to a class-meeting. He did not know what a class-meeting was; but the friendliness of the people who first asked him to come to chapel, and then welcomed him there, gave him the utmost confidence in them, and grateful affection for them, and he went. The second or third time he attended, the prayers he had been earnestly presenting to God for mercy were answered, and he received what the Catechism he was taught in Scotland terms, "assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost." God had now made him a pardoned, regenerated, and happy Christian, and he would rather have died than sin. He had accumulated in his memory, when a boy, vast stores of passages of holy Scripture; and these now became available for his own edification and the instruction of others. It is not intended to describe his rapid growth in grace, and the fervour of his religious zeal, during the two years and a half in which he served God and his generation, but to show his principles stood the test of a dying hour. We may, however, say that he was diligent in the means of grace; for he never missed the public services of the chapel, or his class-meeting, until sickness laid him aside. He was frequent and fervent in private communion with God, so that, although he had many secret soul-struggles, his spirit was always raised above doubts of God's love to him, and acceptance of him. He tried to do good; and more than one working-man rejoices to-day that John Simpson ever spoke privately and powerfully to him about personal salvation.

He was not known to have had a day's sickness during his life; but when working on board a large steamer which was lying in a shipyard at Blackwall, he caught a severe cold, which grew worse and worse until it settled on his lungs and induced consumption. Twenty-two weeks of sickness and weariness were now appointed to him. His resources could provide no alleviating luxuries; but he never murmured. Death took one of his little children away while the father lay a pale, wan, weak man; and he blessed the name of the Lord. He saw that his wife must soon be left a widow, with four fatherless children; and he forgot his own sorrow betimes in assuring his wife that the care of God would be over her and over them. Godly working-men went often to visit him, and they wondered

how he saw reasons of holy gratitude in everything. While they sung hymns of praise to God and the Lamb in his bedroom, and hymns of hope that brought the paradise above before his thoughts, his skeleton hands were often upraised with triumphing delight, and his wasting frame was nerved with spiritual power to utter his shouts of joy. His last day on earth was a Sabbath. He was heard to pray for Ministers,—that they might that day have great power in their ministry, and much access. He exhorted a relative to eat of the Tree of Life and live for ever. When his strength waned so that he could utter but two or three words at a time, ejaculations of praise to God were heard at intervals. He occasionally breathed a prayer that Christ might release him from the burden of the flesh; and the last words heard from his lips were, "Come, Lord Jesus," and his spirit was for ever safe, for ever saved. He was forty-two years of age. Let it be known, as an illustration of religious life among the sons of toil, that, as soon as the good man was buried, some of the converted working-men procured a situation for his eldest boy, and one of them along with whom the boy was to be employed, and who knew the dangers the lad would have to encounter in a large workshop, said, "I will be a father to him." Was not this the fulfilment of promise, and the echo of words spoken by the Father of the fatherless, "I will be a Father to him?"

The Sabbath after Mr. Simpson's conversion, JOHN PERRIMAN, his brother-in-law, called to see him, ignorant of the change that had occurred. On entering the cottage, Perriman saw Simpson at prayer, and, filled with amazement, threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Whatever is up?" The praying man very soon declared what God had done for his soul, and urged his brother-in-law to turn from sin to God, and go to a class-meeting. If the method prescribed may seem too minute, the fact that Mr. Simpson found peace with God a few days before in a class-meeting should be kept in mind. Perriman treated the matter with levity; but the persuasions and declarations of his newly-converted brother-in-law prevailed, and he went. He left the meeting a sadder and a wiser man; for he saw that he had not got the happiness of soul, the renewal of heart, and preparation for death, which the people had with whom he had mingled for the first time. A day or two after he went to a prayer-meeting, and was cut to the heart when singing the 106th hymn:—

"Jesu, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown!
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone."

The prayer was answered: his heart of stone was broken, and he wept, although he had long been a stranger to tears. He attended a prayer-meeting the two following weeks, and on returning home, after the third one, he continued to plead with God, through Jesus Christ, for the pardon of his sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He then retired to rest, but could not sleep. He arose, and poured out his soul before God, and in the darkness and silence of night his broken heart was made to rejoice in the salvation of God. As is commonly done by the working-men who have recently been converted in the east of London, he made the fact of his conversion known in the place where he worked. He carried his Bible to the workshop, and did not conceal it. Of course he had to endure the average amount of banter, and joke, and caricature, which—perhaps, more from a spirit of pleasantry than persecution—is the common portion of almost every new convert in the same circumstances. To one man who spoke caricaturingly, the new disciple was moved to reply very solemnly, and the words he spoke were as the sword of the Lord; for the man to whom they were addressed felt them pierce his soul, and he joined Perriman on his pilgrimage to heaven, and is still a member of the class-meeting to which Perriman led him. This is the way religion will probably spread among working-men: the converted ones will not labour in vain if they endeavour to bring their shopmates to "taste and see that God is good. Blessed are all they that trust in Him."

About eighteen months after Mr. Perri-

man obtained mercy, some internal disease began to affect his eyesight, and he was gradually rendered unable to follow his daily calling. He then became pre-eminently a man of prayer and praise. Besides his stated times of devotion, he kept an agreement to meet at the throne of grace, at a certain time in every day, a man who had been a notorious sinner, but who had, a few months before, been called out of darkness into marvellous light. In a part of the country, to which he went for health, soldiers were accustomed to exercise on a heath where he walked; and his earnest soul was so deeply concerned for their salvation, that he has been known to plead frequently with God, in their behalf, sometimes for an hour at a time. He was a happy Christian, and his joy found expression in the hymns contained in the incomparable Hymn-Book used in Wesleyan chapels. He remembered the injunction, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms," (James v. 13,) and he obeyed it when alone; for he hummed holy song, to stir up his soul, as directed:—"Speaking *to yourselves* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making *melody in your heart* to the Lord." One of his favourite hymns was,—

"When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still," &c.

In the company of fellow-Christians he shut out "jesting, and foolish talking," and showed his preference for "giving of thanks," by calling on them to join him in praising God; and in this he followed the injunction given in Col. iii. 16: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and *admonishing one another* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." He sang so fervently the praises of his God that the sounds could be heard from his sick chamber into the street. He frequently required a holy song of those who came to see him; and, when he knew the knock of a warm-hearted visiter, in the last ten days of his life, he would remark, "Ah! that is Mr. ——. He will be telling me to take care of my strength; but he uses his own unsparingly for God, and *I must sing*." The visiter would have little time to speak the needed caution; for the dying man would give out a hymn, request all to join him, and lead off the following, or some other verse,—

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness," &c.

He forbad all sorrow in his presence, because the constant sense of God's presence and goodness had made a heaven in his soul. He urged his friends, "For the same cause also do ye joy, and rejoice with me." He regarded the place where he lay as a spot so honoured of God, that he did not like to see tears shed in it. "This room," he said, "has been my little sanctuary: it shall not be a chamber of sorrow, but of rejoicing." A day before he died, some relatives came from the country to see him; and to them he spoke of the Providence that had brought him to London, the mercy that had arrested and delivered him, of the opening heavens that were waiting to receive him, and of the "joy unspeakable, and full of glory," that divested death of all terrors. He urged them to turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart, and requested his wife to join him in singing the hymn that first carried saving alarms to his own soul. They sang together the whole of the 106th hymn, although there are eight verses in it, and every verse has eight lines. His relatives wondered, and sobbed, and wondered. As the deep piercing of his heart for sin occurred while singing, he conceived that the same method would likely be equally effectual with his kindred; and in the hearing of the same persons he sang the 720th hymn,—

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms:" &c.

And a great part of the 734th, also,—

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:" &c.

The disease of which he died had not wasted his frame, and he suffered occasional agony; but his raptures were little impeded by his sufferings, and he had power to sing, and pray, and exhort, until a few minutes before he ceased to breathe. On the day before he died, he clasped his hands, and in a prayer of

three-quarters of an hour long—of surpassing pathos and eloquence—he recounted the forbearance of God towards him from his youth, the steps God had taken to bring him from his father's house, where he knew no evangelical teachers, and place him where he had innumerable and invaluable helps to salvation, and where he had been born of God, and trained for eternal bliss. In that prayer he supplicated blessings on many; but as he prayed for his absent and unsaved parents, he lost all restraint of his voice, and his piercing cries could be heard across the street. His distress of mind respecting them stopped his flow of words, and his views of their danger were uttered in loud exclamations, "My father! my father!" &c.

(*To be continued.*)

Readings in History.

THE VISIT OF PETER THE FIRST IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III.*

On the 10th of January, 1698, a vessel from Holland anchored off Greenwich, and was welcomed with great respect. Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy, was on board. He took boat with a few attendants, and was rowed up the Thames to Norfolk-street, where a house, overlooking the river, had been prepared for his reception.

His journey is an epoch in the history, not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world. To the polished nations of Western Europe, the empire which he governed had till then been what Bokhara or Siam is to us. That empire, indeed, though less extensive than at present, was the most extensive that had ever obeyed a single Chief. The dominions of Alexander and of Trajan were small when compared with the immense area of the Scythian desert. But in the estimation of statesmen, that boundless expanse of larch-forest and morass, where the snow lay deep during eight months of every year, and where a wretched peasantry could with difficulty defend their hovels against troops of famished wolves, was of less account than the two or three square miles into which were crowded the counting-houses, the warehouses, and the innumerable masts of Amsterdam. On the Baltic Russia had not then a single port. Her maritime trade with the other nations of Christendom was entirely carried on at Archangel; a place which had been created, and was supported, by adventurers from our island. In the days of the Tudors, a ship from England, seeking a north-east passage to the land of silk and spice, had discovered the White Sea. The barbarians who dwelt on the shores of that dreary gulf had never before seen such a portent as a vessel of a hundred and sixty tons' burden. They fled in terror; and, when they were pursued and overtaken, prostrated themselves before the chief of the strangers, and kissed his feet. He succeeded in opening a friendly communication with them; and from that time there had been a regular commercial intercourse between our country and the subjects of the Czar. A Russia Company was incorporated in London. An English factory was built at Archangel. That factory was indeed, even in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a rude and mean building. The walls consisted of trees laid one upon another; and the roof was of birch-bark. This shelter, however, was sufficient in the long summer day of the Arctic regions. Regularly at that season several English ships cast anchor in the bay. A fair was held on the beach. Traders came from a distance of many hundreds of miles to the only mart where they could exchange hemp and tar, hides and tallow, wax and honey, the fur of the sable and the wolverine, and the roe of the sturgeon of the Volga, for Manchester stuffs, Sheffield knives, Birmingham buttons, sugar from Jamaica, and pepper from Malabar. The commerce in these articles was open. But there was a secret traffic, which was not less active or less lucrative, though the Russian laws had made it punishable, and though

* *The History of England*, by Lord Macaulay. Vol. v. London: Longmans. 1861. 8vo. Pp. 398.

the Russian divines pronounced it damnable. In general, the mandates of Princes, and the lessons of Priests, were received by the Muscovite with profound reverence. But the authority of his Princes and of his Priests united could not keep him from tobacco. Pipes he could not obtain; but a cow's-horn, perforated, served his turn. From every Archangel fair rolls of the best Virginia speedily found their way to Novgorod and Tobolsk.

The commercial intercourse between England and Russia made some diplomatic intercourse necessary. The diplomatic intercourse, however, was only occasional. The Czar had no permanent Minister here. We had no permanent Minister at Moscow; and even at Archangel we had no Consul. Three or four times in a century extraordinary embassies were sent from Whitehall to the Kremlin, and from the Kremlin to Whitehall.

The English embassies had historians, whose narratives may still be read with interest. Those historians described vividly, and sometimes bitterly, the savage ignorance and the squalid poverty of the barbarous country in which they had sojourned. In that country, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. It was not till more than a hundred years after the invention of printing that a single printing-press had been introduced into the Russian empire; and that printing-press had speedily perished in a fire which was supposed to have been kindled by the Priests. Even in the seventeenth century, the library of a Prelate of the first dignity consisted of a few manuscripts. Those manuscripts, too, were in long rolls: for the art of bookbinding was unknown. The best educated men could barely read and write. It was much if the Secretary, to whom was entrusted the direction of negotiations with foreign powers, had a sufficient smattering of dog-Latin to make himself understood. The arithmetic was the arithmetic of the dark ages. The denary notation was unknown. Even in the imperial treasury the computations were made by the help of balls strung on wires. Round the person of the Sovereign there was a blaze of gold and jewels: but even in his most splendid palaces were to be found the filth and misery of an Irish cabin. So late as the year 1663, the gentlemen of the retinue of the Earl of Carlisle were, in the city of Moscow, thrust into a single bedroom, and were told that, if they did not remain together, they would be in danger of being devoured by rats.

Such was the report which the English legations made of what they had seen and suffered in Russia; and their evidence was confirmed by the appearance which the Russian legations made in England. The strangers spoke no civilized language. Their garb, their gestures, their salutations, had a wild and barbarous character. The Ambassador, and the grandees who accompanied him, were so gorgeous, that all London crowded to stare at them, and so filthy, that nobody dared to touch them. They came to the court-balls dropping pearls and vermin. It was said, that one Envoy cudgelled the Lords of his train whenever they soiled or lost any part of their finery; and that another had with difficulty been prevented from putting his son to death for the crime of shaving and dressing after the French fashion.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CII.

"*Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.*" (Rev. iv. 11.)

God created all things for His own pleasure, or according to His own will, not out of necessity. There was no tie upon Him to make them; but only He of His good pleasure thought fit to do so. He might have done it in another manner, or at another time, or in another order. There is nothing in the world that hath a necessary connexion with the Divine Essence, so as if God, that must be. Nothing external cometh from God by necessity of nature; but all is done according to the counsel of His own will.

Some thought all created things did come forth from the Creator, by way of emanation, as rivers flow out of their fountain; but there is no stream floweth out of any fountain, but it was before a part of that fountain, while it was in it. But that cannot be said of any creature in respect of God, that it was any part of God before it came out of Him. Others say the creatures came out from God by way of representation, as an image in the glass from him that passeth by, or looketh on it. But before the world was made, there was no such glass to represent God. Others would express it thus; that the world cometh out from God as a shadow from the body. But yet this will not fit the turn neither: for the shadow doth not come out from the body, but follows it, because of the deprivation of light from the interposition of another body. Others say, all cometh from God as a footprint, or track on clay or sand, from one that passeth over it. But there was nothing on which God by passing might make such an impression. Whatever good intention they might have by setting forth the creation by these expressions, they are not proper and accurate. These expressions may have their use, to raise men's understanding to contemplate the excellency and majesty of the Creator; for they all show His incomparable excellency and perfection, together with the vanity, nothingness, or smallness of the creature, if compared with Him, as great a bulk as it beareth in our eye. They are not as a ray from the sun, a stream from the fountain, or a drop to the ocean; an image in the glass, or a shadow to the substance, or like the footprint of a man in the clay or sand; and so are but certain signs leading up to the thing signified; or letters and syllables by which we may spell God: as the streams lead us to the fountain, the image to the man, the shadow to the body, or the track to the foot that made it. But the Scripture, leaving those comparisons, showeth us that the world came out from the Creator as the workmanship from the artificer, the building from the architect. (Heb. xi. 10.) Now every artificer and builder worketh merely out of the counsel of his own will; and herein they resemble God: but only what they do with great labour, God doeth with the beck of His own will and word. "By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." (Psal. xxxiii. 6.) A bare word of His immediately created all the world; the heavens and the earth, and all that is in them.—*Christ's Eternal Existence. By Thomas Manton, D.D.* Pp. 56—58. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CIII.

"*As the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.*" (Eph. vi. 6.)

If our belief must be acceptable to God, it must come from the heart; (Rom. x. 10;) if our prayer, it must come from the heart; (2 Tim. ii. 22;) if our love, it must be in deed and in truth, which is from the heart: (1 John iii. 18:) so likewise our obedience must be from the heart; (Rom. vi. 17;) and whatsoever we do, we must do it from the heart.—*Andrewes's Moral Law Expounded*, p. 272. *Edit.* 1642.

Foreign Travel.

PHYSICAL GLANCE AT ICELAND.*

Iceland is one-fifth larger than Ireland, and situated about five hundred miles N.W. of Scotland, on the confines of the Polar circle, which bisects its northern extremities; and, unlike any other portion of the world of a similar size, Iceland owes its creation entirely to submarine volcanic agency. At some early period of geological history, the nucleus of this island was thrown up from the depths of the ocean by volcanic power, as Sabrina and Graham's Islands were in the present century. With them the gradual formation of an island by submarine eruption was daily recorded. At first, passing navigators feel shocks as

* *Iceland; its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By Charles S. Forbes, Commander R.N. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1860. Pp. 335.

of earthquakes, and observe the waters greatly discoloured and violently agitated; dense columns of steam arise, the sea around is covered with pumice and cinders, heralding the approach of the crater's mouth. Soon the cone itself appears, with a crater in the centre; scoriæ, pumice, and ashes accumulate; even non-volcanic substances appear; and eventually the cone becomes an island two hundred feet high and three miles in circumference. The exhaustion of the volcanic power, together with the effects of ocean and earthquake, again obliterate these islands, and nothing now remains but rocks and shoals to mark the spot. Magnify this gigantic effort a million fold, and you will have a faint idea of the throes of mother earth when she brought forth Iceland from the womb of the Atlantic.

Fancy the cone struggling into existence against the pressure of an almost fathomless sea, reaching the surface, and ultimately maintaining its own against all comers, ocean, iceberg, and earthquake; and establishing itself over some forty thousand square miles of territory,—such is Iceland. Since the form of the island is that of a flat ascending arch, attaining the elevation of seven hundred and fifty-four yards above the sea, near the centre, in a tract called the Sprengisandr, where the waters diverge north and south, that region may be considered to represent the centre of the ancient volcanic activity, in which thousands of cones and craters must have assisted over an illimitable period of time. This picture is strengthened by the singular configuration of the coasts, and especially the deep and narrow fiords, created by numerous streams of lava, which were originally subaqueously radiated from this common centre, and ultimately driven upwards to their present position by submarine power at various periods of elevation. Indeed, geologically speaking, the island is composed entirely of ancient and modern volcanic elements; the latter represented by a very broad irregular band of trachyte, which bisects the island from its north-east to south-west extremity, and to which area all the manifest volcanic activity within memory has, with an isolated exception, been confined. To the right and left, plutonic masses represent the earlier periods.

As may be imagined, such a country is but little adapted to the support of man, and one almost wonders why he ever went there. Its interior, as a whole, is one vast tract of lava-desert and ice-mountain—yökuls as they are termed: these occupy one-tenth part of the island, and never have been and never can be traversed. Two tracks across this desert serve for communication between north and south; but not a blade of grass or shrub exists in that death-like solitude—lava, lava, lava, is the eternal vista. The habitable coasts consist for the most part of marshy districts: there the Icelander builds his house, and collects the rank grass for his sheep and cattle; and on the banks of the numerous rivers which, from yökul and lake, pour into every fiord, more favoured patches are found, sometimes stretching a few miles into the interior: the whole affording a bare subsistence for the scanty population.

Grain will not ripen in their transient and uncertain summer, and must all be brought from Europe: even their grass-crop is often destroyed by the Polar ice, which in some years embelts the island, especially its northern and western coasts, and occasions such incessant rain that it is impossible to dry the hay. When this happens, famine follows, for on their cows and ewes they principally depend for their sustenance during the long Arctic winter; dried cod's heads being their only reserve; the bodies of the fish they are obliged to barter in exchange for European commodities,—bread amongst the number, of which the masses, and that only in the parts adjacent to the trading stations, are able to afford more than one meal a week.

Paradoxical as it may seem, there are plenty of forests, but no trees; for the natives dignify the vast tracts of stunted birch-bushes, which are found in some parts, with that title, though they seldom average above six feet in height; never more than nine, and are useless but for fuel. The western and southern coasts are, however, plentifully strewed with drift-timber, swept up by that Gulf Stream which, striking the south-west corner of the island, diverges right and

left along its shores, and materially affects the climate, the usual winter in the southern districts not being more severe than in Denmark.

THE LIVING SEPULCHRE.

In a note to one of her chapters, on Rome, in her book on Italy, Miss Bremer gives a brief account of a sisterhood of Nuns, whose rules, rigidly observed, are of the austerest character. The Order merits the gloomy title by which it is known.

"Quite close to this Tarpeian rock, where I enjoy life and nature so unspeakably, is the convent of Le Vive Sepolte, which receives only Princesses of blood-royal. One of this rank wished, a few weeks ago, to see this grave for the living, and was accompanied on the visit by Sœur Geneviève, the tall Nun of the Sacré Cœur. She gave me a detailed account. The living-interred occupy themselves by incessant mortification. They fast continually, never read, and direct their constant meditation to death and corruption. They never change their dresses, and their under-garments only twice in the year: hence there prevails an intolerably unhealthy odour in the rooms of the convent. A former Princess who died there, about two months before, 'as a saint,' remained still unburied, and was visited daily by the Nuns. The inmates of this convent can never see their connexions, nor yet hear their voices, nor even know anything about them. Neither are they permitted to see the sacrament; it is administered to them through a hole in the wall: through this hole it is, also, that they make their confession and receive absolution. Amongst the Nuns there, upwards of thirty in number, many were young, and two very handsome, but looked 'stupid' and unhealthy. This Order was founded by a Princess Farnese, and she buried herself there with the other persons; and it has since then, spite of its unnatural character, considerably increased."

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. III.

But admitting the antiquity and Divine origin of the Sabbath, and its consequent universal and perpetual obligation, it has been asked, "On what authority has the change of the Sabbath from the *seventh* to the *first* day of the week been made? Where is the scriptural warrant for this transfer?" The discussion of these questions has given rise to various speculations, and not unfrequently to somewhat uncharitable and unprofitable disputes. Some contend that the change of the Sabbath-day has been made without sufficient reason; others argue that the alteration is referrible to an authority quite satisfactory. The latter opinion we take to be the correct one.

In entering on the consideration of this subject, we would premise, that the essence of the Sabbath law is, that *a seventh portion of time shall be separated from common to sacred uses, and consecrated to spiritual service.* Whether that portion shall be the first, second, or seventh day of the week does not enter into the essence of the Sabbath institution. The institution may remain intact, though the day be varied. The consecration of a seventh portion of our existence to physical recruitment and to spiritual exercises is the demand of God's moral law, and is eternally and universally binding; but the *precise period* to be thus observed partakes of the character of a positive institute only, and may be changed without affecting the principle upon which the law is based. This view furnishes us with an answer to those who object that the Sabbath must of necessity be only of partial obligation, and was designed to affect those only whose day and night are divisible into twenty-four hours; consequently, it is said, it could never be intended to apply to the inhabitants of

either of the Polar regions, where their days and nights alternately consist of several months each. The fact is, the Divine law imperatively requires men to devote a *seventh portion* of time to rest, and this may as easily be done in Greenland as at the equator; nor is it of vital importance, in the observance of the Sabbath institute, at what particular hour our sacred day commences, provided always, that a seventh part of time be hallowed, according to the letter and the spirit of the fourth commandment.

But it may be objected:—"If it be thus, why change the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week; why not maintain in all its integrity the day originally set apart by God?" Our reply is,—"The Son of Man, who is Lord of the Sabbath, hath consecrated another day to His special service and glory." The grounds on which we base this view, we will now give.

First.—*The Lord Jesus Christ specially honoured, and signally distinguished, the "first day of the week," by various important and solemn acts; thus securing for it its peculiar and distinctive name of* "THE LORD'S DAY."

On this day, for example, the Saviour rested from the work of redemption by His resurrection. Then He finished the "new creation;" and all "the stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." As, therefore, God's rest on the seventh day of old was the ground on which He would have it observed, under the administration of the original law and covenant; so, in the rest of the Lord Jesus Christ on the first day of the week, we have a pleasing indication of the sacredness with which henceforth He desired that that day should be invested. (Matt. xxviii. 1—6; Luke xxiv. 1—6; John xx. 1, 2.)

The "first day of the week" was also distinctly and specially honoured by Christ *after* His resurrection. It was selected by Him as the day on which to make His appearances to His disciples. (Matt. xxviii. 9; Mark xvi. 9; Luke xxiv. 13; John xx. 19—26.) On this day, also, our Divine Master opened up the evangelical dispensation, and solemnly inaugurated His Apostles into the sacred office by an effusion upon them of the Holy Ghost. (Acts ii. 1—4.)

In these facts we have, to say the least, a marked and signal honour conferred upon this day; making it special and distinctive in all future time, and investing it with a character of peculiar interest and sacredness.

Secondly.—*The "first day of the week" is, by distinct and authoritative appointment, the Sabbath of the Christian dispensation; inasmuch as the Apostles, divinely commissioned to establish and settle the church, and infallibly inspired for that work, did actually separate and use this day for holy worship, especially in church-assemblies.*

That the Apostles were possessed of plenary inspiration to build up the church in doctrine and practice, and that they had full authority from their great Master to "bind or loose," as it regards the institutions and observances of the church, we will now assume; merely referring to certain texts which unanswerably establish these great points. (Matt. xvi. 19; xxviii. 18—20; Luke xxiv. 49; John xiv. 26; xvi. 13; xx. 22, 23; Acts i. 2—4.) What the Apostles did and sanctioned was, in fact, done and sanctioned by Christ; they having His full authority for all their official action in the church. If, then, we can prove that the Apostles did recognise and use the "first day of the week" for solemn assembly and religious worship in the church, we have established the fact that henceforth this day is obligatory upon Christians as a day of sacred observance and holy rest. That the Apostles did thus observe this day of the Lord we have satisfactory evidence. One or two passages may be cited in proof:—

Acts xx. 6, 7.—"We came to Troas in five days; where we abode seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow." Several things are tolerably clear from this text:—that Paul was in Troas a full week; that according to his custom he desired to meet with the Christians living there; that this meeting did not take place for several days; that when it did take place it was not on the Jewish Sabbath, (that day is passed over in silence,) but on the new Sabbath, "the first day of the week." It is tolerably clear, also, that this meeting was not a

special one, called for the express purpose of hearing the Apostle; but it is evident, from the construction of the passage, that Paul took advantage of the ordinary and customary assembling of the church on a particular day, to preach to them. "*And on the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread.*" What can be more obvious than that these primitive disciples did not "come together" in solemn assembly on the Jewish Sabbath; but that their meeting for public worship, and for partaking of the Lord's supper, was on the "first day of the week?"

1 Cor. xvi. 2.—"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." Here the day of the church's ordinary assembling is assumed by the Apostle, taken for granted by him; and he directs the whole company of believers to the observance of a special, but fitting duty, on that sacred day.

Rev. i. 10.—"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." From the very earliest period of Christianity, the day of Christ's resurrection, or the "first day of the week," was emphatically designated "the Lord's day." The reasons for this distinctive appellation are manifestly threefold. 1. It was the day *selected* by Him to be His lot or special portion among the days of the week; taking possession of it, as it were, at His resurrection. It is now His in the same manner that saints are His lot and portion in the world, and are therefore called "the Lord's people." 2. It is His day *subjectively*. His business and affairs are principally transacted on it; that is, it is a day specially set apart for His worship and service. 3. It is the "Lord's day" because *appointed* by Him, or by His authority over the church, to be religiously observed; just as the ordinance of the supper is called "the Lord's supper," on the same account.

It is manifest from those passages, that from the very dawn of Christianity, and under apostolic sanction, the "first day of the week" was observed as a day of public religious worship; in lieu of, and to a great extent superseding, the ancient Jewish Sabbath. This view is confirmed by the testimony of ecclesiastical historians. Mosheim says, "There was such a variety in the ritual and discipline of the primitive churches, that it is very difficult to give such an account of the worship, manners, and institutions of the ancient Christians, as will agree with what was practised in all the countries where the Gospel flourished. There are, however, certain laws, whose authority and obligation were universal and indispensable among all Christians, and of these we shall here give a brief account. All Christians were unanimous in setting apart the first day of the week, on which the triumphant Saviour arose from the dead, for the solemn celebration of public worship. This pious custom, which was derived from the church of Jerusalem, was founded upon the express appointment of the Apostles, who consecrated that day to the same sacred purpose, and was observed universally throughout all the Christian churches, as appears from the united testimonies of the most credible writers."

To those who object to the Divine character of the "first day of the week," as the Sabbath of the Lord, we leave the onus of showing how it has assumed its present position in Christendom. If the Lord's day be not apostolical in such a sense as to be scriptural and Divine, and so of obligation as part of the Christian's duty to observe it, when did the reverence for it spring up? The origin of other holy days we can distinctly trace in post-apostolic history; but we cannot find them in Scripture. They are justly regarded as of purely ecclesiastical institution. But as for the "first day of the week," as being emphatically "the Lord's day," a season of holy rest and special religious service, there it is, clearly and distinctly in "the book."

Thirdly.—*The* USEFULNESS *with which the "first day of the week," as the Christian Sabbath, has been crowned, is a full ratification of its Divine claims.*

We are not disposed to lay undue stress upon this argument; we adduce it merely as corroborative of what has been advanced. On the supposition that the "first-day" Sabbath is not of Divine ordination, it is difficult to suppose that God would permit a day of His own selecting to be cast aside, and that He would crown with unmistakable tokens of

His favour a mere human institution that had thrust it from its place. But the Christian Sabbath *has* been thus crowned. On this day God has given His presence to all His solemn ordinances, for all the ends for which He appointed them. In the conversions, then, that have occurred; in the accepted sacrifices that have been offered up; in the delightful visits with which, on this day, God has cheered His people; we have satisfactory evidence of Divine approval; constraining us to say, with the church universal in all ages,—"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE; WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT."

Poetry.

JESUS, LEAD THE WAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF "JESU, GEH VORAN."

JESUS, lead the way,
So we shall not stray
From the path, while here abiding,
But shall follow Thy safe guiding:
Lead us by the hand
To the fatherland.

Should we fare but hard,
Stand we fast on guard;
Though the days be very dreary,
Never of our burdens weary,
For through trouble's sea
Lies our road to Thee.

Should some secret smart
Vex and wound the heart,
Or another's woe and weakness,
Grant us patience, grant us meekness;
Lift Thou up our mind
To the end design'd.

Lord, Thy guidance lend
Through life to the end;
Though the way be rough and trying,
Be Thou needful help supplying;
And when all is o'er,
Open, Lord, the door!

SONNET.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

O, WHAT a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the cross! The feverish care;
The wish that we were other than we are;
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "This might have been," so apt to press
On the reluctant soul: even past despair,
Past sin itself—all—all is turn'd to fair,
Ay! to a scheme of order'd happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us!....Accepting the great pledge
Of His concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge;
While varying troubles form and burst anew,
Safe in a Father's arms, we smile as infants do!

Our Servants.

DRESS.

IT was the saying of a very wise man, who observed everything, and who seemed to understand all subjects, and to know the fitness of everything, that "the man who will not dress himself like the company he mixes with, must think himself either above them or below them." That man was none other than Dr. Samuel Johnson, the greatest moral philosopher of the last century. We quite chime in with the good Doctor, on that matter. No class of our population are quicker sighted as to the proprieties of household-life, than our servants; none have a keener nor a more just sense of what

becomes a master or a mistress than they. Should a master forget his station as the head of his family, and begin to do household work; to meddle with the cooking, the washing, the cleaning, and such-like affairs, habitually; the servants would not fail to remark that he had made himself little in their eyes; and they would by and by take the liberty of talking to him, and treating him as one of themselves. On the other hand, should a mistress delight in matters of business; such as buying and selling, bartering, money-making, investments of money, and so on; the servants would very properly take notice of such improprieties, and would judge that master and mistress had better exchange clothes. We repeat that "our servants" have a very correct taste in what is fitting and proper in the conduct and appearance of their employers. Now what we desire to see is this, that "our servants" would just turn their criticisms upon themselves, and consider the article of Dress. We would take the liberty of saying to them, Do you not suppose yourselves, when you find fault with your superiors, for the moment, standing in their places, and saying thus to yourselves?—"If we were master, we would not busy ourselves with the duties of the mistress of the house; nor, if we were mistress, would we take up with the business and anxieties of the master. We could like everybody to keep his place, and to dress and appear just like his proper station." We are sure this is your way of thinking. Now, your employers reason in the same manner; and, for the moment, they suppose themselves to be standing in your shoes. They also say, "If we were servants, we would not take upon ourselves airs and modes that belong to other people; nor would we appear in apparel befitting gentlefolks, rather than servants." Perhaps it would be severe to say, that the love of finery is becoming the ruling passion among female servants; but we must say, that we fear it is on the increase. Draperies are got up and finished in attractive colours; one fashion succeeds another with wonderful rapidity; everything that can be done to arrest the eye, and excite the desire of the customer, is eagerly practised; silks, muslins, and other goods are ticketed "only (so and so) per yard." The honest maid enters the shop; bows, and smiles, and flattery stagger her resolution; mauve, magenta, and other new colours enkindle her fancy. "Anything further, Miss?" "Let me show you this, Miss! No other house in the trade can do for you like ourselves, Miss!" (Quite true.) So, Miss buys and buys, until she exceeds her first intention by three times, and returns home leaving perhaps one-half of her wages behind her. Having purchased these fine things, they *must* be fashionably made up: what is the use of new goods being cut in any other than the newest fashion? and why should young folks be made into "Guys" by an old-fashioned milliner? Besides, is not the servants' money their own? Have not they worked hard for it? May they not do what they will with their own? Thus, one servant rivals another; and all such ape their superiors, until the plainest dressed females in a house are the mistress and her daughters. Now, we venture to give a few gentle admonitions on this subject. First, this love of finery will make you poor, good friends: and poverty is a great evil. When it is inflicted by Providence, it may indeed be sanctified by humility and prayer; but even then it is a sanctified evil. But what is it when we bring it on ourselves? and that too by offering sacrifices to our vanity? Such poverty is sin, and needs repentance. Let us not make ourselves poor in this manner; all upon our persons; nothing in our pocket. Keep a friend in your pocket.

Next, never suppose that either striking colours, or striking anything else, can render you beautiful. It is a vulgar eye that feels any gratification in a glare of red and yellow. An educated eye finds repose in hues that are soft, and in forms that are graceful. Some people would say, "It's all a matter of taste." Of course it is; but supposing they are without taste? What then? Is there no difference between one piece of music and another? Are pictures all alike good or bad? Is not architecture "all taste?" Can't you distinguish between wormwood and honey? There is just as much difference between good taste and bad taste in dress. The most beautiful women

never strike you with their charms, they impress you gradually: the harmony of their features, the perfection of form, the grace of action, the tone of complexion, and the delicate expression of the face and figure, seem to come out as you look upon them; until your eye cannot leave them, and you are held by the silent action of their spirits which have clothed themselves with so exquisite a mould, and play and blend with the very surface you contemplate.

Next, do not be ashamed of wearing out your apparel. For what purpose is it that people are so fond of new apparel? Is it to attract attention? to be seen of men? You like old friends: why don't you cast them off? They are old, but all the better friends for that. You love old scenes; your own village, with its green and its cottages, and its gardens, and old churchyard. Why not forget *them?* They too are old, but no worse for being old. Now old clothes are easy, and comely too, if clean: wear them out, and take care of your funds. For want of attention to economy in dress, a very large proportion of our servants, though earning good wages, are absolutely penniless. They have nothing for an aged mother, or for an afflicted father; and if they are members of our Societies, they are unable to contribute a reasonable sum of money to the support of the Gospel. Frequently, we have seen a young woman come forward for her quarterly ticket, rustling in silk, and scented too, and she has put down a sixpence instead of two shillings. When one has remarked upon the smallness of the amount, the answer has been promptly given, "Servants are not expected to give." Are they to clothe in silks, then? Many servants are studious to dress properly; and they adorn both the house of God, and their own families.

P. H.

Anecdotes.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND MINISTER.

Mr. James Fraser, a Minister belonging to the Church of Scotland, was ordained Minister of the parish of Alness, in Ross-shire, in 1725. He was the author of an able work on sanctification, as well as of some Sermons, very full and clear in their statements of Gospel truth, and close and searching in the practical uses of doctrine. The following incidents have just been published.*

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

Mr. Fraser's preaching, at least, during a great part of his ministry, was mainly directed to the awakening and conversion of sinners, and was not so edifying and consoling to the Lord's people as that of some others of the fathers in Ross-shire. He did preach Christ crucified, and spake comfort to the broken-hearted; but this was not the peculiarity of his preaching. But the preponderance of the other element was of God, and He greatly blessed his preaching for fulfilling the end to which it was mainly directed. Many were awakened under his ministry, but some of these went elsewhere to get healing for their wounds. Each Sabbath, not a few of his people were accustomed to go to the neighbouring parish of Kilmuir, to hear the famous Mr. Porteous. So many were at last in the habit of going, that the Kilmuir congregation began to complain of the overcrowded state of the church; and though willing to bear some inconvenience for the sake of those who could not find the Gospel at home, they had no patience for the fugitives from Alness. His session at last spoke to Mr. Porteous about it, and begged of him to confer with Mr. Fraser; "for the people who come from Alness," they said, "tell us that their Minister preaches almost so exclusively the law, that those who seek the bread of life must starve under his ministry, and are compelled to come hither for food and for healing." Meeting Mr.

* *The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire.* By the Rev. John Kennedy. Edinburgh: John Maclaren. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861. Foolscap 8vo. Pp. 260.

Fraser, soon after, at a funeral, Mr. Porteous said to him, "It gives me, my dear brother, grief of heart, to see some of your people in the church of Kilmuir every Sabbath. My Elders tell me that those who come to us complain of your preaching almost entirely to the unconverted, and that the 'poor in spirit' can get no food for their souls. Now, my dear brother, if the Lord gives it to you, I pray you not to withhold their portion from the people of the Lord, which you can dispense to them as I never could." "My dear brother," was Mr. Fraser's striking reply, "when my Master sent me forth to my work, He gave me a quiver full of arrows, and He ordered me to cast these arrows at the hearts of His enemies till the quiver was empty. I have been endeavouring to do so, but the quiver is not empty yet. When the Lord sent you forth, He gave you a cruse of oil, and His orders to you were, to pour the oil on the wounds of broken-hearted sinners, till the cruse was empty. Your cruse is no more empty than is my quiver. Let us both then continue to act on our respective orders; and as the blessing from on high shall rest on our labours, I will be sending my hearers with wounded hearts to Kilmuir, and you will be sending them back to Alness rejoicing in the Lord." Quite overcome with this beautiful reply, Mr. Porteous said, "Be it so, my beloved brother;" and, after a warmer embrace than they had ever exchanged before, they parted. Surely this was a rare exhibition of self-denial and brotherly love!

AN EXAMPLE OF "A CONTENTIOUS AND AN ANGRY WOMAN."

A COLD, unfeeling, bold, unheeding, worldly woman was Mr. Fraser's wife. Never did her godly husband sit down to a comfortable meal in his own house; and often would he have fainted from sheer want of needful sustenance, but for the considerate kindness of some of his parishioners. She was too insensate to try to hide her treatment of him; and well was it for him on one account that she was. His friends thus knew of his ill-treatment, and were moved to do what they could for his comfort. A godly acquaintance arranged with him, to leave a supply of food in a certain place, beside his usual walk, of which he might avail himself, when starved at home. Even light and fire in his study were denied to him on the long cold winter evenings; and as his study was his only place of refuge from the cruel scourge of his wife's tongue and temper, there, shivering and in the dark, he used to spend his winter evenings at home. Compelled to walk in order to keep himself warm, and accustomed to do so when preparing for the pulpit, he always kept his hands before him as feelers in the dark, to warn him of his approaching the wall at either side of the room. In this way he actually wore a hole through the plaster, at each end of his accustomed beat, on which some eyes have looked that glistened with light from other fire than that of love, at the remembrance of his cruel wife. But the godly husband had learned to thank the Lord for the discipline of this trial. Being once at a Presbytery dinner, alone, amidst a group of moderates, one of them proposed, as a toast, the health of their wives, and, turning to Mr. Fraser, said, as he winked at his companions, "You, of course, will cordially join in drinking to this toast." "So I will, and so I ought," Mr. Fraser said; "for mine has been a better wife to me than any one of yours has been to you." "How so?" they all exclaimed. "She has sent me," was his reply, "seven times a day to my knees, when I would not otherwise have gone; and that is more than any of you can say of yours." On the day on which her godly husband entered into his eternal rest, and a very few hours after his death, some of the Elders, on learning the sad tidings, hurried with stricken hearts and in tears to the manse. To their horror, they found Mrs. Fraser, outside, feeding her poultry. Approaching her, one of them said, sobbing as he spoke, "So Mr. Fraser has gone to his rest." "O yes, the poor man died this morning," she said, as she scattered the corn among the fowls: "if you want to see the body, you may go in—chick, chick, chick." Whether horror of the living, or sorrow for the dead, was the deepest feeling in the good men's breasts, both must have mingled in the anguish of their hearts as they hurried to the chamber of the dead.

The Portfolio.

DELAY REPENTANCE, AND IT BECOMES THE MORE DIFFICULT.

A HERMIT was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the mean time the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will by and by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne; and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and, after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.—*An Allegory by one of the Fathers.*

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.

ALAS! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order; for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-labourers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*

Monthly Notes for Readers.

THE Rev. John Lyth, the Wesleyan Missionary at Stetten, near Canstadt, in Germany, has enriched the stores of Methodist biography by a charming life of his mother, which he with great propriety designates, *Religion in Earnest: a Memorial of Mrs. Mary Lyth, of York.* The Rev. William Unsworth has published an able Lecture, entitled, *Self-Culture, and Self-Reliance: or, the Poor Man's Help to Elevation on Earth and in Heaven.* Both are sold at the Wesleyan Book-Room; as well as the new and remarkably cheap edition of *The Life of John Hunt, Missionary to the Cannibals of Fiji,* by the Rev. George Stringer Rowe. The Rev. John Kirk, formerly of London, and now of Sheffield, has been usefully employing his easy-flowing and delightful pen, on *Ruin and Rescue: a True Story,* and on a companion-Lecture to that on Charles Wesley, on *James Montgomery: a popular Sketch of his Life and Poetry;* accompanied by a portrait, and chromo-

lithograph of the monument in course of erection over the poet's grave. *The Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ*, by the Rev. C. J. Ellicott, B.D., being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859, are fine specimens not only of the simplicity with which a man of cultivated intellect, and ample erudition, can convey the results of learned investigation, but of the combination of earnest eloquence with that gravity and solemnity of tone which so well befit the recital of events so blessed and so holy, yet withal so awful and so stupendous, as those which form the subject of these Lectures. The Rev. John Baillie, the biographer of Hewitson, has added to his reputation as an able and devout divine and writer, by his *Scenes of Life, Historical and Biographical, chiefly from Old-Testament Times. Lessons on the Book of Genesis*, by the Rev. John Burridge, Incumbent of St. Stephen's, Sheffield, will materially aid parents and teachers in explaining, and drawing out appropriate lessons from, this important portion of God's word. *The Tongue of the Swearer: a Suffolk Story*, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., illustrates, by some awful facts, the fearful character of what is still in many places a crying sin.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. Everson died at Bungay, April 20th, 1858. She was drawn when young to attend the Wesleyan ministry in Bury St. Edmund's, by the singing. She first realized her interest in Christ at five o'clock on Christmas-day, 1819. She knew her sins forgiven, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. She then and there decided to give herself, by God's will, to His church; saying, "These people shall be my people, and their God my God." She joined the Wesleyan Society, and remained united with it till her death. Her lot in life was one of trial. In her own house she realized the presence of Christ, and the abounding consolations of the Holy Spirit. Through "looking to Jesus," she was enabled in patience to possess her soul. She loved and prized her Bible. She greatly admired the Works of Mr. Wesley; she esteemed her Ministers, and laboured to encourage and comfort them; she loved prayer, and retired three times a day to hold sacred union with God. As she neared the close of life, her faith became stronger, and she could say with confidence, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.) A little before she expired, she sang the 87th hymn in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book. She exchanged mortality for life, aged seventy-one.

Mary Cawdell, the beloved and only daughter of Mary and John Husbands, Belton, Leicestershire, was born Nov. 19th, 1829. Little incident marked her early history, being principally at home, screened from the temptations common to youth, by the guardianship and example of a pious but widowed mother. In person she was pleasing; in her disposition quiet and retiring. To intimate friends even she sometimes seemed reserved. The consistency of her Christian course, however, gained her the esteem and affection of the wide circle of relatives and friends in which she moved. From a child she was the subject of the gracious drawings of the Holy Spirit; but it was not until spring, 1849, that she fully decided to take up her cross and follow her Lord. On her way to a friend's house, she remained a few hours in Derby; and in the interval she heard the Rev. Jarvis Cheesman, from Proverbs xxix. 1: "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." On her journey she mused on what she had heard. She made up her mind, that if the Lord would spare her to return home in safety, she would, by God's grace, give herself unreservedly to Him, and herself to His people. On reaching home, her mother wanted her immediately to join the Wesleyan Society; and she did so. For years she was a diligent and prayer-

ful Sabbath-school Teacher, Missionary Collector, and distributer of the Wesleyan periodicals. Her piety was seen and felt at home. As a daughter, she was dutiful, loving, and obedient; as a sister, affectionate and exemplary. On the proposal of the marriage which subsequently took place, she exercised great caution, and used much prayer. In her last affliction, she derived no small comfort from the unwavering conviction that her marriage had been "in the Lord." As a wife, her worth is best described by the words of holy Scripture: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." For a considerable period she entertained the opinion that she was not to be a long liver. In one of her letters to her mother, she thus writes: "I sometimes think my journey is nearly run; but He that afflicts only knoweth. O that I could feel my will wholly lost in His! There seems to be a clinging to earth; and the thought of leaving behind me a dear babe, often makes me weep. I fear, in this, I sin; for I know God can take care of him. But my stubborn will refuses to yield; in consequence of which my peace is disturbed, and at times I feel very unhappy." These natural vibrations of the heart-strings were, however, subsequently stilled by entire resignation to the will of the Supreme, and she calmly committed her babe into His hands, who, "though a mother may forget the child of her womb," never forgets. As she neared the gate of the celestial city, she gave utterance to a cheering testimony as to her state of mind. Like some, she could not recollect either the time or place when and where she received the forgiveness of sins; and Satan more than once used this circumstance as a "fiery dart" wherewith to pierce her tender spirit: but she knew she had redemption through faith in the blood of the Lamb. The Sunday before her death, when supposed to be dying, one present quoted in her hearing that soul-cheering promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee;" (Isaiah xliii. 2;) a beautiful smile played upon her expressive countenance; and, in the midst of intensest suffering, she responded, "Yes, Jesus will help me through. He does help me." She revived, however, again, and lived until May 5th, 1858. She "fell asleep" in Jesus, trying to shout,

"Happy if with my latest breath," &c.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beatty, Bobert,	Ballynure,	Ballyclare,	4	March 28th, 1861.
Curran, Thomas,	Ballyclare,	Ballyclare,	76	March 20th, 1861.
Faragher, Esther,	Douglas,	Douglas,	72	Feb. 21st, 1861.
Grainger, Richard,	Micklefield,	Selby,	61	Jan. 26th, 1860.
Hardy, William,	Micklefield,	Selby,	52	Feb. 24th, 1861.
Hart, Charles,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	74	Feb. 13th, 1861.
Madge, Jane Flamank,	Plymouth,	Plymouth,	19	Dec. 9th, 1860.
Mansford, Mary Ann,	Malbrough,	Lincoln,	20	June 27th, 1860.
Rooney, Elizabeth,	Ballyclare,	Ballyclare,	19	Feb. 19th, 1861.
Singleton, Elizabeth,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	55	Dec. 18th, 1860.
Walton, Carter,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	23	Jan. 2d, 1859.
Wolton, Francis,	Micklefield,	Selby,	47	Nov. 8th, 1860.
Worsdall, Sarah,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	68	Oct. 23d, 1859.

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A SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF THE NEW CHAPEL, CITY-ROAD, LONDON, 1781.

CITY-ROAD CHAPEL; HISTORY OF ITS ERECTION.

This venerable and time-honoured sanctuary, so long the parent home of universal Methodism, is just now an object of considerable interest. The lease will soon expire, and a favourable opportunity occurs for securing it to the Connexion in fee-simple to the end of the world.

The first place of worship possessed by Wesley in London was an old building, formerly used as a foundery for casting cannon, and situated in Moorfields. Sometime about the year 1738, a terrible explosion shattered many parts of the building to pieces, and the Government abandoned the premises, and removed the foundery to Woolwich.

Wesley's all but universal exclusion from the churches rendered it necessary that he should have some place where he could regularly preach, and where his Societies could assemble for all the purposes of church-services. Two gentlemen, personally unknown to him, directed his attention to the dilapidated Foundery, and urged him to take it, and convert it into a place of worship. They offered to find money for the necessary alterations and repairs; and Wesley yielded to their representations. In the month of November, 1739, and before the required alterations were made, he preached there for the first time, to six or eight thousand people.

Here, for nearly forty years, Methodism had its head-quarters; but the

tenure became uncertain, and Wesley began to cast about for means to erect a more commodious and permanent structure. In a letter dated "October 19th,* 1775," he writes from the Hall at Ramsbury-Park, "a lovely spot, and a lovely family," to his brother Charles: "On Friday I hope to be in London, and to talk with the Committee about building a new Foundery." "Returned to London," however, is the only entry in his Journal relating to this auspicious Friday. In all probability the Committee then met, and resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to secure a proper site. For on March 1st, 1776, not five months after the previous date, Wesley writes: "As we cannot depend upon having the Foundery long, we met to consult about building a new chapel. Our petition to the City for a piece of ground lies before their Committee; but when we shall get any farther, I know not. So I determined to begin my circuit as usual; but promised to return whenever I should receive notice that our petition was granted."

The City Corporation, like most similar bodies, fully answered all expectation as to the tardiness of their movements. More than five months pass away before we have any indication of further action. By that time, however, the ground was secured on a fifty-nine years' lease,† and the Committee went into a discussion of the ways and means. "We made our first subscription toward building a new chapel," says Wesley, on Friday, August 2d, "and at this, and the two following meetings, above a thousand pounds were cheerfully subscribed." Under all the circumstances, this was a very fair beginning.

Matters were now sufficiently advanced to bring the whole case before the Conference, which met in London four days after this thousand pounds had been promised. "Question XX." is as follows: "What houses are to be built this year?" And the Answer is, "One at London, and one at Colne." Two months afterwards, Wesley addressed the following circular to "the Assistant Preachers:"—

"My dear Brother,

"About March you may begin to make the subscription for the New Chapel. Till then, I will beg you, with all possible diligence, to procure subscriptions for the 'Philosophy.'‡ Spare no pains. It will be the most complete thing in its kind of any in the English tongue. But it is well if I procure as many subscribers as will pay the expense of the edition.

"I am

"Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

"John Wesley."

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* This is manifestly a misprint for "17th," as he was at Ramsbury that day; on Wednesday, the 18th, at Newbury; and on Thursday, the 19th, at Reading, returning to London on the Friday.

† A few years after Wesley's death, the Trustees took an extended term of twenty-eight years, which will expire in 1864.

‡ The following advertisement appeared on the cover of the first Number of the Magazine, issued January 1st, 1778;—

The Conference sanctioned a general subscription throughout the Connexion in order to obtain the necessary funds for the erection of the chapel, just as the last Conference wisely made the same arrangement as to its purchase and enfranchisement. The circular to "the Assistant Preachers" was therefore accompanied by the following address, to "the Members and Friends of the Methodist Societies:"—

"*October* 18*th*, 1776.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"THE Society at London have given assistance to their brethren in various parts of England. They have done this for upwards of thirty years; they have done it cheerfully and liberally. The first year of the subscription for the general debt, they subscribed above nine hundred pounds; the next, above three hundred; and not much less, every one of the ensuing years.

"They now stand in need of assistance themselves. They are under a necessity of building; as the Foundery, with all the adjoining houses, is shortly to be pulled down: and the City of London has granted ground to build on; but on condition of covering it, and with large houses in front; which, together with the New Chapel, will, at a very moderate computation, cost upward of six thousand pounds. I must, therefore, beg the assistance of all our brethren. Now help the Parent Society, which has helped others for so many years, so willingly and so largely. Now help *me*, who account this as a kindness done to myself; perhaps the last of this sort which I shall ask of you. Subscribe what you conveniently can, to be paid either now, or at Christmas, or at Lady-day next.

"I am

"Your affectionate Brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

"PROPOSALS for PRINTING,
BY SUBSCRIPTION,
A SURVEY
OF
The Wisdom of GOD in CREATION:
OR, A
COMPENDIUM
of
Natural Philosophy.
IN FIVE VOLUMES.
By JOHN WESLEY.

CONDITIONS.

"I. The work is now in the press, and nearly finished, on a new type, and very fine paper.

"II. The price to subscribers is 15*s*. Half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the other half on the delivery of the book; stitched.

"III. Persons subscribing for six copies shall have a seventh GRATIS."

Wesley's opinion of his own volumes has been justified by the fact, that Lord Brougham selected the work as the best popular treatise on the subject, and recommended it to the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," by whom it was republished, with additions, some years ago.

There is a postscript, which tells us that "the Trustees are, John Duplex, Charles Greenwood, Richard Kemp, Samuel Chancellor, Charles Wheeler, William Cowland, John Folgham."

We are ignorant of the pecuniary results of this general appeal; but instructions were issued to architects as to the style of the proposed building, and several plans were offered for the Committee's inspection. On Friday,—a day which appears to have been set apart for Committees when Wesley was in town,—November 29th, 1776, one of these plans was adopted; a surveyor was appointed, and ordered to "draw out the particulars, with an estimate of the expense;" and proposals were directed "to be drawn up for those who were willing to undertake any part of the building."

The proposed plan comprehended the erection of the chapel, with morning chapel, class-rooms, and "large houses in front." The whole scheme, according to Wesley's statement, would, "at a moderate computation," involve an expenditure of "upwards of six thousand pounds." The "large houses in front" were originally intended, according to the demands of the City authorities, to cover all the breadth of the ground along the City-road, completely hiding the chapel, and leaving only an arched entrance for the congregation. The Trustees refused to carry out this demand, and their resistance nearly cost them the loss of the site. After much trouble and risk, the City agreed to accept a revised plan, having a house at each end, with palisades in front, and between the houses and the chapel-yard. This arrangement left the entire premises quite open to the road, and secured no small advantages in many respects.

The grand day for laying the foundation-stone arrived on Monday, April 21st, 1777. The proverbial "April showers" fell in unusual quantities, and in this way, says Wesley, "the rain befriended us much, by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there." The Methodists of that day, however, were not mere fair-weather worshippers, like too many of their successors. The gathering crowds came in such numbers as to cover the entire area of the ground. They were so closely wedged together that Wesley, little and lithe as he was, had great difficulty in elbowing his way to the appointed rostrum. They amounted to at least seven or eight thousand. What a glorious service of song would arise from this vast multitude assembled under such delightful circumstances!

Upon the foundation-stone there was fixed a brass plate, graven with the simple inscription, "This was laid by Mr. John Wesley, on April 21st, 1777." The "brass plate" was covered by another stone, and lowered into its place with all due ceremony. "Probably," says the man who performed that solemn act, "this will be seen no more by any human eye; but will remain there, till the earth and the works thereof are burned up;"—a conjecture now likely to be realized when the building is "secured to Methodism for ever." For never, long as there is a nation in the world to bless, or a soul upon the earth to save, shall the Methodism of Wesley either fulfil its mission, or come to an end.

The opportunity of laying the foundation-stone was seized by Wesley to deliver a remarkably clear and comprehensive discourse on the words of the Chaldean Seer: "According to this time, it shall be said, . . . What hath God wrought!" He clearly, but briefly, traces the rise and progress of the United Societies. He examines the general character of the work of God originated and carried on by the agency of Methodism, as to its *depth, swiftness,* and *purity*. He vindicates it as the work of God, as the religion of the New Testament, of the Primitive church, and of the Church of England. He disavows any intention of forming a separate sect, and strongly urges continued union with the National Church. The peroration is one of the most close and earnest to be found in his printed discourses; and, without a single word about the projected sanctuary, he concludes in a strain which it were well for all the Methodists of the present day to hear and ponder. "Come, and let us magnify the Lord together," he exclaims, "and labour to promote His kingdom upon earth! Let us join hearts and hands in this blessed work, in striving to bring glory to God in the highest, by establishing peace and good-will among men, to the uttermost of our power. First, let our hearts be joined herein: let us unite our wishes and prayers; let our whole soul pant after a general revival of pure religion and undefiled, the restoration of the image of God, pure love in every child of man! Then let us endeavour to promote in our several stations, this scriptural, primitive religion; let us, with all diligence, diffuse the religion of love among all we have any intercourse with; let us provoke all men, not to enmity and contention, but to love and to good works; always remembering those deep words, (God engrave them on all our hearts!) 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'"

We are not told whether any collection was made; but may we not take that for granted? as the whole proceeding would have been most un-Methodistical without such a termination. During the progress of the erection, Wesley was unceasing in his personal supervision of various matters connected with the interesting enterprise. His long journeys were converted into much shorter ones, and his "Itinerancy" was made to bend to the inevitable necessities of chapel-building. In a letter to Lady Maxwell, he writes: "The new chapel which we are now building in London, requires much of my attendance there, so that I cannot conveniently be absent more than two Sundays together." He spent much time in the hard toil of personally collecting moneys for the building, and spared no effort to enlist the sympathy and liberality of the entire Connexion.

The building rapidly advanced towards completion, and in eighteen months everything was ready for the opening-day,—Sunday, the 1st of November, 1778. So great was the crowd of joyful worshippers, that many were apprehensive of accident or disturbance. These fears were, happily, disappointed; and all passed off in the most orderly manner. In the morning, Wesley preached from part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple; and in the afternoon on the hundred and forty-

four thousand standing with the Lamb on Mount Zion. (Rev. xiv. 1.) "Both in the morning and afternoon," says the good man, "God was eminently present in the midst of the congregation." Thus "was the house finished throughout all the parts thereof, and according to all the fashion of it." (1 Kings vi. 38.) And as Wesley looked round upon its beautiful symmetry, and admirable commodiousness, he said most truly, "It is perfectly neat, but not fine; and contains far more people than the Foundery: I believe, together with the morning chapel, as many as the Tabernacle."*

When, on that eventful day, he considered "all the way that the Lord had led him those forty years in the wilderness," how would his heart throb with gratitude and joy! At the beginning of that period, he and his noble-hearted brother stood all but alone in the joy of their new-found acceptance with God. A mere handful of people in London and Bristol, who sought his advice, formed the whole of the Methodist Societies. But now, more than a hundred and fifty godly men were his "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God" in the office of the ministry, besides hundreds more who toiled all the week and preached on the Sabbath. Great Britain and Ireland were laid out in sixty-two Circuits, and every large town, and thousands of rural villages, received the Gospel at the hands of Methodism. Far-off America had also heard the word, and more than forty thousand souls—an average increase of a thousand a year, after all deaths, backsliders, and separatists have been deducted—were numbered in the class-papers, and regarded themselves as his followers. And the chapel which he that day dedicated to the worship of Jehovah was thenceforth to become a centre of influence and interest in every part of the world.

The chapel only was now completed,† and Wesley still resided at the top of the old Foundery: but when, about eleven months later, the other buildings were completed, he took up his permanent residence in what is still "the Superintendent's house." On Sunday, the 8th of August, 1779, he writes: "This was the last night which I spent at the Foundery. What hath God wrought there in one-and-forty years!" After a two months' preaching-journey through Wales and the West of England, he returned to London, and took up his abode in the new home, October 8th, 1779. "This night," he writes, "I lodged in the new house at London. How many more nights have I to spend there?"

With all Wesley's efforts, influence, and personal liberality, the building-expenditure had evidently involved him in considerable debt, and financial affairs were some time before they were in a satisfactory condi-

* The large but unhandsome place of worship then recently built by Whitefield, in Tabernacle-row, City-road.

† Seven years afterward, namely, December, 1785, there is the following entry in Wesley's Journal, the exact meaning of which we can hardly understand:—"Monday, December 5th, and so the whole week, I spent every hour I could spare, in the unpleasing but necessary work of going through the town, and begging for the poor men who had been employed in finishing the New Chapel. It is true I am not obliged to do this; but if I do it not, nobody else will."

tion. February 24th, 1780, he says: "I met the Building Committee, according to whose representation, our income, at last, nearly answers our expenses. If so, it will clear itself in a few years."

As soon as the chapel was opened, Wesley made arrangements for the regular and full observance of all the services of the Established Church, to which he was so ardently attached. Two Clergymen were engaged, whose duty it was to visit the sick, bury the dead, read the Liturgy, assist in the adminstration of the sacraments, and preach occasionally. The pulpit, however, was to be supplied by himself when in town, and by his brother during his absence. There was, therefore, a complete clerical staff in connexion with the new Foundery. This arrangement excluded the Methodist Preachers from the pulpit, and very naturally led to some remonstrance on their part. Though very much opposed by his brother, Wesley at length consented that they should occasionally occupy the pulpit in his stead. The ordained Clergyman read the prayers, and the unordained Methodist Preacher preached; the Clergyman baptized, and the Preacher looked on with the ordinary worshipper; the Clergyman administered the Lord's Supper, and the Preacher "drew near to take the holy sacrament to his comfort," with the rest of the people. All this, of course, was very anomalous; but these were the days of Methodism's nonage, when she was only regarded as an auxiliary to another church, a community within a community, and her teachers as mere laymen. This state of things, however well-meant, could never be permanent, and is now numbered with the past. Methodism claims all the rights, privileges, and authorities of a Christian church; and her Ministers, firmly believing that their orders are as valid as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, claim an equality with the Christian Ministers of any other church. "Are we not apostles? are we not free? are not ye our work in the Lord? If we be not apostles unto others, yet doubtless we are to you: for the seal of our apostleship are ye in the Lord."

Sheffield. J. K.

BOAZ.

The Bible is a revelation of the Divine will and purpose, and by following its directions we may obtain eternal life. But this is not all. The Scriptures are as profitable for the life that now is, as for that which is to come. The lessons which the Bible teaches indirectly are surpassed in importance only by those which it teaches directly. Its worldly maxims are as admirable in their way as its religious maxims, and both are illustrated and enforced by noble and numerous examples. Never has the world seen better specimens of farmers, merchants, tradesmen, masters, servants, than those of whom brief notices are recorded in the Bible. What a fine old Hebrew gentleman is Boaz! How courteously he steps upon the scene! A mighty man of wealth, of good family, a large landed proprietor, an influential citizen, belonging to the "best society," he comes down from his house in the city, to see for himself how matters are going on,

With a fine patriarchal courtesy he greets the reapers as he passes among them. "The Lord be with you;" and with equal courtesy, honourable alike to him and to themselves, they answer, "The Lord bless thee." Is there not here a lesson for master and servant, employer and employed? Does any one suppose that they served him any the less faithfully for his respectful kindness, or that there was any sycophancy in their cordial response? Was there anything in the interchange of pleasant feeling that trenched upon the dignity either of Boaz or of his reapers? Is not the truest, the only Christian relation between master and servant, that which recognises the underlying brotherhood of man, while it is equally cognisant of the surface-discrepancies? Does not the servant best respect and most scrupulously serve the master who respects the servant? A consideration of another's rights is the surest way to compass the consideration of our own. To be polite to others is the best way to make others polite to us. Here, as elsewhere, "what measure ye mete, shall be measured to you again."

But Boaz, with that keen observation which may perhaps have had something to do with his great wealth and high standing, notices a new face among the merry field-maidens; a graver, quieter face, probably; and, turning to his overseer, he makes inquiry, and learns that it belongs to the young woman who has been talked about so much in the city; the Moabitish damsel, who left her own family and land for love of her deceased husband's mother, and his God. So, glad, doubtless, of the opportunity, he cheers her fluttering, frightened heart with gracious words. How soothingly and gratefully must have fallen on her ear: "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens: let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee?" To the stranger unwonted to the customs of the land to which she had so lately come, unacquainted with the people by whom she was surrounded, these assurances from the master must have been doubly welcome. But his large-hearted hospitality was not yet exhausted: "When thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn. . . . At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. . . . And he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left." And, still farther, with thoughtful kindness, Boaz commanded his young men not only not to hinder her, but to "let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her." No wonder Ruth fell in love with him; so gentle, so polite, so chivalrous, so generous, so tender to the forlorn little foreigner.

Ruth was a Moabitess, a heathen by birth, a resident in a heathen country; and probably her best impressions of a country in which the true God was worshipped were received in the harvest-fields of Boaz. Suppose a young woman from the Fiji islands were to be transported to the hay-fields of some of our large farmers on a fine day in July; would her impressions be as favourable as those of Ruth? Would she see a liberality, and kindness, and courtesy which should at once recommend a Christian

country to her favour? We have known, and doubtless many of our readers have known, farmers who, instead of being polite, prided themselves on the roughness of their dress and manners. They seemed to think that to be polite was unmanly. But is there any reason why an English farmer should not be polite as well as a Bethlehem farmer? Farming is a noble occupation when it is nobly done; but if to be a farmer it is necessary to be a boor, then farming is of all occupations the most ignoble and undesirable. The truth is, politeness is the prerogative of no vocation. A shoeblack may be less accomplished than a prince, but he need not be less polite. Hay-making browns the skin, and hardens the hands; but it need not make the heart callous, nor the soul coarse.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.*

(GENESIS III. 1—7.)

THE Cherokee Indians have a belief that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the Kings or Chiefs of rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of an enormous size, and which possess the power of drawing to them every creature that comes within the reach of their eyes. Their heads are said to be crowned with a carbuncle of dazzling brightness.

That is a fable. But a reality more terrific by far meets us in this early event.

Truths, it has been said, are not matters of argument, but matters of fact. We have before us in this passage facts so transcendently commanding, that for well-nigh sixty centuries they have been inwrought, as the very warp and woof, into the texture of the innermost life of our race.

The first fact which confronts us is the reality of the PERSONAL DEVIL. No vapoury myth, — no ethereal, abstract "influence,"—but an actual living, present person: he stands here before us as real as Eve stands, or as Adam, or as the Lord; thinking, planning, speaking, acting; plying his hellish enginery with a determination to compass the ruin of the holy and happy inmates of the garden.

Do *we* adequately apprehend the terrific might and subtilty of this appalling power? Our great poet, in his "Paradise Lost," has thrown around him a certain halo of grandeur, which pre-occupies many minds, rendering them inaccessible to the naked truth regarding him. Milton figures him in his infernal palace as a species of hero; happy, after his manner, in his energy of evil-working. But the Bible exhibits him as intensely wretched, — "reserved in chains under darkness,"—and knowing that his doom is hastening swiftly on. A haze rests over him; a kind of mist; as if to know him directly and fully were too overwhelming for us in our present season of conflict: but the glimpses which break upon us, in the urgent counsels to resist him, and in the assurances of the forth-putting in our behalf of God's almighty power, are significant (though how tenderly communicated!) indications of the Divine estimate of his might.

One night, in a lowly cottage in Down, the writer was present at a little gathering of mill-workers, most of whom had recently found the Saviour. They were reading together a passage in the New Testament, where the devil is described as "now working in the children of disobedience,"

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* *Scenes of Life, Historical and Biographical.* By the Rev. John Baillie. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

They spoke of it as a fact which they had themselves lately been discovering to be awfully real, when suddenly one of them was stricken by God's hand, and cried aloud for mercy. Hour after hour the sufferer continued in appalling agony, as if in personal conflict with some present enemy. It was the doctrine translated into fact; the "strong man armed" was struggling in his stronghold; and the gracious Lord was binding him, and "spoiling his goods."

The next fact which meets us on the scene is the INTERVIEW betwixt Satan and Eve.

Himself the hapless victim of his own self-will, (1 Tim. iii. 6,) he cunningly asked her,—"Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" It was a secret appeal to her pride not to suffer any check to be put even by Jehovah upon her right to do her own pleasure; an insinuation that God would tamper with His own word, and that she might tamper with it; a malignant calumny of their loving God, as if He envied her a happiness which lay within her easy reach.

Hard thoughts of God, it has been said, are the death of the heavenly life. At that instant the heavenly life in Eve received its death-blow. Not indignantly repelling the calumny, but guiltily consenting to parley with the tempter, she replied, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

Every sentence betrayed the presence of the poison in her soul. God's large-hearted way had been, "Of *every* tree of the garden thou mayest *freely* eat:" her niggard formula was, "We *may* eat of the trees of the garden." God's simple prohibition had been, "The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it:" her version was,—"Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it." God's authoritative menace had been, "For in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die:" stripping it of its solemn majesty, she transformed it into the feeble peradventure, "Lest ye die."

Ominous attitude! She had "*entered* into temptation." In the company of the father of lies, she was treading the forbidden ground; and, before that sun had set, he was to have her in his dungeon, bound hand and foot.

Daring now to assert openly what at first he had only hinted hesitatingly, he intimated broadly that the Divine threat was a mere feint,—"Ye shall *not* surely die." It was the wedge driven home. She was his helpless captive. Satan-like, she hastened away to Adam with the lie, and whispered it in his ear. He, too, consented. A few more moments, and both had eaten.

By some it has been supposed that there was something in the apple which to the senses was very intoxicating. We can fancy them retiring to rest!

They awoke! But what a wreck! Ichabod was already graven, in letters of judgment-fire, upon themselves, and upon all nature around them. They had eaten the "mess of pottage;" and the "birthright" was sold. O, how ignominiously!

The first intimation of doom seems to have come in a manner somewhat mysterious, but not a little significant. Their bodies hitherto had been encircled with a kind of heavenly halo, like the angels' at the Saviour's tomb, or like Moses's on Sinai; or like Jesus's on the Transfiguration Mount. Now this Shechinah-like glory was away! "They knew that they were naked."

And the fig-leaves! "They sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons." What a contrast to the luminous encirclement! The clod of the valley and the sunbeam are not more directly converse. Already the sentence had visibly taken effect

upon the body,—it was unmistakably a "body of death."

Yet this was but the faintest shadow of the terrific catastrophe which had overtaken the soul. It, too, was dead,—"twice dead." The death of the soul is its separation from God. The two transgressors had left their God, and their God had left them: that very day they had "surely died."

They had not long awoke, when a sudden "wind," — probably at the time of evening worship, ("the cool of the day,")—announced the Lord's approach,—He whose slightest whisper had before been welcomed so joyously. But sin was now eating like a canker-worm into their souls; and what fellowship could the holy Lord have with sin, even for one moment? Ashamed to look Him in the face again, they hastily skulked away.

"Adam!" said the Lord, calling the guilty one by name, "where art thou?"

The voice there was no resisting. The sinner came forth. Unsolicited he began his dismal tale of shame and of woe. "I heard," said he, "Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." Confronting him with his sin, God proceeded: "Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?"

The guilty conscience, stricken and taken into God's light, says, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." But Adam as yet had not reached this stage. Not justifying God and condemning himself, he justified himself and condemned God. "The woman," he muttered out, with a shameless effrontery, secretly blaming God as the author of his ruin, "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

What a catastrophe! what a "horrible pit" of badness! what a vast abyss of Satanic defiance! There was in him now only that "carnal mind which is enmity against God." He was dead,—"dead in trespasses and in sins." Life is God's favour and personal companionship; death is God's anger and personal departure. Man was now dead,—dead as any devil in pandemonium: he had departed from his God, and his God had departed from him; the holy and happy fellowship was broken up; a great gulf divided them, — wide as heaven is from hell.

It was no shield from the Divine displeasure that another had tempted him. It would have been no sin to be tempted; but it was sin, deadly sin, to consent, to yield.

And the curse had come, through the man, upon the race. By one man sin had entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death had passed upon all men, for that all had sinned.

Brother! do *you* possess, at this moment, only "the carnal mind?"

"The carnal mind," it is written, "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Till a man is "born again,"—is a new creature in Christ Jesus,—he has nothing in him or about him but this carnal mind.

The new creature is the exact converse. "Whosoever is born of God," says the Scripture, "doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

The old nature is against God, and cannot but be against Him: the new nature is for God, and cannot but be for Him. The old nature sins, and cannot but sin: the new nature does not sin, and cannot sin.

The moment the new nature is implanted by the creative act of the Holy Spirit through a living union of the soul to the crucified and risen Jesus, a warfare begins, "the law in

the members warring against the law of the mind;" and the war ends only when man exchanges the "bondage of the corruption" for the "liberty of the glory."

But, dear brother, remember, if the new nature have not been given to you; if the "seed" be not in you; if you have not been "created anew in Christ Jesus," you have in you at this instant nothing but that carnal mind, whose very nature is ungodliness, and whose certain doom is hell. The carnal mind may quiet a troubled conscience with a routine of duties; but it is the carnal mind still, and it "cannot please God."

Such was man at the very moment of his fall; and such is man now. Civilization, refinement, scientific progress, art, learning, leave the carnal mind where they found it. The carnal mind is "enmity against God," it is not subject to His law, neither indeed can be.

And this is not all.

The carnal mind is the very seat of Satan, doing Satan's pleasure, delighting in Satan's ways. In the new nature the Holy Spirit dwells; it is His temple, His chosen, loved abode. But the old nature is a habitation of the wicked one; thinking devilish thoughts, cherishing devilish emotions, uttering devilish words, doing devilish deeds. "Ye are of your father, the devil," said He, who knew what was in man; "and the works of your father ye will do." Reader! remember, that, if the Bible be true, and if you be not a temple of the Holy Ghost, then every act of your life, every utterance of your lips, every emotion of your heart, is an emanation from the father of lies.

Schiller once remarked, when uttering an unpalatable truth, that the business of his life was not to please men, but to profit them. These are truths more plain than pleasant; they are very unattractive, very old-fashioned; but they *are* truths, not theological dogmas, but *facts*,—certain, incontrovertible facts: and very profitable is it for him who has wit enough and grace enough to discern them, and to confess them; for He who says, "Thou hast destroyed thyself," says also, "In Me is thine help." Why not, then, my brother, go to Him, and cry,—

"Lord, restore Thine image, hear my call!
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone."

"THE FREE GIFT."

COLOURED Preachers often have a rare facility in homely and pithy illustrations, which more cultivated Preachers might imitate with the best results.

I once, says one, found myself in company with a party of friends in the gallery of a small village-church, listening to a discourse from a coloured Minister, or rather Exhorter. After some preliminary exercises, a grey-headed man, evidently quite a patriarchal personage, arose, announced as his subject "The History of Dives and Lazarus," which he proceeded to explain and enforce.

One illustration he used was so full of quaint simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to express the idea he meant to convey, that it struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how a sinner should accept the Gospel offers of salvation.

"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits you, and in all respects is just what you need. You ask the price, but, when told, find you have not got enough money, and shake your head.

"'No, Massa, I am too poor, must go without,' and turn away.

"But he says, 'I know you cannot pay me, and I have concluded to give it to you: will you have it?'

"What would you do in that case? Stop to hem and haw, and say, 'O, he's just laughing at me; he don't mean it?' No such thing. There is not one of you who would not take the coat, and say, 'Yes, Massa, and thank you, too.'

"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is offered you as freely as that: why won't you take it as freely? You are lost, undone sinners, and feel that you need a covering from His wrath. If you would keep His holy law blameless, you might purchase it by good works; but, ah! you are all full of sin, and that continually. Prayers and tears are worthless. You are poor indeed; and if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder that you are turning off in despair. But, stop! look here: God speaks now, and offers you the perfect robe of Christian righteousness, that will cover all your sins, and fit all your wants, and says that you may have it 'without money and without price.' O brethren, my dear brethren, do take God's word for it, and thankfully accept His free gift."

What impression the words had on the old man's coloured auditors I cannot tell; but, as our group left the church, one of the ladies remarked to another, "What a strange idea that was about the coat!"

"My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it was. I am so glad that I came here! This is the way I have been despairingly seeking for years. How simple! How plain! Yes, I will take God at His word,—

> 'Nothing in my hand I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling.'"

LETTING THE HEART DOWN.

A POOR widow lies helpless upon her bed. She has worked at her tubs and laundry-table as long as she could stand, since her children depend on her labour. At last her health has given out, and she is obliged to surrender. With her work half done, and knowing not how she is to live, and to feed her family, she stops from stern necessity. The luxury of sickness she cannot afford, or she would have stopped a year ago. Now she must suffer and wait, whereas before she suffered and worked. It is surely a hard case. How easily may she be gloomy and despairing!

In this state of things I visited her. I was prepared to hear a sad story, and to meet a downcast countenance. But, to my surprise, she was cheerful,—hoped she would get at her work in a few weeks: the people she worked for would put up with her sickness for a while, and then she would go on again, as before. Her feet were not quite so swollen; and if she could only get so as to stand, she could work very well in the laundry. Meanwhile the doctor was so kind as to charge her nothing for his services; and her eldest child got through pretty well with the scanty cooking she required.

Astonished at such a cheerful tone; seeing that she made the best of everything, and somehow covered the darkest places with smiles and hopes; I asked her how she could keep up her spirits in such discouraging circumstances. She spoke of her Christian consolations, and said, "There's no use of letting the heart down!"

I wondered at the pithy lesson I had received in this home of poverty. As I went away, my burdens somehow grew lighter, my vexations vanished, my complaining spirit gave place to gratitude, and I resolved to write the Christian philosophy of the widow on my heart.

How much such a habit of holding the heart up would do for all earnest workers, as well as to patient sufferers! Only let the soul be sustained and girded by such a faith, the counten-

ance lighted up by such a cheerful glow, the imagination busied in the paths of hope, rather than of despair; and how much stronger we should be in every holy service!

Tell it to the tempted and the troubled Christian, to the earnest worker everywhere. Be joyful in God; for "there's no use of letting the heart down!"

"THE WILD HUNTSMAN."

The Germans have an ancient mythical legend, which, with its fearful imagery, teaches an impressive lesson. A nobleman, with horse and hounds, sets forth on the Sabbath for a hunting-excursion. The church-bells, sounding out on the air their invitations to worship, call him in vain, as he passes. On his right, a shadowy rider, on a white horse, attending him, pleads with him to desist from his madness; while, on the left, a black-visaged companion, bestriding a black steed, urges on the chase. So on he dashes, over highway and field, trampling down harvests and flocks, scoffing at the cries of the husbandmen, till, invading the sacred seclusion of a hermit, he is doomed *to continue the hunt for ever*. Then suddenly the glare of an unearthly light flashes on field and grove. The heavens darken with storm-clouds overhead, and the earth opens beneath. Demon-fingers reach up from below toward the terrified rider; while howling hell-hounds spring from yawning abysses to pursue him. So, with ghastly face, ever turned backward in horror, amidst curses resounding through all the air, he rides, from age to age, the race of death.

It is but a feeble and shadowy image of the meaning of those words of Biblical forewarning: "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." How often an infatuated worldling is startled for a moment, half resolved to break from the bondage of sin; then, yielding to the old fascination again, he rushes on, and "the last state of that man is worse than the first!"

Depravity germinates in two directions at once, outward and inward, with a flower and a root. And, to the guilty soul, the fearfulest feature of it is, this reflex tendency into one's being; for the outgrowing effects of sin—baneful as they are, directly as they tend to utter anarchy and ruin throughout the universe of God—are yet subject to a Sovereign Providence. The wrath of man can be made to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath be restrained. But for the recoil of this wrath on the soul, for the corrupting and blasting effect of it there, no restraint is provided. The ever-gathering force with which the sinner advances against his Creator, comes, in time, to take him, as it were, from his feet; to possess and control him, and hurry him headlong to death.

And who will estimate this fearful power as felt in the world of woe? If here, in the very midst of Christendom, with the light from open Bibles streaming athwart his pathway, and voices of heavenly invitation ever sounding about him, the deluded soul, while *frankly confessing* his own folly and madness, moves on to his doom, what will be the result when exposed to the unmitigated companionship and influences of the spirits below? The laws of his own being, from whose working he can never through eternity escape, become his relentless tormentors. The imagination crowds the soul's inner chambers with foul and loathsome imagery. The desires rush lawlessly after their old pleasures. The will sets itself with malignant obstinacy against all thought of contrition. The passions chafe and rage in conscious impotence, only fiercer in hate, because confronted by Omnipotence. And so,

the victim of his own deliberately-chosen guilt is borne on madly from the sphere of light and love—a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

THE late James A. Haldane, of Edinburgh, in his early life, commanded the man-of-war, "Melville Castle." When engaged in an action, he ordered up a fresh set of hands to take the place of those who had been killed by the broadside of the enemy. The men, seeing the mangled bodies of their comrades, instinctively drew back; at which he poured forth a volley of oaths, and wished them all in hell. A religious seaman shortly after said to him, respectfully and seriously, "*If God had heard your prayer just now, where should we have been?*" His words were winged by Him who never smites in vain, and from that day the Captain became a changed man. He lived to preach the Gospel fifty-four years. His brother Robert, now known as an able and learned commentator, was early converted under his preaching. Robert went to Geneva; and while there, a number of young men were converted under his labours, among whom were Frederick Monod, one of the pillars of the Evangelical Church in France; Felix Neff, the devoted young Pastor of the high Alps; and Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation. Who can gather up the results of that single conversion on board the "Melville Castle," brought about through a single sentence addressed by a sailor to his profane Commander?

AN OPEN SOUL.

THE soil should be cultivated, that it may be open to the influences of the sun and the shower. In like manner the soul should be kept open to Divine influences.

It should be kept open to the truth. Passion and prejudice should be carefully guarded against; for they prevent the reception of the truth. Not only should we be careful to know the truth contained in the Bible, but we should seek to have all our views and opinions according to truth. In forming opinions in regard to apparently-unimportant matters, careful scrutiny should be exercised that those opinions may approximate as near as possible to the truth. In making statements, the same care should be exercised. Thus will the mind be kept open to the truth.

All wise and right action must be in view of the truth. The blind man cannot direct his course wisely with reference to external objects. What blindness is to the body, a want of power to perceive truth is to the soul.

The soul should be kept open to tender and benevolent influences. Our emotions or sensibilities are the immediate causes of action. We may see the truth, but, if it awakens no feeling, it will not lead to action. A quick sensibility to the claims of the truth is necessary to usefulness and enjoyment.

Men differ in their nature in regard to their susceptibilities of feeling. A greater difference is often caused by habit. One yields to his tender and benevolent impulses, regulating by the truth the actions to which they lead; another wraps himself in the folds of selfishness, and asks, What personal benefit shall I receive by yielding to this feeling?

Above all, we should keep our souls open to the influences of the Holy Ghost. He is our Helper, and we should always be ready to receive His aid. We should invite His presence by earnest prayer, and by carefully observing that injunction of the Apostle, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

Our Home Work.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AMONG WORKING-MEN IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

(*Continued from page* 179.)

An irreligious man, who had once worked in the same shop with him, called to see Mr. Perriman the day before he died. The visiter, on entering the room, saw his former acquaintance struggling with death, and said, "I am sorry to see you:" but he was interrupted by the dying man, "Sorry! I am going to glory." He then narrated to his visiter the great change that God had wrought in him, the happiness that his soul had enjoyed through faith in Jesus Christ, and the assurance he had at that moment that he should be present with the Lord as soon as his soul was absent from his body. The vividness, and earnestness, and pathos with which the dying man spoke made the lip of his auditor quiver, and his eye weep. He then asked, with a meek and majestic power, "Is my religion a fable or a reality?" No infidel doubts could live in that scene, and the answer was instantly given,—"A reality!" Like his Saviour, who in dying won a soul, Perriman may now look down from the skies, and see that man a happy Christian, to whom he spoke when dying. At that time that man began to seek the Lord; and he now fills Perriman's vacant place in class, and in a walk of usefulness. Even in death, Mr. Perriman was strong; but he felt ashamed that he had not begun the service of God earlier. In addressing his Saviour in one of his prayers, he said, "I have not done much for Thee; but let me suffer for Thee, and glorify Thee; let my death be a testimony for Thee, and be the means of the conversion of hundreds." To the latter part of this prayer who will not say, "Amen?" Mr. Perriman was thirty-one years of age when he died.

These two men were brothers-in-law: Mr. Simpson married Mr. Perriman's sister. Their souls were turned into the way of peace within a month of each other: for between two and three years they counselled and strengthened one another in the way of righteousness. They died under the same roof, within a month of each other, and their widows were left to weep together. "They were lovely and pleasant in" the Christian part of "their lives, and in their death they were not" long "divided." Their end was marked by the difference that existed in their training and tastes. The Scotsman, Simpson, wisely and well, quoted Scripture to the last day of his life, and died with words of the holy book on his lips. Perriman was a joyous, hymn-loving, holy-song-singing Christian, who sent thrills of joy through many hearts whose constitutional tendency to depression makes them *forget to sing* without compunction, although they dare not forget to pray. His last audible words were in keeping with the pleasing exercises of the last two years of his life. His wife could just discern the words he was singing with his latest breath. They are well-known and appropriate:—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;
> Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain."

He entered on these pleasures as he finished the verse.

William Gordon was buried the same day as Mr. Perriman. The convictions of sin that fastened on his conscience, and roused him to seek pardon through Jesus Christ, were wrought in him while listening to a sermon preached in the open air, in Poplar. His health was not good at that time, and soon after he visited Bedford. "I went," he said, "to seek health for my body, and found life to my soul." At the Wesleyan chapel there, he took his place among a company of anxious inquirers whom some earnest Christians were directing to the Saviour, and there the light of God's countenance burst on his soul. On his return to London, he was too weak to resume the use of saw, and chisel, and hammer; and he endeavoured by keeping a school to earn his daily bread. His education and self-culture

would have ensured a fair degree of success, but disease compelled him to relinquish this new employment, and he went into the country again, in the hope that change of air would prolong his life. Two months before his death, he wrote to his Class-Leader, "How the time has slipped away! reminding us of the poet's words:—

'Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.'

But I thank God that, being so much nearer the grave is also being so much nearer to my Father's house; truly 'the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places.'" He was willing to die, as he did, at the age of twenty-one, or to live threescore years and ten. God's love in his heart made all God's dealings with his body pleasant to his soul; and his resigned will desired the will of the Lord to determine the days of his life. He returned home to die. Near the final hour, an evil suggestion troubled him. The idea was presented to his mind that he had trusted for salvation to his own works, or something of the kind; and his attendants heard him reply to it, as if in the sight of God he had examined the point, and proved himself, "O, no, my Father! I have not trusted to anything, I have not trusted in anything, but the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ my Saviour." One who was watching him said, "You will overcome by the blood of the Lamb;" and, as if carrying the thought to Jesus, he answered, "O, yes! blessed Saviour!"

He showed very deep concern for the conversion of his three brothers; and, on one occasion, exclaimed, "O, I am so happy in my own soul, because of my own salvation! How unspeakably would my happiness be raised if I saw all my brothers saved!" He felt as if their salvation would give him as much happiness as if he could feel the joy of three more personal salvations. About an hour and a half before he died, they were summoned to his dying couch; and, with subdued vehemence, and overwhelming love, shown by tears, entreaties, parting kisses, imploring expostulations, and appropriate advices, he urged them to turn to God at once, and meet him in heaven. His work was done; and, without a fear or groan, his happy soul passed away to the "spirits of the just made perfect."

A great and blessed alteration is going on in the religious opinions and feelings of the working-classes. Twenty years ago many of them sneered at religion, and not a few gloried in avowing infidel sentiments. Fifteen years ago, this aversion to truth and grace began sensibly to decline; and within the last five years evangelical ideas have gained a remarkable ascendency in the convictions of the workers in shops and factories. Those who gather the most improvident of them into halls and theatres, or address them in the open air, do not generally feel called on to prove that the Bible is the word of God; for their hearers do not dispute its authority, and the Preachers urge saving truth on their consciences with almost as little fear of unexpressed gainsaying as they have when appealing to the regular worshippers in churches and chapels.

It is, however, assumed, perhaps too readily, that though the working-classes generally assent to the truths of religion, and can be gathered together to join in acts of worship in buildings not used for worship until very recently, yet they will not come to the regular places of worship. Is it so? If so, why is it? Will they not come to our churches and chapels if warmly invited at their own homes, and if met at the sanctuary-door, and conducted to seats, not by a perfunctory pew-opener, but by educated Christian men, whose sympathy for them will gleam out of their eyes, and whose bearing towards them will make them feel that they are more respected when they cross the threshold of a chapel or church than in any other public place they enter? These questions are worthy of consideration at a time when various eccentric and occasional methods, peculiar to the winter season and Sabbath evenings, are largely employed in the metropolis and elsewhere, under the impression that the working-classes are disposed to worship, but averse to places of worship. It would be easy to prove that if the working-classes can be collected into regular places of worship where they can be systematically and constantly gathered

into church-fellowship, the results of such efforts will be far more permanent and glorious than any likely to be achieved by novel and temporary expedients. These thoughts are not penned to hint a doubt respecting the benefits that have been conferred on the neglecters of worship who have been gathered on Sabbath evenings into places set apart for doubtful or sinful amusement, or to furnish a plea to those idle Christians who are liberal in raising objections and giving advice respecting the evangelization of working-men, but who do nothing towards the object—persons who never try to bring a working-man to trust in Christ Jesus. The object aimed at is a practical one. Publicity will always be given to large public religious services marked by novelty or eccentricity. Improvements quietly adopted in connexion with old-established and regular ordinances,—although, perhaps, superior in efficiency in accomplishing the results at which both are aiming, in the proportion in which each is employed,—may long remain almost unnoticed, although they may ultimately become a permanent custom or institution, when more exciting, and more transient, and more talked-of methods have gradually passed away.

Repeated visits to the homes of the people, paid by persons connected with Poplar Wesleyan chapel, have induced hundreds who neglected public worship to attend that place of worship with regularity. The *welcome given to them when they came*, and *the helping hand offered* to people who appeared to feel the force of the preached word, have resulted in many striking conversions. The new disciples have proved zealous, faithful, and steadfast. Some of them are good workers in the Sabbath-school and tract-distribution, and twelve or thirteen cottage prayer-meetings every week have been carried on during the winter chiefly by them. Before assuming that the working-classes are willing to worship but not willing to attend places of worship, surely repeated invitations to come to the sanctuary, and hearty welcomes when they come, should be more generally tried.

The cases which, by reason of the death of the parties, it is thought fit to present to public notice, are not supposed to be anything more than fair specimens of the recent converts. Were all the cases detailed, and special incidents furnished, a large book must be written. When such books are published, they give many true and pleasing facts, and impress sanguine minds with the idea that nearly all the navvies on a railway, or all the soldiers in a regiment, or all the people in a neighbourhood, have become sober and devout. The error arises more from defects in the reader's mind than from the author's book; but it is so likely to arise, that I should not say anything to call it into existence as far as the working-men of the east of London are concerned. All the devout and zealous working-men, belonging to all Christian denominations in the east of London—including old and new disciples of Christ—are but a little leaven in the midst of a large unleavened lump. One man, in speaking of religious life as he saw it in the place where he is employed, said, "All the men in our workshop are not converted, far from it: but the converted men are stuck here and there through the shop, at distances like the lamp-posts in the streets;" and the lamps of these men are lighted. There is an unhesitating testimony borne to the true idea of conversion by many who were once without the form of godliness, and it is delivered under the power of the constraining love of Christ, as I heard one of them say, "When God converted my heart, He did not tie my tongue." M.

Readings in History.

THE VISIT OF PETER THE FIRST IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III.

(*Concluded from page* 180.)

It might have been expected that France would have been the first object of Peter's curiosity. For the grace and dignity of the French King, the splendour of the French court, the discipline of the French armies, and the genius and learning of the French writers, were then

renowned all over the world. But the Czar's mind had early taken a strange ply which it retained to the last. His empire was of all empires the least capable of being made a great naval power. The Swedish provinces lay between his states and the Baltic. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles lay between his states and the Mediterranean. He had access to the ocean only in a latitude in which navigation is, during a great part of every year, perilous and difficult. On the ocean he had only a single port, Archangel; and the whole shipping of Archangel was foreign. There did not exist a Russian vessel larger than a fishing-boat. Yet from some cause which cannot now be traced, he had a taste for maritime pursuits which amounted to a passion; indeed, almost to a monomania. His imagination was full of sails, yard-arms, and rudders. That large mind, equal to the highest duties of the General and the Statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline. The chief ambition of the great conqueror and legislator, was to be a good boatswain, and a good ship's carpenter. Holland and England, therefore, had for him an attraction which was wanting to the galleries and terraces of Versailles. He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dockyard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down his name on the list of workmen, wielded with his own hand the caulking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps, and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors who came to pay their respects to him were forced, much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

Such was the Prince whom the populace of London now crowded to behold. His stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, his frown black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant; and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror; the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, and which, it was said, he had carefully distilled with his own hands; the fool who jabbered at his feet, the monkey which grinned at the back of his chair, were, during some weeks, popular topics of conversation. He meanwhile shunned the public gaze with a haughty shyness which inflamed curiosity. He went to a play; but, as soon as he perceived that pit, boxes, and galleries, were staring not at the stage but at him, he retired to a back-bench, where he was screened from observation by his attendants. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords; but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb up to the leads, and to peep through a small window. He heard with great interest the royal assent given to a bill for raising fifteen hundred thousand pounds by land-tax; and learned with amazement that this sum, though larger by one half than the whole revenue which he could wring from the population of the immense empire of which he was absolute master, was but a small part of what the Commons of England voluntarily granted every year to their constitutional King.

William judiciously humored the whims of his illustrious guest, and stole to Norfolk-street so quietly that nobody in the neighbourhood recognised His Majesty in the thin gentleman who got out of the modest-looking coach at the Czar's lodgings. The Czar returned the visit with the same precautions, and was admitted into Kensington House by a back-door. It was afterwards known that he took no notice of the fine pictures with which the palace was adorned. But over the chimney of the royal sitting-room was a plate which, by an ingenious machinery, indicated the direction of the wind; and with this plate he was in raptures.

He soon became weary of his residence. He found that he was too far from the objects of his curiosity, and too near to the crowds to which he was himself an object of curiosity. He accordingly removed to Deptford, and was there lodged in the house of John Evelyn; a house which had long been a favourite resort of men of letters, men of taste, and men of science. Here Peter gave himself up to his favourite pursuits. He navigated a

yacht every day up and down the river. His apartment was crowded with models of three-deckers and two-deckers, frigates, sloops, and fireships. The only Englishman of rank in whose society he seemed to take much pleasure, was the eccentric Caermarthen, whose passion for the sea bore some resemblance to his own, and who was very competent to give an opinion about every part of a ship, from the stem to the stern. Caermarthen, indeed, became so great a favourite, that he prevailed on the Czar to consent to the admission of a limited quantity of tobacco into Russia. There was reason to apprehend that the Russian Clergy would cry out against any relaxation of the ancient rule, and would strenuously maintain that the practice of smoking was condemned by that text which declares that man is defiled, not by those things which enter into the mouth, but by those which proceed out of it. This apprehension was expressed by a deputation of merchants who were admitted to an audience of the Czar: but they were reassured by the air with which he told them that he knew how to keep Priests in order.

He was indeed so free from any bigoted attachment to the religion in which he had been brought up, that both Papists and Protestants hoped at different times to make him a proselyte. Burnet, commissioned by his brethren, and impelled, no doubt, by his own restless curiosity and love of meddling, repaired to Deptford, and was honoured with several audiences. The Czar could not be persuaded to exhibit himself at Saint Paul's; but he was induced to visit Lambeth Palace. There he saw the ceremony of ordination performed, and expressed warm approbation of the Anglican ritual. Nothing in England astonished him so much as the Archiepiscopal library. It was the first good collection of books he had seen; and he declared that he had never imagined that there were so many printed volumes in the world.

The impression which he made on Burnet was not favourable. The good Bishop could not understand that a mind which seemed to be chiefly occupied with questions about the best place for a capstan, and the best way of rigging a jury-mast, might be capable, not merely of ruling an empire, but of creating a nation. He complained that he had gone to see a great Prince, and had found only an industrious shipwright. Nor does Evelyn seem to have formed a much more favourable opinion of his august tenant. It was, indeed, not in the character of a tenant that the Czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty; and, when he was entertained by other Sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and velvet state-beds, unequivocal proof that a savage had been there. Evelyn's house was left in such a state that the Treasury quieted his complaints with a considerable sum of money.

Towards the close of March the Czar visited Portsmouth, saw a sham sea-fight at Spithead, watched every movement of the contending fleets with intense interest, and expressed in warm terms his gratitude to the hospitable Government which had provided so delightful a spectacle for his amusement and instruction. After passing more than three months in England, he departed in high good humour.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CIV.

"*My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away.*" (Job vi. 15.)

Pools in winter, when there is less need of water; but dried up in summer, when water in those parched countries was a great commodity. So many seem to be

great friends, and heighten our expectation, but in our necessities and straits leave us destitute. Ye see me cast down, and are afraid, saith Job, as if I should be a burden to you. Dearest friends may disappoint us; their affection wants an inward principle; it is a winter brook, and not a spring. Therefore, since the heart of man is so deceitful; and not only deceitful, but, though sincere for the present, very changeable; and this is so important an interest in human life, and the vexation of a disappointment in a bosom friend is so grievous, and involveth us in many inconveniences, natural and spiritual; for Solomon telleth us, "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint." (Prov. xxv. 19.) When we think to eat with a broken tooth, or to walk with the foot out of joint, we are put to grievous pain and torment: therefore we should go to God, and pray Him to direct us in the choice of intimate friends. David sadly regrets a disappointment in a friend. "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance." (Psal. lv. 12, 13.) A deceitful friend may become the greatest foe; and we resent his ingratitude more than the injuries of others, when he abuses his trust, and the familiarity he had with us. The worst that a professed enemy can do is not so grievous as the treachery of a professed friend. This is more piercing, less to be avoided: therefore whom we have trusted most familiarly and freely, loved as our soul and life, from such we expect the same firm and hearty friendship. It concerneth us therefore to seek unto God, that we may have a godly wise man, with whom we may be free in all cases of mind or conscience, and to whom we may freely open ourselves, and be strengthened in the service of God. It is a great part of our contentment and happiness therefore, that we may not be deceived in our choice. Let us go to God, who knoweth hearts; for God hath a hand in this.—*Manton on Christ's Transfiguration*, pp. 20—22. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CV.

"*Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*" (Mark ix. 44.)

The worm is conscience, reflecting on past folly and disobedience. *Here* a man may run away from the rebukes of conscience, by many shifts; sleeping, sporting, distracting his mind with a clatter of business. But *there* not a thought is free, but is always thinking of slighted means, abused mercies, wasted time, the offences done to a merciful God, and the curse wherein they have involved themselves. The "fire" is the wrath of God, or those unknown pains that shall be inflicted on body and soul; which must needs be great, when we fall into the hands of the living God! If a little mitigation, a drop to cool your tongue, be thought a great matter, O what a blessedness is it to be free from so great an evil! Perhaps you coldly entertain the offer of pardon now; but then to be freed from the wrath to come, O blessed Jesus!—*Manton on Redemption by Christ*, pp. 24, 25. *Edit.* 1685.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. IV.

In the preceding papers we have endeavoured to establish the antiquity and Divine origin of the Sabbath, tracing its birthplace to the garden of Eden, and fixing the date of its commencement at the end of the first week of creation;—we have endeavoured to show, that being a commemorative or monumental institution, as well as from the natural and moral requirements of man, the Sabbath must,

of necessity, be of universal and perpetual obligation; — we have, further, sought to prove that the change of the Sabbath under the Christian dispensation, from the seventh to the first day of the week, does not at all affect the essence of the Sabbath law, and is fully warranted by the authority and practice of the Apostles, and by the direct sanction and blessing of God Himself. It will be our aim now to reply to the more plausible and popular objections which have been urged against this view of the sanctity and claims of the Sabbath.

First.—*It has been asserted, that in the New Testament, there is positive evidence that God designed the entire abolition of the Sabbath; and that under the Christian dispensation every day is alike.*

Three passages are quoted in favour of this view: "One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." (Rom. xiv. 5.) "But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." (Gal. iv. 9—11.) "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." (Col. ii. 16, 17.)

From these texts it is inferred that the observance of a Sabbath under the Christian dispensation is left to the option of each individual man. But if the parties who thus conclude, would attend to the scope and design of the Apostle's argument in each of these cases, they would find, that he is opposing the attempts of *Judaisers*, who would fain make binding upon the consciences of Christians the feasts and festivals of the old dispensation. The Apostle interferes to protect the Christian liberty of believers. They might observe those feasts if they choose, but no man was to compel them to do so; no man was to condemn them if they did not.

It is forgotten by the parties who urge the texts now cited against the observance of a weekly sabbath, that in the Old Testament *the Jewish festivals are called "sabbaths."* This is their common and familiar designation. The feast of trumpets, on the first day of the seventh month, was a "sabbath." (Lev. xxiii. 23—25.) The day of atonement, on the tenth of the same month, was a "sabbath." (Ver. 26—32.) The first day of the feast of tabernacles, the fifteenth day of the same month, was a "sabbath." (Ver. 33—40.) Of course these feasts would not always occur on the same day of the week, but yet they are called "sabbaths." Every seventh year was also a sabbath; "a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord." (Lev. xxv. 4.)

It is of *such* sabbaths as these (festal times, sabbatical months, sabbatical years, all of them distinctive features of Judaism) that St. Paul speaks in the passages now named. It is as referring, also, to such seasons, that we must understand that oft-quoted and greatly misunderstood text in the Prophet: "Moreover I gave them" (the Jews) "My sabbaths, to be a sign between Me and them." (Ezek. xx. 12.) These festivals were manifest and frequently-recurring tokens of a special covenant existing between God and His ancient people. St. Paul connects them with the "meats and drinks and new moons" of Judaism, and says of the whole, "They are a shadow of good things to come." They had served their purpose, and were now to pass away. The primitive Christians were absolved from all obligation to observe them; and, consequently, so are we. In not one of the texts quoted does Paul speak of "*the* SABBATH," but of "*sabbaths*;" hence they furnish no argument against the observance of one day in seven, as a day of holy rest and special spiritual service.

Were it not for the fearful consequences that such teachings are calculated to produce, one might smile at the theological sciolism of certain popular writers, who, in magniloquent phrase, and with manifest self-complacency, talk of having "large Paul-like views of the abrogation of the fourth commandment." Paul-like views, indeed! "As far as the east is from the west," so far is Paul from favouring lax notions in reference to the

law of the Christian Sabbath; and we can only conclude that, on the part of writers, who would lay the axe at the root of the Sabbath, as a Christian institute, there is a culpable ignorance, or a wilful perversion, of the teachings of holy Scripture.

Secondly.—*It has been objected to the regular observance of a Sabbath, that a true Christian will make* EVERY DAY A SABBATH; *and hence a day exclusively set apart for religious service is unnecessary and superstitious.*

On this ground we sometimes hear people exclaim, "O, I am an every-day Christian: why make so much ado about Sunday services? I am for serving God every day in the week." Very good. Alas, for the man who does not render obedience unto that precept,—"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.) But it has been shrewdly remarked, that the people who talk like this are, after all, not always the most exemplary in the discharge of their moral and spiritual duties; and that if they believe that every day should be a Sabbath, their practice demonstrates that they have very low views of what a Sabbath should be! "Every day a Sabbath!" Translate this into the vernacular of common life, and it means "*No* day a Sabbath!" "Every day alike!" Let this text be read in the light of the comment which general experience and practice shed upon it, and it will be found that the proper rendering is,—not every day alike *spiritual*, but every day alike *secular*. The aim is not so much to lift up ordinary days to the standard of the Sabbath, as to bring down the Sabbath to the level of ordinary days.

There is a vast amount of mere sentimentality, of refined transcendentalism, in vogue on this subject. "Spiritual men," we are told, "do not want a Lord's day: those who are not spiritual will not be improved by anything so poor and legal." The simple objection to this view is, that it contradicts both general experience and the word of God. The spiritual man feels more deeply than any other man, that he needs every help to raise his thoughts above the turmoil of the world, and he longs for, and delights in, the Sabbath of the Lord, in which he can rest from earthly amusement and care. He knows full well, that whilst it is his duty to "pray, and not to faint;" to "pray without ceasing;" yet that *special* and *distinct* seasons for prayer are both necessary and absolutely enjoined; that Christians are not to "forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is," but are to draw near unto the throne of grace, "with a true heart in full assurance of faith." (Heb. x. 22—25.) Let a man begin to feel that he can do without a Sabbath, and he will soon feel that he can do without religion.

(*To be continued.*)

Poetry.

GOD'S COMMANDMENTS ARE NOT HARD.

It is not, after all, so hard
To be a happy man;
We give ourselves unto the Lord,
And do the best we can.

Not slaves, but sons, we gladly do
Whatever we are told;
And with our love, increases too
Our joy a thousand fold.

We work with silent industry,
Unconscious of the toil,
As of itself some goodly tree
Bears fruit in fertile soil.

Our daily task we enter on
With willing hearts and hands;
The Lord in us hath always done
What He from us demands.

In all He wills we acquiesce,
Assured that it is best,
At every time, in every place,
With Him we must be blest.

Thus doth the Christian thrive and grow,
Though poor, a wealthy man;
And if we can't be happy so,
I know not how we can.

Our Servants.

GOSSIP.

This is one of the worst vices of society; it is found among all classes of the people; and it is very difficult to say whether it abounds in the greater degree in the upper or in the lower ranks: one thing is certain, namely, that it is extremely common, and is exceedingly mischievous everywhere. Yet everybody condemns it; nobody allows either to himself, or to anyone else, that he is a gossip. "A gossip, indeed, not I," quoth he: "could I stoop to such a practice? Could I lend my ear or my lips to idle tales, or to hurtful insinuations? Do you think I have nothing better to do? that I cannot better improve my time? or that I would so far lower myself, as to become the receiver of everybody's talk; or, by first hearing and then by repeating all the news of the neighbourhood, set up for a gossip on my own account? Never!"

We shall do well, however, to remember, that as the virtues of character do not exclusively belong to any one class of society, no more do the vices: we find not only good and evil among all sorts of folks, but also the very same good and evil. Therefore, if one were to pass from kitchen to parlour, from the drawing-room to the ball-room, and thence to the highest circles of society, he might find that he had only left one set of gossips for another. The gossips are as numerous and just as annoying as Pharaoh's frogs, that came out of low places, and climbed up into the ovens, and the very beds of the Egyptians. Pests!

It was owing to a conversation that we heard one day, between some ladies, on the many faults of servants, that the thought arose in our mind, "Would it not be better to say something *to* 'our servants' which may be of some use, than so much *against* them that can be of none?" So we have attempted something each succeeding month of the present year; and, if agreeable to our readers, we mean to continue to address them to the end of it.

Very well then, we might as well say at once, that gossip must be bad, for it is the offspring of curiosity and malice. The one of these, curiosity, is a harmless, indeed we may say, a good thing; but the other, malice, is a bad thing. But as when good and evil are mixed together, the evil masters the good; like a few drops of essence of aloes in a tumbler of pure water: so, when curiosity has returned home from her journey of peeping, and listening, and staring, loaded with what may seem *valuable information*, she delivers it into the keeping of memory; unawares malice distils a little of her own into it, and at once it is all embittered.

Perhaps "our servants" have seen, on a winter's morning, with a few sharp-set children looking on, a flake or two of soot drop into a nice brass pan of boiling milk, and spoil the whole. Mayhap the hungry urchins manage to get the sooty fluid down their throats with many a grin, being told all the while, that a little soot can do them no harm, because farriers sometimes give it to horses. Yet the children think that they are not horses themselves, and that the milk would have done them as much good *without* the soot. Now let us keep the malice out of our conversation, and it will be all the better, all the sweeter. *Without* curiosity we should know very little indeed; for, supposing a man to know nothing but what he was obliged to know, and that he would not look at anything but what he could not help seeing, of course he not only would be the greatest ignoramus in the world, but he would forget everything as soon as he had learned it; on the principle, that what a man takes no pains to learn, he will be at none at all to remember. So that curiosity is a harmless thing in itself; for it is justly expressed in the phrase, "I should like to be knowing." But then, if you let it fly abroad at its own will, it is sure to stray into the ways of evil and folly: therefore you must limit and direct its excursions by keeping the tether in your hand.

Before we say other things, let us remember an old Persian saying; namely, "*He that hears all he can hear, will hear more than is true; and he that says all he can say, will say more than is true.*" Let that be well borne in mind.

The gossip of "our servants" is seldom about people who are worse off than themselves, but generally it is concerning one another: their hard lot, their unreasonable work, their poor wages, their indifferent food; the young ladies are conceited, the young gentlemen are haughty, the mistress is whimsical, and the master anything but what he ought to be. Next, their neighbours and *their* servants; their Ministers and *their* servants; the congregation and *their* servants; in all the interesting variety of their characters, dress, personal appearance, household arrangements, faults, courtships, marriages, &c., form the matter of discussion, and must go the round of all their acquaintance.

Now in this there does not need to be the least harm. If "our servants" may not talk of such matters, what are they to speak of? If they will only keep all malice and all envy out of their conversation, let them talk away; they'll not do much harm.

We would just add one word more on curiosity. Indulge it cautiously: if let run abroad, it will become ungovernable. We have known it grow up into an ardent passion for knowing the sacred secrets of the family. In this way. The postman brings a letter, the servant receives it; but before she has delivered it, she just looks at the post-office stamps to see when and where it was posted. By and by another letter comes, from the same post-office, and written by the same hand: then a third. Curiosity begins to ask, What can this mean? Whose handwriting is it? "I should like to be knowing!" At last one of these letters is left on a table, lying open. Curiosity just peeps into it to see the signature. Finding it is from someone rather particular, the letter itself is read next; and so the servant has committed an act of unfaithfulness little short of domestic felony. Then arises the habit of listening outside windows and doors, and of peeping through chinks, and keyholes, and windows; and of supposing and guessing all the rest, till one can scarcely cough or sneeze at home.

And what is all this naughtiness for, but to tell it to some foolish, greedy, gossip, who will tell all again, over and over?

Worse than even this is the unkind and ungodly practice of some of our *religious* servants, who attend preaching and class-meeting, and afterwards tarry, exchanging gossip for gossip with each other, until they are more wicked than before; until their employers discharge them, vowing they will never hire another Methodist.

On the other hand, we hope that by far the greater number of our religious servants avoid the evils we have adverted to; that our characters are safe in their hands; that they observe the same confidence and silence respecting our conduct and affairs, that it is said the servants of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen keep, who are *sworn to secrecy;* and that "our servants" will all scorn to lower themselves to that mean habit of gossip so unhappily rife in society. We think this paper particularly seasonable, especially as the hay-harvest, the corn-harvest, and the hop-picking are at hand.

P. H.

Anecdotes.

REMINISCENCES OF ANOTHER HIGHLAND MINISTER.*

In the reminiscences of Mr. Fraser, reference was made to Mr. James Porteous, the Minister of Kilmuir. He had obtained a presentation to Daviot, but the people of that parish would not receive him, and he was not one who would consent to be intruded into a charge. At Kilmuir he was cordially received; and of all the famous preachers in the north, next to Mr. Lachlan, he was the most successful in riveting the attention of his hearers. His power of illustration

* *The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire.* By the Rev. John Kennedy, Edinburgh: John Maclaren, 1861.

was great, and he could make a safe and dexterous use of allegory. His metaphors were always apt, if not always poetical. His care was to use them as illustrations rather than as ornaments. He never tried to embellish, but he laboured to simplify his discourses.

In his pastoral intercourse with his people, he was remarkably winning and wise. Being fond of flowers, and afraid that he might forget his flock while engaged in cultivating his garden, he connected with each plant he reared the name of some godly parishioner or acquaintance. It was, to his mind, congenial employment to trace analogies between the varieties of flowers in his garden, and the varieties of character in his parish; and having succeeded in attaching each flower to its antitype, in his mind and memory, his employment in the garden never allowed him to forget that he was a watchman for souls. A broken-hearted, humble, timid Christian once found the Minister in his garden when he called upon him. Bringing him beside a plant of violet, and pointing to it, "There you are," Mr. Porteous said. "That dark uncomely thing, without flower or fruit, is truly like me," remarked his visiter, as he looked down on it. "Yes, it is indeed like you," rejoined the Minister, as he opened up its leaves and exposed its flowers; "for it is a lowly, fragrant plant, that usually hides its beauty, and whose sweetness is most felt when it is most closely searched and pressed." A young man who had been recently awakened came to him as he was walking among his flowers. He described his feelings, and the Minister listened in silence; but he had no flower to which to point the inquirer, and did not speak a word to him, till a toad was observed crawling across the path on which they were walking. "Do you see that?" the Minister asked, pointing to the toad. "I do," the young man answered; and they passed on, and, without another word from the Minister, they parted. A second and a third time, there was a repetition of what occurred at their first interview. But when, a fourth time, the youth's attention was called to the crawling toad, "It would be well for me," he said, "were I that toad without a soul that can be lost for ever." "I can speak to you now," his Minister said. He judged his wound not to have been deep enough before, but now he entered into close and earnest conversation with him about the way of healing. There may have been thereafter a type of this young man among the flowers in the Minister's garden.

He quietly fell asleep in Jesus, in the attitude of prayer, alone with the Lord, on the 7th day of January, 1775, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His ministry in Kilmuir extended over forty-three years.

The following notes of Mr. Porteous's preaching were often given, with great effect, in Gaelic, by Dr. M'Donald. The reader must find out for himself the lessons of the allegories. It is impossible to translate them without blunting their point; but even in starched English they may give an idea of how Mr. Porteous succeeded in arresting the attention of his hearers, in getting access to their understanding, and in fixing the truth in their memory:—

THE TRAVELLER IN A STORM.

"A TRAVELLER, while passing through a desert, was overtaken by a storm. So violent was the tempest, that he at last despaired of surviving it. Just as hope died within him, his eye was caught by a light that glimmered in the distance, and he hastened his steps to reach it. Arriving at the place where it shone, he sees an open house, entering which, he finds himself in an apartment, with a fire on the hearth, and a seat placed beside it. He sat down, and, making himself as comfortable as possible, he felt happy at his escape from the storm that was still raging without. On entering, he had seen nothing but what has already been noticed; but about midnight, happening to look round, he saw a dead body lying in a corner of the room. The corpse having begun to rise, as he looked at it, the poor man became dreadfully frightened; and as the dead was rising higher and higher, he rushed to the door to escape from the house. But the storm was still so violent that he dared not go out, and no choice was left to him but to

return to his place by the fire. For a time the corpse was at rest, but he could not keep his eyes off the corner where it lay; and as he looked, it began to rise, and now higher than before. Again he sprung from his seat; but, instead of rushing to the door, he this time fell on his knees. As he knelt, the dead body lay back again, and he ventured once more to his seat by the hearth. He had not long been there, when up again rises the corpse, and now still higher than formerly; so on his knees again he fell. Observing that only while he was kneeling the dead lay still, he rose not again from his knees till the day had broken, and the shadows fled away."

THE FARMER AND THE THIEF.

"A FARMER in Kilmuir was once engaged in thrashing corn. Having been busy all day, there was a considerable heap on the floor at night, as the result of his labour. But when he came back to his barn next morning, all the thrashed corn was away. This occurred a second and a third time, till the farmer could bear it no longer. So he resolved to watch all night, as well as work all day. Having done so, he had not been long waiting, when the thief appeared, and began to gather up the corn. Leaping upon him, the farmer tried to put him down, that he might either bind him, or hold him there till help arrived. But the thief proved the stronger of the two, and he had laid the farmer on his back, and had almost quite strangled him, when a friend came to his rescue. Having hold of the thief, after the farmer was on his legs again, his friend said to him, 'What will be done to the thief?' 'O, bind him,' was the answer, 'and give him to me on my back, and I will set off at once with him to the prison at Tain.' His friend did as he requested, and off set the farmer with his burden. But as he went out of sight of his friend, in a hollow of the road, the thief, with one effort, breaking the cords that bound him, fell upon the farmer, and gave him even a rougher handling than before. He would utterly have perished, had not his faithful friend just come up in time again to save him. 'What will now be done?' his friend again asked. The answer was the same as before; only he added, 'I will be more careful this time.' So again he started with his troublesome burden on his back, and all was quiet, till he came to a dark part of the road, through the woods of Calrossie, when the fastenings were again broken, and the farmer maltreated even worse than before. Once again his friend comes to his help; but now the farmer would not part with him, till he had accompanied him to the prison. His request was granted, the jail reached, the thief locked up, and the farmer, forgetting his friend in his delight at getting rid of his tormentor, with a light step, set out for his home. Just as he had banished all fear from his heart, and was indulging in anticipations of peace for the future, in a moment, the thief, having escaped from his cell, and hurried to overtake him, sprung upon him from behind, and, with even more than his former fury, threw the poor farmer to the ground, and would have now killed him outright, had not the wonted help just come 'in the time of need.' Once, again, his friend asked, 'What will now be done?' The farmer, worried and wearied, cast himself at his feet, and, seizing him with both his hands, cried, 'Let the day never dawn on which thou and I shall for a moment be parted; for without thee I can do nothing.'"

THE EAGLE.

"THE eagle is said to renew its age. Old age comes on, and its end seems near, but, instead of passing out of life, it passes into youth again. It is commonly believed in the Highlands, that its decay is owing to its bill becoming so long and so bent that it cannot take up its food, and that, on that account, it pines for want of nourishment. The manner in which it is said to renew its age is, by letting itself fall on a rock, by which means its bill is broken down to its proper size, its power to feed is restored, and youth begins again. That is but a legend; but this is truth, even that thy soul's strength, O believer, can only be renewed by thy letting thyself fall on Christ, the Rock of Ages."

Narratives.

A CHEQUERED LIFE.

Mrs. R——, during the days of her youthful gaiety became sick of a severe and lingering fever, and when her life was nearly despaired of, she gave evidence to those around her of a sudden and wonderful change of heart. Her conversation was full of heaven, and being of an excitable temperament, she imagined herself surrounded by winged messengers waiting to bear her ransomed spirit to the abodes of blessedness and glory. She warned every impenitent one around her, and seemed determined to do everything in her power to win souls to Christ. Thus she continued, till one could almost have regretted that anything should disappoint her anticipations. Nevertheless, the fever left her, and, on her recovery, every vestige of seriousness disappeared.

On a subsequent review of those scenes, it was clear that she had not manifested much sense of sinfulness, or much desire for the prayers of others on her behalf. This case shows how easily anxious friends may be deceived by appearances of death-bed conversions. We should labour for the conversion of our friends while they are in health, and not wait for the exigencies of such a fearful hour.

It was some years afterwards before her real conversion took place. As she was naturally nervous and impulsive, and as her religious training was superficial, her notions of religious experience were chiefly emotional. She saw her helplessness, and sought to trust alone in her Saviour; yet, as if a mere passive recipient of spiritual comforts, she waited for conscious feeling as the true ground of activity. Hopes and efforts all fluctuated with the tide of emotion. Of course she became unstable. The ordinary routine of Christian duties could not be safely neglected; while in these, perhaps, she experienced as much of slavish servitude as of Christian liberty. She would not venture upon the outgoing efforts of activity which have such a healthful influence upon the Christian life. She was all too feeble. She must wait for more strength and more feeling. *Such* waiting was to no purpose. Evidences and comforts diminished. Living in a large city, her spiritual state was unknown to others. When she began to absent herself from the Lord's table, it was natural to suppose her in ill-health or out of the city; but the truth was, she was fearful of partaking unworthily. She had too little feeling. Fears increased till they became morbid and permanent. Removing to another city, she brought no note of removal, but for some fourteen or fifteen long years absented herself from the communion of saints. Friendly remonstrances were of no avail. She would not for all the world relinquish her hope in Christ; but to venture again to attend class was entirely out of the question. She loved society, and appeared cheerful. A feeble struggle was maintained between worldliness and spirituality. But there was little evidence of growth in grace. How could there be? Could a branch separated from the vine be found to thrive so as to prepare itself for re-union? Deep affliction came and wrought a partial amendment; but the sacrament she still neglected as often as before. Another affliction, and still another, had influence to check her unbelief. At length, through much persuasion, she overcame her fears, and enjoyed for a season the privileges of happy Christian fellowship. She became more steadfast and devoted. Still, her piety was of slender growth. Instead of reaching forth to the exigencies of a world in ruins, it lived almost unobserved within the little circle around her. She thought more of frames and comforts than of practical responsibilities. When listening to preaching or to prayer, she was a sort of spiritual absorbent, happy if she might imbibe somewhat of the sentiments of the occasion.

Another series of trials came upon her. Her husband called to a better world, we soon see her an almost helpless invalid, living in retirement upon a small income, labouring under a chronic disease, which would ultimately prove fatal. Away from former Christian friends and privi-

lèges, and kept by her many infirmities from the house of God, could she now be expected to ripen for glory? But these circumstances were entirely providential. She was thrown in greater measure upon her own resources. By the blessing of God she could make her own room a little Bethel, and could there read and rejoice over the triumphs of the Gospel, to which nothing was left her to contribute but prayers and thanksgiving. She now in some measure did what she could. The Master did not forsake her. Habitually pleasant and cheerful in social life, she became more affectionate, transparent, and confiding. If her piety never attained the largest dimensions, it was increasingly lovely and soul-sustaining. Without losing her vivacity of temper, she became weaned from the world, and was lifted above the fear of death. This was no feverish excitement. It was an abiding calmness, which enabled her to speak as familiarly of her expected departure into the world of spirits as of the performance of a pleasant journey. While patiently waiting for this event, she sometimes would pray, in her sleeping-room, that it might please her Saviour to call her before morning. Sitting up one evening in her bed, she suddenly expired without a sigh or a struggle. It was like an instantaneous translation.

To say nothing here of the necessity of afflictions, there is one important point embodied in the narrative, which is too apt to be forgotten. True Christian love is an active principle. It goes out of itself for objects to act upon. What would family affliction be, if the inmates of a household were to neglect the normal and proper offices of affection? Not less important to growth in grace are those normal activities of Christian love which relate to a perishing world. Especially in such a period as the present, must we bestir ourselves, or be subject to the dangers of a spiritual paralysis.

The Portfolio.

MEMORY.

We need not go beyond our own familiar experience to verify the power of memory. Revisit some scenes of early life, from which you have been absent twenty, thirty, or forty years; what intensely vivid remembrances take shape, hue, and voice! The faces and tones of the long-forgotten, the very trees and stones now dislodged, the prattle and the day-dreams of infancy, every evanescent frame of thought and feeling will be recalled, and you find yourself again a child. There is not a reverie that ever flitted across our minds, not a dream that ever haunted our pillows, which has gone beyond return. Nor is there a single day, when strange and isolated facts, fragments of conversations, vague, floating images of ancient and forgotten things, do not thus rise before us, like ghosts of the unburied. Thus the past never dies, though, in the common routine of life, we have to a degree the keys of memory in our own hands, and may admit or exclude recollections at pleasure. But there are seasons, and those not rare, when the keys are taken from us, and, without the power of choice, we are liable to inundations from the good or evil, the sweet or bitter, of the past promiscuously. Indeed, these seasons are so frequent with us all, that a large part of our happiness is placed irrevocably out of our own keeping; transferred from our present to our past selves.

Of the power of memory for good or evil we have in this life ample experience, from the torn and scattered leaves of its book, with which recollection furnishes us. What anguish can be compared with the remorse that gnaws the breast of the betrayer of innocence; of him whose profligacy has brought the grey hairs of parents with sorrow to the grave; of him whose every retrospect is rayless and guilt-stained? We recollect our childish follies, and the chiding and the pain which attended them; but if they were outgrown, forsaken, and forgiven, and if, while they lie back in the dim distance of many years, we have built fair and pleasing structures in the foreground, these so occupy the view as to prevent the eye from resting painfully on earlier guilt.

MIRACLES.

When the angel brought St. Peter out of prison, the iron gate opened of its own accord; but coming to the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, he was fain to stand before the door and knock! When iron gave entrance, how can wood make opposition? The answer is easy. There was no man to open the iron gate, but a portress was provided, of course, to unlock the door. God would not, therefore, show His finger when men's hands are appointed to do the work. Heaven will not substitute a miracle where ordinary means were formerly in peaceable possession. But if they either depart or resign, (ingenuously confessing their insufficiency,) then miracles succeed in their vacancy.—*Fuller.*

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time, adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

THE REBUKE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee." (Prov. ix. 8.)

Rev. Joseph Alleine was very faithful and impartial in administering reproof. Once when employed in a work of this kind, he said to a Christian friend, "I am now going about that which is likely to make a very dear and obliging friend become an enemy. But, however, it cannot be omitted; it is better to lose man's favour than God's." But, so far from becoming his enemy for his conscientious faithfulness to him, he rather loved him the more ever after as long as he lived.

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Wesleyan Book-Committee have recently purchased, from the executors of the late Dr. Bunting, the whole of his MS. sermons and theological papers. Two handsome volumes in crown 8vo., containing the choicest and most valuable of these sermons, are already in the press, and will be issued, in successive volumes, as soon after the Conference as possible. The first volume will be embellished with a portrait of this able divine, executed only a few years before his death. For nearly half a century he was one of the most attractive and successful preachers in England; and by all true lovers of sound Methodist theology, these volumes will, doubtless, be greatly prized. "In respect of language," says one of our ablest and most venerable living Ministers, Dr. Bunting's "sermons were singularly correct, lucid, elegant, and forcible; so that one of the most distinguished Ministers of the age, belonging to another religious denomination, after hearing him preach, pronounced his style 'a limpid stream of classic elegance.' But the great charm of his preaching was its thoroughly scriptural, evangelical, impressive, and practical character. His sermons were always delivered with appropriate seriousness and animation, and were comprehensive in their range of topics; presenting truth in a variety of aspects, and applying it to the consciences of the people with a fidelity, earnestness, and power, perhaps never surpassed; and often reminding his hearers of such men as Richard Baxter and Joseph Benson. Through the whole of his public life his preaching was felt to be everywhere awakening, converting, encouraging, instructive, and edifying; for it was his invariable purpose to present the truth of God in its scriptural purity, free from human refinements and speculations,—to exhibit Christ in the glories of His person, and the freeness of His grace,—the Holy Spirit in all His offices as the

Helper, the Comforter, and the Sanctifier of men,—and thus to raise up an intelligent, a holy, an upright, and a happy people, who should in all things adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. To preserve authentic specimens of such a ministry cannot but be regarded as a public benefit, not only to the religious body to which Dr. Bunting belonged, but to every evangelical community; especially in the present age, when men are found saying to Christ, 'Lord, Lord,' while they openly contradict His teaching, and attempt to throw discredit upon the Scriptures to which He gave His direct and solemn sanction as the undoubted word of God."

New editions of Richard Watson's *Life of John Wesley*, the Rev. John Farrar's *Dictionary of Scripture Names*, the *Narrative of Oliver M. Spencer*, and the Rev. Alfred Barrett's delightful narrative of the *Boatman's Daughter*, along with four excellent Tracts, in the ordinary series, entitled, *A Voice from the Deathbeds of Infidels; Next Sunday; The Storm;* and *The Last Journey, or Perils*, are now ready to be issued from the Conference-office.

The first volume of Nichol's series of *Standard Divines of the Puritan Period*, a handsome octavo of five hundred and sixty-four pages, has just appeared. It contains a portion of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's "Exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians."—The Rev. R. M. Macbrair, formerly one of our Missionaries in Africa, has given us an admirable volume on Africa, in which he has brought together, in picturesque but pure and fascinating English, all the important information respecting every known country and people on that vast continent, locked up in many expensive volumes of travels and discoveries.—The Rev. Dr. John Campbell, in a work entitled *The Conquest of England*, and published in a cheap form, has re-produced the *Letters* which he addressed to the Prince Consort on the *Popery, Puseyism, Neology, and Infidelity* of our day and country. This is a volume full of pregnant facts and cogent reasonings, for which its author well deserves the thanks of every adherent to Protestant truth.—Mr. Brumby, the well-known East-coast Missionary, Hull, has published a small but interesting volume of moral and religious anecdotes of seamen and their life, under the title of *The Sea and the Sailor.—The Shell-Flower Maker*, issued by Messrs. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, bears internal evidence of being what it is called, *A True Story;* and strikingly enforces the truth that "God helps those who help themselves."—*The Life of Mrs. Cameron*, the sister of Mrs. Sherwood, and the authoress of that most touching allegory almost ever written, entitled, "The Two Lambs," edited by her eldest son, presents a charming picture of a godly large-hearted, loving and lovable churchwoman.

Memorials of the Departed.

Died, at Garsfield Colliery, near Winlaton, June 1st, 1858, Mr. John Dover. He was converted to God in the year 1830, at Murton, a village in the Appleby Circuit, to which Society he united himself; and during his stay in that place, and various other places, where the providence of God subsequently cast his lot, he engaged in the duties of a Sabbath-school Teacher, Class-Leader, Chapel-Steward, &c., with zeal and fidelity. He was modest and unassuming in his manners, and warmly attached to Methodism to the day of his death. The affliction which terminated his earthly existence was cancer in the neck. His sufferings were very great. For some time before his death, he felt much anxiety at the idea of leaving a wife and five little children unprovided for. It cost him a struggle to overcome his fears; but after much prayer, his faith grasped this precious passage: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." Henceforth he was enabled to cast them on the providence of God. He died happy in the Lord, in the forty-seventh year of his

age, having been a member of the Methodist Society for twenty-eight years.

"Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more."

DIED, July 25th, 1858, ELIZABETH FOOT, at Donhead, in the Shaftesbury Circuit. Nearly thirty years before she was savingly converted to God, and to the end of her protracted life maintained Christian consistency. On her conversion her husband was bitterly opposed to her attendance at the means of grace, and he did his best to drive her from her steadfastness; but being determined, by the grace of God, to persevere, "she endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Earnestly did she plead with God that He would be pleased to change the heart of her persecuting husband; and that prayer was answered. He who had ridiculed his wife and her religion, was seen upon his knees earnestly praying that God, for Christ's sake, would forgive his own sins. And on his deathbed he said to his wife, "How glad I am you did not yield when I opposed, or we both might now be in hell!" For twelve years she was a widow, with but a scanty portion of this world's goods. Yet she experienced that her Maker was her Husband; and to Him she unbosomed her wants, ever committing unto Him "the keeping of her soul." She intensely loved the courts of the Lord's house; and often, notwithstanding her great age, was she seen on the dark winter evenings with a lantern in her hand, wending her way to the house of God. The last two months of her earthly pilgrimage were those of sore affliction; but not a murmuring word escaped her lips. Not long before her death, her countenance beamed with holy joy as she exclaimed,—

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

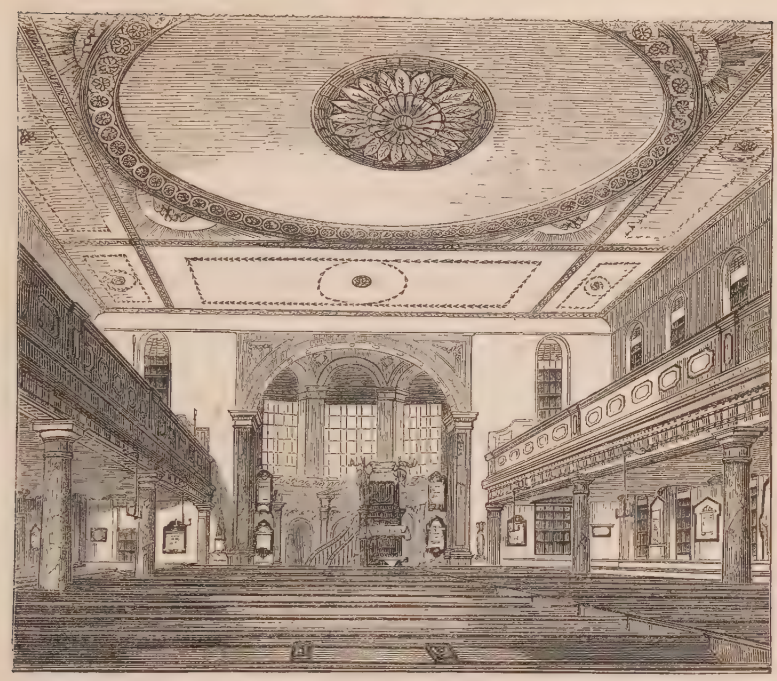
"To God be all the glory." In this happy state she breathed her last, and escaped from earth away, having sojourned on earth upwards of eighty years.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Asbery, Mary,	Bramley,	Rotherham,	66	Aug. 30th, 1860.
Bainbridge, Esther,	Sedbergh,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	36	Oct. 7th, 1861.
Binks, Mr. J.,	Boston-Castle,	Rotherham,	78	April 8th, 1861.
Bland, Miss,	Crayke,	Easingwold,	57	April 4th, 1861.
Clark, Mrs. Hannah,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	53	Sept. 2d, 1860.
Cox, Mr. W.,	Scholes,	Rotherham,	55	Jan. 25th, 1861.
Craven, John,	Scackleton,	Malton,	92	March 20th, 1861.
Eshelby, Miss,	Aldwark,	Easingwold,	52	March 24th, 1861.
Hunter, John,	Hawes,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	60	Nov. 24th, 1860.
Lupton, Anne,	Bramley,	Bramley,	31	April 15th, 1861.
Mason, Elizabeth,	Richmond,	Richmond,	67	March 18th, 1861.
Reader, Mrs. M. A.,	Drinkstone,	Bury St. Edmund's,	23	Feb. 21st, 1861.
Reynolds, George,	Richmond,	Richmond,	40	Feb. 3d, 1861.
Ruddock, Mary,	Scackleton,	Malton,	82	Jan. 16th, 1861.
Smith, Elizabeth,	Bury St. Edmund's,	Bury St. Edmund's,	72	May 5th, 1861.
Wilson, John,	Malton,	Malton,	60	April 2d, 1861.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



INTERIOR OF THE CITY-ROAD CHAPEL, 1861.

CITY-ROAD CHAPEL; WESLEY'S CONNEXION WITH IT.

Our materials for tracing Wesley's subsequent connexion with the New Chapel are exceedingly scant. At four o'clock, on the first Christmas morning after its opening, he was in the pulpit; and again in the afternoon, when it was "thoroughly filled in every corner." The solemn service for the "Renewal of the Covenant" was held there on the following New-Year's Day, and "at length," gratefully writes the man of God, "we have a House capable of containing the whole Society. We met there this evening to renew our covenant with God: and we never met on that solemn occasion without a peculiar blessing."*

As the head and leader of a large and influential religious community, Wesley was ever forward, when the necessity arose, to give a clear and unmistakable opinion on all great questions of the day, which concerned the principles of humanity or religion. Hence, in the great excitement of 1780, when the "Protestant Association," under the insane leadership of Lord George Gordon, created a riot in London, destroying an

* The London Methodists of that day went in glorious crowds to the solemn assembly. On the 3d of January, 1790, Wesley writes: "I suppose near TWO THOUSAND met at the New Chapel to renew their covenant with God; a scriptural means of grace which is now almost everywhere forgotten except among the Methodists."

immense amount of property, and threatening death to all Papists, he felt that a crisis had come which demanded a frank and bold expression of his own views. On the 5th of November, therefore, he "preached in the New Chapel, on Luke ix. 55: 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of;' and showed that, supposing the Papists to be heretics, schismatics, wicked men, enemies to us, and to our Church and nation, yet we ought not to persecute, to kill, hurt, or grieve them, but barely to prevent their doing hurt."*

In this favoured sanctuary, Wesley enjoyed many of his highest seasons of blessing while preaching the word of life. The following is a very remarkable instance:—"February 5th, 1786: In the morning, while I was applying, at the New Chapel, that solemn declaration, 'The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; nor His ear heavy, that it cannot hear:' He did indeed speak aloud in His word, so that the stout-hearted trembled. I broke out into prayer: the power of God came mightily upon us, and there was a general cry. But the voice of two persons prevailed over all the rest; one praying, and the other shrieking as in the agonies of death. God relieved the former in a few minutes, the other not till evening."

O for more of this glorious, genuine revivalism! Where is the Minister in Methodism who would not be thankful for an interruption like this under every sermon? The "power of God coming down mightily upon us;" the "general cry;" the stout-hearted trembling and "shrieking as in the agonies of death;" the penitent spirit resting on the atonement, and finding peace while listening to the Gospel,—these were the scenes which gladdened the assemblies of those earlier times. And why should they not be witnessed in all congregations in our own day? The God of our fathers still lives; the great truth is unabated in its certainty and power: "The Lord's hand is *not* shortened, that it cannot save; nor His ear heavy, that it cannot hear." Instead of contenting ourselves, as we too frequently do, with repeating, "O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them;" let universal Methodism unite in the supplication, "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old." (Isai. li. 9.)

Another deeply-interesting scene in Wesley's connexion with the New Chapel occurred not many months before his death. After reading the

* From this, and some other circumstances, it was rumoured that Wesley was a Papist in disguise, and the sovereign mob threatened him with violence. In a satirical poem which Charles Wesley wrote on the occasion, the following lines are put into the mouth of the rabble:—

"Old Wesley, too, to Papists kind,
Who wrote against them for a blind,
Himself a Papist still at heart,
He and his followers shall smart;
Not one of his fraternity
We here beneath our standard see."

See *Charles Wesley, the Poet of Methodism; a Lecture* by the Rev. John Kirk. London: sold by John Mason, 1860.

Liturgy one Sabbath morning, he ascended the pulpit to conduct the remaining parts of the service. A rush of holy thought poured into his soul: instead of announcing the hymn, he stood for ten minutes in perfect silence. His eyes were closed, his countenance devoutly lifted up to heaven, and his hands clasped together on the pulpit Bible. Like Hannah in the tabernacle at Shiloh, "he spake in his heart; only his lips moved, but his voice was not heard." (1 Sam. i. 13.) The congregation gazed in silent wonder as they saw him thus alone with God among a crowd of worshippers. His pulpit had become as the heights of Abarim, as the top of Pisgah, whence he looked across the Jordan, and beheld the glorious throng standing with the Lamb on Mount Sion, thousands of whom waited to welcome him "on the other side of the flood." "And when he saw them, he wished himself among them." Then, opening the Hymn-Book with his accustomed seriousness, he gave out, with more than ordinary tenderness and unction, his brother's noble hymn,—

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
* * * * *
"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death:
* * * * *
"Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

"O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!"

In "those days and in that time," also, when sinners were converted under the word instead of waiting for some after and auxiliary service, the "meeting of the Society" was as much a part of the Sabbath-evening worship as the sermon. As conducted by Wesley and the Preachers of "old time," these select gatherings, when the public congregation had been dismissed, were seasons of edification and grace. On these occasions, especially during the later years of his life, the veteran evangelist poured out the full feelings of his heart without restraint. In extreme old age, when unable to walk, the "disciple whom Jesus loved" was often carried into the Christian assembly at Ephesus. His day for long discourses was past, and he simply said, "Little children, love one another." "Why do you constantly repeat this one exhortation?" reverently inquired one of the disciples. "Because," said the beloved John, "this is the command of the Lord, and enough is done if this one command is obeyed."

The same feeling glowed in the breast of "England's great apostle." As he neared the bourn of life, his exhortations to his flock became more tender and fatherly. His constant advice was, "Love one another!" "Fear God; honour the King; and love one another." The fatherly counsel duly given, he invariably called upon the congregation to join him in singing,—

"O, that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

Then came the closing prayer, in which he fervently commended the Society to the care and blessing of God; and for himself his constant request was, "LORD, LET ME NOT LIVE TO BE USELESS!" Such were the scenes and services every Sabbath evening when Wesley conducted the worship in the New Foundery.

Five months before his death we have the last entry in his printed Journal relating to this favoured place of worship. Sunday, October 3d, 1790, he says, "was indeed a comfortable day. I preached at the New Chapel, morning and evening, with great enlargement of spirit. At the love-feast which followed great was our rejoicing; many declared what God had done for their souls; and many were filled with consolation."*

On Tuesday, February 22d, 1791, in great feebleness and with much difficulty, he entered the pulpit of that sacred building for the last time, and delivered his final message. The next day, at Leatherhead, the man who, during the last fifty years, had travelled not less than TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILES, chiefly on horseback or in his carriage, and delivered FIFTY THOUSAND DISCOURSES, preached his last sermon, on "Seek ye the LORD while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near;" and in two days more he was confined to his room in the City-road house.

His death-scene was one of the most peaceful and triumphant in the annals of the church. Prayer, praise, and thankfulness were ever on his lips. Many golden sentences, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance, were uttered during his last hours. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." "HE IS ALL! HE IS ALL!"—"There is no need for more than what I said in Bristol:† my words then were—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!'"

"We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."—"That is the foundation, the only foundation, and there is no other." "How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation!"—"The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."—"Never mind the poor

* It is to be deeply regretted that the printed Journal only comes down to the 24th of October, 1790, leaving a chasm of five months before his death.

† Eight years before, when he was seriously ill, and not expected to recover.

carcass."—"The clouds drop fatness."—"He giveth His servants rest."—"He causeth His servants to lie down in peace."—"I'll praise: I'll praise."—"Lord, Thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest the tongue."—"Jesus! Jesus!"—His lips are wetted, and he says his usual grace, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies. Bless the Church and King; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever."—Those who look out of the windows are darkened, and he sees only the shadow of his friends around his bed: "Who are these?" "We are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he calmly replies, "and marvellous in our eyes."—"I will write," he exclaims, and the materials are placed within his reach; but the "right hand has forgot her cunning," and "the pen of the once ready writer" refuses to move. "Let me write for you, Sir," says an attendant. "What would you say?" "Nothing, but that GOD IS WITH US."—"Now we have done all. Let us all go."—And now, with all his remaining strength, he cries out, "The best of all is, God is with us!"—And again, lifting his fleshless arm in token of victory, and raising his failing voice to a pitch of holy triumph, he repeats the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us!"—A few minutes before ten o'clock on the morning of the 2d of March, 1791, he slowly and feebly whispered, "Farewell! farewell!"—and, literally, "without a lingering groan," calmly "fell on sleep, having served his generation by the will of God."

When he "was a dying," he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." His dying request was complied with; and for a whole day, crowds upon crowds came from distances of many miles, and thronged the spacious sanctuary, in order to take a last look at the outward form of him they loved so well.* Apprehensive that if the funeral took place late in the forenoon, there might be some serious accident or disturbance from the pressure of the crowd, his friends resolved to lay him in his earthly bed between five and six in the morning. During his lifetime he had prepared for himself, and the Preachers who might die in London, a vault in the small cemetery behind the chapel. He ordered in his will that six poor men should carry him to the grave. "I particularly desire," he also wrote,

* There he "lay," says Southey, "in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown and cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head; a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other." On this statement, Henry Moore observes, "As I was an eye-witness, I may state, that there is no truth at all in this account. He had no clerical cap, old or new, in his possession; and his friends had too much sense to put anything into the hands of a corpse." We are not surprised that Southey should make the statement, as he found it in substance in Wesley's Life, by the renegade, John Hampson: but we feel something very nearly akin to burning indignation that the son of Southey, a Clergyman of the Church of England, should keep repeating the false slander in subsequent editions of his father's work, without any modification, by note or otherwise, after the flat contradiction of it given by Mr. Moore.

"there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom." The crowd was very great, and the coffin, bearing a short inscription,* was borne to its resting-place. The funeral service was read by the Rev. John Richardson, who had been one of Wesley's clerical Assistants for nearly thirty years, and who now lies in the same grave. When he came to that deeply-affecting passage, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our dear BROTHER here departed," his voice faltered, and he substituted the word "FATHER." As the expression fell from his lips, the silent tears of the multitude, which had been so freely flowing, were exchanged for loud weeping and lamentation.

At ten o'clock on the forenoon of the same day, City-road chapel was crowded to suffocation to hear the funeral sermon. Clergymen, Dissenting Ministers, and Methodist Preachers were there in great numbers. As the eye gazed upon the immense throng, it saw nothing, with one solitary exception, † but mourning-attire. At the request of the London Preachers, the sermon was preached by Dr. Whitehead, a gentleman in medical practice, and a Methodist Local Preacher. "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" was the appropriate text. This discourse, subsequently published, is far from equal to the occasion; but it contains a very fair sketch of Wesley's principles, doctrines, religious experience, happy death, and wide-spread career of usefulness.

The tidings of the venerable man's departure were soon scattered over the entire Societies in all parts of the kingdom. Every devout Methodist felt that he had lost a father and a friend. Adam Clarke was then in Manchester; and when the sad news reached him, he paced his study for hours in moody thoughtfulness and grief. After a long interval, he took up a piece of flint, and wrote, in substance, the following inscription upon a pane of glass in the study-window; and which, with a few slight alterations, was subsequently placed upon the tomb in the cemetery:—

To the Memory of
The venerable John Wesley, A.M.,
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

---

* Johannes Wesley, A.M.
Olim Soc. Coll. Lin. Oxon.
Ob. 2do. die Martii, 1791.
An. Æt. 88.

That is, "John Wesley, Master of Arts, formerly Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, died on the second day of March, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age."—*Moore's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii., p. 394.

† The exception was in the case of a female, who had gone to the service with a blue ribbon in her bonnet. No sooner, however, did she behold the general aspect of the congregation, than she tore the offending ribbon from her bonnet, and threw it under her feet. The authority for the fact is the late Mrs. Gabriel, of Brixton-Hill, who was present at the service, and who has more than once told me the incident in her own house.

This great light arose
(By the singular Providence of God)
To enlighten these nations,
And to revive, enforce, and defend
The pure Apostolical Doctrines and Practices of
the Primitive Church:
Which he continued to do, by his writings and his labours,
For more than half a century:
And, to his inexpressible joy,
Not only beheld their influence extending,
And their efficacy witnessed,
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the Western world as in these kingdoms;
But also, far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made, by the singular grace of God,
For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations!
Reader, If thou art constrained to bless the Instrument,
Give God the glory!
After having languished a few days, he at length finished his
course and his life together;
Gloriously triumphing over Death,
March 2, An. Dom. 1791,
In the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Over the communion, in the city-road chapel, is a plain marble tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
Of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.,
Sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford;
A man in learning and sincere piety
Scarcely inferior to any;
In zeal, ministerial labours, and extensive usefulness,
Superior, perhaps, to all men,
Since the days of St. Paul.
Regardless of fatigue, personal danger, and disgrace,
He went out into the highways and hedges
Calling sinners to repentance,
And publishing the Gospel of peace.
He was the Founder of the Methodist Societies,
And the chief promoter and patron
Of the plan of Itinerant preaching,
Which he extended through Great Britain and Ireland,
The West Indies and America,
With unexampled success.
He was born the 17th of June, 1703;
And died the 2nd of March, 1791,
In sure and certain hope of eternal life,
Through the Atonement and mediation of a crucified Saviour.

He was sixty-five years in the Ministry,
And fifty-two an Itinerant Preacher:
He lived to see, in these kingdoms only,
About three hundred Itinerant,
And one thousand Local Preachers,
Raised up from the midst of his own people;
And eighty thousand persons in the Societies under his care.
His name will be ever had in grateful remembrance
By all who rejoice in the universal spread
Of the Gospel of Christ.
Soli Deo Gloria.

"Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" They have accomplished, each one, as an hireling his day, and passed to their reward. But the noble house which they built at so much pains and cost has come down to us as a goodly heritage. It has become encircled by many sister-sanctuaries, some of them larger and fairer than this "mother of them all." But this house which Wesley builded must ever have the pre-eminence among the churches which bear his name. It is the place of our fathers' sepulchres. The tomb of our Founder stands in the centre of its small but deeply-interesting graveyard. Tablets to the memory of many of our most glorious and sainted names crowd its inner walls. Who could bear the thought of the honoured bones of Wesley, and Benson, and Clarke, and Watson, and Bunting, and James, and Fowler, and Lessey, and many more of memories loved and lasting, being disturbed and carted away from their own proper resting-place? To prevent such a dishonour, and to secure that precious part of God's earth to Methodism to the end of the world; to repair and beautify the building; to remove the disgracefully wilderness condition of the cemetery, and to provide for its being kept in better and more attractive order, are the objects of the present Connexional movement. Let the offerings of universal Methodism be freely poured into this treasury. Why should not "high and low, rich and poor together," the children of our families and our schools, all have a brick in this metropolitan temple? Were the Methodism of our day recreant to her principles, and forgetful of her noble ancestry, and ashamed of her illustrious Founder's name, City-road Chapel *might* be turned into warehouses or workshops. But never, long as we hold to our principles, and cherish the memory of our fathers, will such a calamity be allowed to cover us with dishonour and shame.

Sheffield. J. K.

BIBLE PECULIARITIES.

THERE are many sources of argument happily accessible for the demonstration of the inspiration of the Bible. In the aggregate they are conclusive to all who are not obstinately sceptical, and love darkness rather than light. Separately, they are adapted to different minds, according to their various moods and habits of thought. The following considerations, simple and obvious in themselves, have always exerted in our judgment a convincing power.

First: The Bible is a truthful revelation, because its statement of doctrines is not only utterly devoid of any attempt to flatter the natural pride of the heart, and thus to win its concurrence, but is commended by its honest delineations, which no rightly exercised mind can well evade. It so unfolds the character of God, not by laboured eulogy, but by a reference to His Attributes, and the modes of their operations; it so forcibly expresses the native depravity of man, and his destitution of all moral power and loveliness; it so exhibits the doctrine of pardon, and the method devised for the sinner's justification; it so unfolds the person and work of the Mediator, and the agency exerted by the Holy Spirit, that the conviction is fastened upon the thoughtful mind, "I am the man described; this is the God whom I should worship; this is the plan of salvation adapted to my circumstances." The attention may be turned to the multifarious schemes of philosophy which the sagacity of the learned have devised, and yet upon none of them can the heart repose with satisfaction, because in none of them can a conscious sinner find a true God, a full salvation, a suitable solace. He must turn to the Bible for a just exhibition of his own condition, and for its sufficient remedy; and the more carefully and reverently he ponders its communications, the more fully is he disposed to regard its teachings as the only ones upon which he can safely rely. The force of this evidence will of course have no weight with him who, in his determination not to be in earnest, casts aside his Bible as a neglected book. He can no more be affected by its light, than a man with his eyes bandaged can see the light of the natural sun.

Second: A comparison of the Bible, in the method of its revealing truth, with all human writings, and especially those professing to reveal schemes of religion, will serve powerfully to convince the understanding not only that it is a wonderful production, but that it never could have resulted from mere human wisdom. The most enlightened Heathen philosophers, from the earliest to the latest periods, succeeded only in constructing a mythological system, which was monstrously absurd and unnatural, and the weakness and folly of which were rendered more apparent by every addition which was made to it. The contrast becomes even more obvious, when apocryphal books were foisted on public attention, not professedly to discredit the Bible, but to strengthen its claims. The writers of these may perhaps have possessed as much natural talent as the penmen employed by God in writing the Bible, but, not having their inspiration, their productions were contemptibly weak and worthless. No one, who will compare the two, can fail to see the difference; a difference showing that the one is the word of God, the other the flimsy work of man.

Third: We feel a deepening conviction of the Divine original of the Bible, from the fact that the interest in its perusal increases with its frequency; the more we read it, the more we desire to read it. If it becomes our daily counsellor, the more deeply are we impressed with the value of its counsels; something ever new and fresh being brought to light. The richest gold-mine may in time be thoroughly worked out until nothing is left to reward labour; but this is a mine which is inexhaustible. It has enriched the saints in all ages past, and its wealth will be distributed through all ages to come.

There are many human writings which are worthy of attention and commendation, and yet, when we select the best of them, we soon discover that they will not bear many perusals; we soon tire of them; they lose their charm; they are, in fact, superficial, and we lay them aside as

no longer able to absorb our attention. They have a limit, and we are soon able to measure their dimensions. It is not so with the Bible. We may read it so frequently that every phrase is familiar, and yet new impressions are received from it, new lights emanate from it, and the interest, instead of slackening, constantly increases. A book which has such characteristics—so entirely different from all other books—must be of God. These considerations will probably have no weight with the thoughtless; but they tend to strengthen the faith of those who do already believe, and make them cling more tenaciously to the blessed hope which God's word has awakened in them.

MAGDALENE LUTHER.

INCIDENTS IN THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE GREAT REFORMER.

THE "Evangelischer Kalendar," published in Berlin at the beginning of this year, contains a biographical notice of young Magdalene, the daughter of Luther, who died before she had reached her fourteenth year. The facts communicated are not generally known; for historians have had more important matters to write about. But the sketch is both interesting and instructive. We must all feel that anything relating to the person or family of Luther has peculiar claims upon our sympathies. The following is a translation of this biography, with some slight abbreviation:—

Everyone knows that Luther, following the teachings of the holy Scriptures, married the pious Katharine von Bora, on the 13th of June, 1525. He was at that time forty-two years of age. This marriage proved to be happy. Katharine had the qualities and virtues of her sex: great modesty and patience, a firm faith, an exemplary conduct, and a careful attention to the interests of her household. Luther, on his side, was full of affection and respect for his wife; he spoke to her freely of his joys and of his sorrows, and endeavoured to strengthen her faith by his example as well as by his words.

They had six children. The first, named John, was born the 7th of June, 1526, after they had been married one year: I shall have occasion to mention him again in this notice. The second child was called Elizabeth; she was born the 10th of December, 1527, and died very soon—on the 3d of August, 1528. The third, Magdalene, was born the 4th of May, 1529; her short life will form the subject of our story.

The day after her birth, 5th of May, 1529, the happy father announced the event to his friend, Nicholas Amsdorf, and invited him to stand godfather to his child. We find this letter in the collection of Luther's correspondence: "Honourable and worthy Sir," writes he to him, "God, the Father of all grace, has given, in His love to me and to my dear Katharine, a little daughter. I therefore pray you to fulfil a Christian duty, in becoming her Christian father, and consecrating her to the Gospel by the holy sacrament of baptism." Amsdorf cheerfully accepted this pious task.

When Luther was obliged to travel through Germany in order to plead the cause of the Reformation, or to defend it against the Romish doctors, he always sent letters to his beloved Katharine, to his son John, and to his dear little Magdalene. Thus in 1530, when he was residing at Coburg, awaiting the decision of the Diet of Augsburg concerning the Protestant Confession of Faith, he wrote his charming and celebrated letter on the "Paradise of children." It is touching to see the bold champion of the Gospel, the man who resisted the Emperor and the Pope, the man whose life was hourly exposed to peril, de-

voting part of his leisure moments to the two lovely little ones whom God had given him, and giving most careful attention to their intellectual and religious education.

In the year 1542 Luther was seized with presentiments of death. He therefore made his will, although he was not called from this world until 1546. He did not foresee that his dear Magdalene would go before him.

She was taken sick in the beginning of September. Her brother John, the companion of her early sports, now a young man of sixteen years, no longer lived at home, because the great number of visiters and guests disturbed his studies. Luther had placed him under the care of Doctor Mark Croedel, at Torgau.

A letter of the Reformer, dated 6th September, 1542, informs us of Magdalene's sickness. "My dear Mark Croedel," writes Luther, "grace and peace be with thee! I beg thee not to let my son John know what I write to thee. My daughter Magdalene has been seized with a very serious illness, and will soon go to her Father in heaven, unless God has otherwise determined. But she sighs so for the arrival of her brother, that I must send you a carriage. These two children love each other so tenderly, that perhaps Magdalene may rally when she sees John. I am doing all that I can, so that I may not reproach myself for having neglected anything. Send my son back in the carriage, therefore, without delay, and do not tell him the reason why. I will soon return him to thee, whether Magdalene sleeps in the Lord or whether God leaves her with us. Farewell in the Lord. Tell my son that he will know the secret when he reaches here."

John returned to his father's house; but, alas! neither his presence nor his marks of affection could restore health to the young invalid. For fourteen days Magdalene hung between life and death. "I love her from the depths of my heart," said Luther; "and how happy I shall be to keep this child, if it should please the Lord to grant her to me! But if it is Thy will, O my God, to take her, I shall rejoice in thinking that she is with Thee!" He also said to Magdalene, "My dear daughter, thou wouldst remain willingly with thy father in this world; but thou wilt go without sorrow to thy heavenly Father, wilt thou not?" "Yes, my dear father, as God wills," she replied.

While she was in the last agonies of death, Luther fell on his knees at the foot of the bed, and prayed, and wept bitterly. Magdalene fell asleep the 20th of September, 1542, at nine o'clock in the evening. Her mother had a dream shortly before her death, in which she saw two beautiful girls leading her to a wedding-feast. Philip Melancthon, being told of this dream, said, "These young persons are the angels who shall conduct your daughter into the heavenly kingdom."

On the 23d of September Luther wrote to his friend Jonas: "Thou wilt already have heard that my beloved daughter Magdalene has entered Christ's heavenly kingdom. My wife and I can only return thanks, and rejoice at so happy an end, by which she is removed from the power of the flesh, the world, and the devil; but the strength of natural love is so great that we cannot do this without many sighs and tears, and even without great sorrow of heart. The features, the words, everything about this pious and obedient child, are engraven on our hearts. . . . Thou knowest well how sweet, amiable, and affectionate she was. O! may we all have such a death, or rather such a life! It is the only thing which I ask of God, the Father of all consolation, and of all pity." Some days afterwards Luther wrote to Amsdorf, the godfather of Magdalene: "Yes, I loved her very much, not only because she was of

my flesh and blood, but because she had such sweet, humble, and devout feelings. Now, I rejoice that she is with her heavenly Father. . . . And as the times grow darker and darker, I desire for myself and for all mine, for you, also, and for all yours, the same faith, the same peace at the last hour: this is truly to sleep in Jesus, and not the agonies of death."

When the body of his daughter was put into the coffin, Luther looked at it a long time, and said, "My dear Magdalene, the Lord has been good to thee. Thou shalt rise, and thou shalt shine as the stars, yea, even as the sun." He said again, "My spirit rejoices, but my flesh is sad. The flesh shrinks from the separation. How strange to know that she is happy and at peace, and yet to be so afflicted!"

When the people came to attend the funeral-service, Luther said, "I have sent a saint to heaven; yes, a living saint. O that we may have such an end! I would gladly accept such an end, even at this hour." "Everyone loves to keep his own," said a man in the crowd. "Yes," replied Luther, "flesh is flesh, and blood is blood: nevertheless, I rejoice to see her gone to heaven." When the earth was thrown upon the coffin, he said, "There is a resurrection of the flesh."

After their return from the burial he said, "My daughter is now separated from us both in her body and in her soul. We Christians have nothing to complain of; we know that it must be so. We are assured of the life to come; God has promised it to us by His Son, and He cannot lie."

As the mother wept, and refused to be comforted, Luther said to her, "My dear Katharine, think of the place to which our daughter has gone. She is well; she is where she ought to be. Children do not require great arguments; they believe what is taught them. Everything is simple to children. They die without sorrow, without doubt, without conflict, as if they were falling into a quiet sleep."

Do we not see here a model of paternal affection and of Christian piety?

SIN A VOLUNTARY THING.

The guilt of transgression is its wilfulness. Man lost is voluntarily lost. He pursues the course of his own appetites and desires, and bears the simple responsibility of his own choice. If he be wise, he is wise for himself; and if he scorneth, he alone must bear it. This is the leading, discriminating fact in the Saviour's story of the prodigal son. The sheep went astray, but it was in unconscious wandering, and he might become conscious of his danger, and possibly return. The case was not hopeless. The piece of silver was lost, and the loss there was complete and entire. It could never accomplish its own recovery, nor receive the least consciousness of its condition. But the story of the lost son fills up all these absent particulars of the lost one's condition. He wanders voluntarily; and however partially, yet really feels and knows at every step that he is going astray, in a path of doubtful success and possible ruin. This new, important, and painful addition to the illustration of the case is to be considered.

It might be asked of the shepherd or the woman, why greater care had not been employed to prevent the evil. If these were the only exhibitions of the sinner's state, he might seem to have some excuse in throwing part at least of the responsibility of his sin upon God, who failed adequately to prevent it. But the story of the lost son answers this. There sinful man appears before us lost by his own wilful transgression. He has wandered in his life, because his own heart and desires wandered first. Wherever he is seen away from the God of his sal-

vation, away from the path of virtue, holiness, and peace, he is a wilful rebel, and a voluntary exile. Whatever extent or consequences of guilt he may have attained, the fearful sentence, "Thou hast destroyed thyself," still sounds in his conscience in a constant repetition for ever. It is the remembrance and acknowledgment of this which awakens him, if he be ever restored; or fills him with the bitterness of remorse, if he reap in death the wages of his sin. When the Spirit arouses him to recall him to God, this is the trumpet-sound in his soul, constraining him to cry out, "Where is God my Maker; even the Most High, my Redeemer?" And if he pursue his wandering path to its utmost extent, he can never outrun this fearful conviction of the responsibility of his error upon himself. "A dreadful sound is in his ears; in prosperity, the destroyer shall come upon him. Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him as a king ready to the battle."

This is the sadness of his condition, in the terrors which take hold of him within. The story of the son lost illustrates it in an affecting manner. There was stupidity and ignorance in the sheep. There was unconscious helplessness in the money buried out of sight. But in the wandering son there was fearful chosen rebellion and ingratitude. An ungrateful child dealing harshly with a tender and indulgent father, is the new illustration of the lost one. He leaves his father's house, slights his father's love, dishonours his father's name, squanders his father's property, spends upon his own base lusts his father's kind and liberal gifts. Yet in his whole course he is deeply alive to his father's love, and never pretends to charge his waywardness and crimes to any unkindness on his father's side. How every particular adds to the force and the application of the illustration, and makes the sinner's ruin the more fearful in the complete exhibition of the fact that it is so voluntary!

A LIE.

THE commandments are exceeding broad. When Christ, who was announced as a refiner's fire, interpreted the Scriptures, many things that aforetime had been accounted innocent were shown to be criminal. What is a lie? It is any evasion of the truth. It is any equivocation, which, while it utters not a palpable lie, would make a lie seem truth. It is any deception; let it be made by word or deed. The aim is to lead astray. It is any snare, or trap, or stratagem, laid for others to fall into. It is any hypocrisy. It is any scandal. It is any affectation. It is any plagiarism. Because in all these things it literally or impliedly affirms that to be truth which is not truth. A lie is a blot, a blighting, withering, scorching curse. It is a curse. It paralyses the efforts of the good in the spread of light and knowledge; therefore it is a drawback. And if it affects, apparently, but the individual who perpetrates it, how disastrous are its consequences indeed, if it shut him *out* from the light and happiness of heaven, and shut him up *in* hell! How well we ought to weigh our words! I ought to think twice before I speak once. O my Father, keep me from even *thinking* a deception!

THE TWO SIDES OF REDEMPTION.

REDEMPTION has two sides, says the Rev. W. Arnot, an upper and a lower, both glorious: but the upper side hath a glory that excelleth. The sinner gets a Saviour: that is a precious truth, but it is the lower side of salvation,—the side most readily seen from our stand-point on the earth. The Saviour gets a portion to

satisfy His soul, a people to rejoice in and to rejoice with for ever: this is the upper side of this same salvation, as seen from heaven, and shining in the light of God.

It is not easy for us in the body to get a glimpse of our own redemption on its higher and heavenward side. That aspect of it, on which its Author's eyes are ever set, is too lofty for our position, too bright for our vision. So accustomed are we, even in our more earnest moments, to the nearer aspect and more subdued light of the lower side, that we abide babes, unskilful in the deeper departments of the word of righteousness. "What must I do to be saved?" comes readier to the lip of an anxious inquirer, than, "What delight has Jesus in saving me?" To think of ourselves as the portion wherein the Lord delights, is certainly consistent with thorough humility; but pride lies, or seems to lie, so nearly in the same line, that we are afraid to aim so high lest we should miss the mark, and diverge into presumptuous sin. To realize the joy with which my Redeemer rejoices over me, as His portion, and yet to know how vile I am, is difficult, and seems dangerous. He must have been a skilful archer who dared to point his arrow at an apple on his own child's naked head. A man with a fainting heart and a faltering hand would abandon the chance of securing a great gain, rather than run the risk of incurring so great a loss.

CONVERSION IN TWO ASPECTS.

Two things lie in the conversion of St. Paul, and in every conversion: the man gets an Almighty Saviour, and God gets a willing servant. The true instinct of the new creature burst forth from Paul's breast as soon as he knew his Saviour, and before he was lifted from the ground,—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The answer, sent through Ananias in Damascus, after the tumult had subsided, indicated to the convert what he should be, rather than what he should do: "He is a chosen vessel unto Me." We get a glimpse here of the two tendencies, the human and the Divine. "I shall do," says the disciple in the ardour of a first love. "Thou shalt be," answers that wise and kind Master, who knows that the spirit in the disciple is willing, but the flesh weak. To be like Christ is the most effectual way of working for Christ. "I shall bear the vessels of the Lord," volunteers the ransomed sinner, when he feels that he is not his own, but bought with a price: the reply to this offer requires a less positive, more passive, and yet greater thing,—"Thou shalt be the vessel of the Lord." It is a great thing that I should take up instruments and do a work for Christ in the world; but it is a greater that Christ should take me in His hand, and work out His purposes with me. "A people near unto Him," is an ancient appellation of the saved. Surely they are near Him who are held as a vessel in His hand. This is our security alike for safety and usefulness. The star that is in His right hand is held up so that it cannot fall, and held out so that it shines afar. When He chooses a vessel, He uses it; but neither keeps it idle, nor casts it away.

THE WORLD SERVING THE CHRISTIAN.

The world on a Christian's side! We thought it was one of his chief foes. So it is. There is no contradiction here, and no confusion. The world, under direction of its god, wars against the soul. But our Father in heaven holds that enemy in the hollow of His hand, and compels it, in His own time and way, to serve His sons. The world is a birthplace for the new

creature, and an exercise-ground for invigorating the spiritual life. The very fires of temptation which the wicked one kindles to destroy the heirs, are employed by the love and power of the Spirit to heat the furnace in which their dross is purged away, that they may be meet for the inheritance. Mark the world as the property of the King's sons.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee." (Isai. lx. 1, 2.)

About forty years ago, an English Missionary stood in one of the wild valleys of Africa, where a quiet Christian village with its church and school now stands as a memorial of successful labours; and, surrounded by the Pagan Chief and his councillors, he opened to them the news of salvation by Christ, and inquired whether they would receive his message, and submit to the teaching of the Gospel. After consultation, it was said in reply, "We never before heard these things about the soul. We have had doubts and fears; uneasy feelings and sorrow have come; but we did not know where to find rest. Before you spoke we were like people in an egg-shell: it was dark; we could see nothing; we could understand nothing. There was the sky, there were the mountains, there were lilies; but we did not know who made them, nor could we tell where we came from, or where we were going. Stay and teach us, and we will hearken."

About 1233 years ago, a lone Missionary stood on the banks of the Derwent, in East Yorkshire, not far from the little town of Wighton, or "the Town of the Altar," and waited the result of a deliberation on the part of Edwin, a Pagan Anglo-Saxon Chief, and his court. The question then was, "Shall this new religion be received?" A Priest said, "O King, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you, that as to my own experience, the religion which we have hitherto professed has no power nor utility in it. . . . It remains, therefore, if upon examination you find those new doctrines which are now preached unto us better and more efficacious, for us immediately to receive them without any delay." And then an honest straightforward man, an old Chieftain,—a "Thane" as he was called in the language of those days,—rose and said, "The present life of man upon earth, O King, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your Commanders and Ministers, a good fire having been lit in the midst, and the room made warm thereby, whilst storms of rain and snow rage abroad: the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but, after a short space of fair weather soon passed over, he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The question was settled as it was in the other case in the African valley; and the blessings of the same Gospel are now inherited alike by the children of the Yorkshire converts, and the Christian offspring of the old Namaquas.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. IV.

(*Continued.*)

THIRDLY.—*It has been objected, that we have no authority in the New Testament for that exclusively sacred character with which we would invest the Lord's day,—that Christ has considerably relaxed the strictness of the Sabbath law, and that many things are now permitted, which, under the old dispensation, were condemned.*

We demur to this statement in detail, and as a whole. 1. We decline to be confined exclusively to the writings of the New Testament: we are not at liberty to cast aside any portion of the sacred volume, as not being authoritative and binding. The moral precepts of the Old Testament are as obligatory upon us as are those of the New. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.) The civil and ceremonial laws of the Jews were local and temporary,—expressly declared to be such,—and, consequently, have passed away: but not so the moral law; that is eternal and immutable. We are not disposed to play into the hands of our adversaries by throwing overboard the larger portion of the Sacred Book. 2. Christ *did not* relax the law of the Sabbath, as that law is given in the fourth commandment. He swept away the excrescences with which Jewish interpretations and traditions had encumbered and perverted the law, but He left it in its original substance, and with all its primal beauty untouched. And the very fact that the Saviour took such pains to bring the Sabbath back to its original position, demonstrates that He intended it to be of perpetual obligation in His church. He did not *abolish*, but He *restored*. He lifted from the neck of men the yoke which pharisaical assumption had bound upon them; but He left them under the beneficent operations of the Divine rule in reference to what God Himself calls, "MY HOLY DAY." (Isai. lviii. 13.) 3. That which constituted approved Sabbath-observance under the old dispensation, is Sabbath-observance still. We must banish from our minds —as not being legitimately connected with the Sabbath of God—those irksome and superstitious restraints which Pharisaism imposed upon its victims, and ask, "What is the Bible-law of the Sabbath?" He who "runs may read:"—"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it HOLY." (Exod. xx. 8.) "Keep the Sabbath-day to SANCTIFY it." (Deut. v. 12.) This is still the law of the Sabbath;—it is to be kept "*holy*;" to be "*sanctified*."

"MY HOLY DAY," saith God. The Lord's day *is to be* the Lord's day,—then it is "hallowed." It is to be spent specially in His service, to His glory, and in copying His example, — *then* it is "sanctified." If it be spent in secular toil, or in mere pleasure-seeking and amusement, or in absolute listlessness and idleness,—then it is not kept holy. The sanctification of the Sabbath, without doubt, forbids all labour,—works of necessity and charity excepted; all pleasure,—not derived from moral and spiritual sources. The day, the *whole* day, is to be "the Lord's." The figment of canonical or church hours, is one of the most mischievous relics of Popery which professed Protestants have retained. Religious service in the morning, and secular engagements in the afternoon or evening, give not God the "day." The Sabbath-day is as long as any of the other days of the week; and God has a right to, and claims, the whole as His portion: emphatically and pre-eminently, it is "the Lord's DAY."

It may be of importance to endeavour to ascertain in what manner the early Christians observed the Sabbath. Take, then, the testimony of one who, unques-

tionably, is not by any means of the strict, and what has been called the "Sabbatarian," school. Dr. Hessey, in his Bampton Lectures, (1860,) thus speaks:—"The Lord's day, at the death of St. John, presented the features of periodical assembling for prayer, thanksgiving, partaking in the Christian mysteries, and religious instruction. Charity to the brethren, and thoughts upon Divine things, were other employments of it. Nothing was *said* of rest; but rest, so far as those times admitted, from worldly employments, was no doubt a feature of it, from the nature of Him whom they worshipped, from the necessities of the case, from the physical demands of the body, from the analogy of the Jewish law, from the example of the Creator: considerations which the Apostles must have had before them, when, under Divine directions, they observed a Lord's day. Such a Lord's day as this, was, I think, contemplated by the Apostles, and observed by them and by the early church."

Fourthly.—*It has been objected,—that even granting the Divine authority, sacred character, and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath,—its due observance is not inconsistent with innocent recreation and rational amusement.*

"To the law and to the testimony:" what saith "the Book?" "Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath," (let there be no unnecessary travelling,) "from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." (Isai. lviii. 13.) Such is the statute on this subject.

Innocent amusements, rational recreations, are pleaded for as being consistent with the character of the Sabbath! What do the parties who thus plead, mean? Is it insinuated that sinful amusements, that irrational pleasures, may be indulged in on any day of the week? Innocent amusements! Where is the line to be drawn? Are not games of cricket, the regatta, the steeple-chase, the fox-hunt, the horse-race, in the estimation of these parties, innocent amusements? Do not the theatre, the concert, and the ball-room afford, according to the views of these persons, rational recreation and elevating and refining pleasures? Will they pronounce any of these to be unlawful amusements? And are these to be the Sabbath exercises of the people? If not, why not? These are the worldlings' innocent amusements; but where is the Christian man who does not see and feel that they are utterly inconsistent with the spirit and design of the Sabbath?

"But we plead," it is said, "for the liberty of the people, and against a puritanical Sabbath." The liberty of the people! We are bold to assert, that the stanchest defenders of the civil, social, and religious liberty of the people — from the days of the Stuarts to this hour—are the very men who have contended most earnestly for the sacredness of the Sabbath. History has a lesson to teach on this subject, and we commend that lesson to the serious consideration of the people of these realms.

A "puritanical Sabbath!" A day of penance and mortification! What a spectre to call up! We plead not for it; we condemn it. But where is it to be seen? We venture to affirm that in not one of ten thousand of the godly Sabbath-keeping families of our land is this spectre to be found. It exists only in the excited brain and diseased vision of those who wish to substitute the frivolities and dissipations of a Continental gala-day for the decent and decorous, yet cheerful, observance of the Sabbath of God. These parties draw a caricature, and not a portrait; they sketch a phantom of their own imagination, and then endeavour to frighten themselves and others, by raising the cry of a "puritanical Sabbath!"

Many and heavy accusations on this subject have been brought against the Sabbath-keeping part of the community. The keeping of God's holy day, according to the commandment, has been sarcastically styled, a "bitter" observance of the Lord's day. A "*bitter*" observance! We thank them for that word. Contrast the real enjoyment, the holy calm, the domestic peace, the moral dignity of the family devoutly and reverently observing the Sabbath, with the confusion, the bustle, the mutual recriminations, the disappointments, the fatigue at the end of

the Sabbath, of the Sabbath-breaking family, and then say, in which has been the "bitter" observance? Mark the one as the shades of Sunday night approach. The public duties of the day are over; the whole circle join in cheerful hymn or holy song; "the priest-like father reads the sacred page," and they retire to rest, a happy and united band, refreshed in body, soothed in mind! Look at the other, on Sunday night:—They have had a day of pleasure, and are homeward bound. A weary mother drags along a yawning child; the father, chafed and vexed, carries another sleeping one in his arms; irritable through fatigue, there are mutual expressions of anger. They reach their dwelling: no cheerful fire gleams from the hearth; all looks cold and chill: the children are cross, the body tired, and, without any recognition of God, of heaven, of immortality, they lie down to slumber! Which is the "*bitter*" observance?

Let Monday morning speak.—But we say no more.—The outline now sketched can be filled up, from their own experience, by thousands, and by tens of thousands. The Sabbath has been styled, very beautifully and appropriately, and by England's working men,—"The Light of the Week;" "The Torch of Time;" "Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour." It is God's great boon to man.

Working men, guard your Sabbath! A Sunday of pleasure will inevitably lead to a Sunday of labour. If you *travel*, thousands must *toil*. Let the thin edge of Sunday amusement be inserted, and mammon, and competition, and pleaded necessity, will soon drive in the full wedge of Sunday work. Seven days' labour for six days' wages will soon be the problem which the working man will have to consider. Oppose every encroachment upon the sanctity of the Sabbath at the beginning. You are safe, and only safe, whilst the Sabbath is regarded as the "LORD'S DAY." It is not your employer's, it belongs not to the Legislature; they have no right to entrench upon its sacredness:—IT IS THE LORD'S; given to *you* for your rest and refreshment; given to *you* for your physical, mental, and moral improvement; given to aid you in securing eternal life!

In conclusion, we would sum up in the beautiful and eloquent language of the revered and sainted RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON:—"O, Sabbath! Needed for a world of innocence,—without thee what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, he had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee, as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord,—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over creation's achieved work,—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and of guiding flame,—interweaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise,—until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews, and imbibed by the flowers of Eden,—more awful than when the trumpet rung of thee on Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened, but as the light of seven days, and with healing on its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation-day of martyrs, the feast-day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the churches of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's best birthright, labour's only rest! Nothing has such a hoar of antiquity on it! Nothing contains in it such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness! The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection! The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality! The ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending on it!"

Leeds.

THE VALUE OF A SOUL.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THERE are values, says a writer in "The Family Treasury," which arithmetic cannot compute, as there are depths in the ocean which no plummet has yet sounded. A soul is one of these values. The human line runs out in the measurement of its duration: arithmetic fails in the summation of its worth. We can weigh mountains in scales, and hills in a balance. We have determined the mass and gravity, as well as the path, of each planet in the starry host. But the value of a soul is a problem that waits solution. In our Lord's computation, the largest of earthly values, the world itself, is put into one scale, and a soul in the other; and as the computation is being made, the question is put, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" There is confessedly not even an approximation to its value in the comparison of our Lord. And, if world should be cast after world into the scale with our earth, till the sun with its planetary system, till the universe of matter were in one scale, and a soul in the other, we should have approached no nearer the solution of the question, What is the worth of a soul? Alas! that in contrast with its inherent preciousness should be the practical everyday value put upon it. It is a monarch incognito; a glory veiled. What so cheap in the market of the world! What coin so small as will not buy a soul! What mess of pottage that will not tempt some Esau to throw away his heritage! Even the man whose life is an offering on the service of the faith, and who burns with zeal for souls, with difficulty sustains his estimate of their preciousness. It is the deep wail from many a Missionary journal: "How insensible have I become to the degradation of the Heathen! How difficult I feel it to realize, amidst their own insensibility, the preciousness and peril of their souls!" To this state of mind, whether experienced by the Minister at home, or the Missionary abroad, the following letter of the Rev. T. G. Ragland may bring fresh quickening. It is the illustration of a high Cambridge Wrangler, after he became Missionary in India, of the value of a soul, drawn from his previous astronomical studies, and affords a beautiful evidence of the deep yearning love of the heart of the true Missionary over the most abject in that land, the wretched outcast pariah. Writing home to a friend, he says:—

"An idea some time since formed itself in my mind, and I have at this moment a violent fancy to form it more definitely on paper. Dear Deck used to tell a tale of a simple Suffolk ploughboy. Walking home one moonlight night, he fell in with the youth. He was a servant of his brother's. 'And is not that moon,' said the lad, 'much larger than it seems?' 'They say so,' said our friend; 'but what size do you think it to be?' 'Why, indeed, I can't say for certain; but somehow I should think it was just about large enough nicely to lie down in our meadow!' So much for the ploughboy's fancied knowledge and real ignorance. To moralize upon it: Apply it to the manner in which men, and thinking men, and Christians, and real Christians, judge of the human soul. They value it, and think they value it highly: they will do something, and think they do much, for the salvation of the souls of their fellow-sinners. But indeed, and in truth, I think the knowledge which a blessed eternity will bring us, will prove our fancied knowledge to be no more extended, if so much so, as the Suffolk ploughboy's about the moon. But cannot we correct our knowledge a little? Let us go and learn a lesson from the astronomer. How does he correct the knowledge, the first knowledge, which simple vision brings him in? How is he sure that the moon is larger than a green cheese, or that those little planetary specks have a greater magnitude than a pin's head? Why, first of all, having discovered, by a process which it is unnecessary to describe, that the little dot of light is, in fact, thousands of miles distant, and having discovered by telescope that it subtends at the eye a sensible angle, and having measured that angle, a simple calculation shows him the size of the object to be greater perhaps than that of the huge ball which he calls his earth; and in every case something, at

least, beyond what would give a plain section ten, or twenty, or a thousand times the magnitude of that meadow in Suffolk, in which, as the ploughboy supposed, the moon would nicely lie down. Now, let us go through a similar operation with that wonderful thing the human soul. Take one of these,—say the soul of the poorest, lowest pariah of India,—and form it, in imagination, into, or suppose it represented by, a sphere; or, what will do equally well, a circular area. Place this at the extremity of a line, which, as Newton ingeniously uses it in a certain lemma, (I forget the number,) is to represent time. Extend this line, and move off your sphere further and further, *ad infinitum;* and what is become of your sphere? What has become of your poor pariah's soul? Why, there it is, just as before, with faculties as perfect as ever; as living, as sentient, as capable of knowing and enjoying its great Creator as ever. It is still what it was, and that even after thousands of years. In short, the disc appears undiminished though viewed from an almost infinite distance. O, what an angle of the mind ought that poor soul to subtend! What an interest ought its salvation to excite, and to keep alive! But the astronomer has another method of determining, if not the magnitude, yet at least the importance of the heavenly spheres. A man may come to him and say, 'I grant that your moon and your planet are as large as you assert, but why brag so much about them? They are, perhaps, only unsubstantial froth; mere puffs of air; vapory nothings, like comets.' 'No, my friend,' the astronomer will reply; 'not so fast. I know their mass and their weight, as well as their size.' The ignoramus may stare; but the philosopher stands to his word, and with good reason. Long observation has taught him that planets, in the neighbourhood of one given heavenly body, have been turned out of their course: how, and by what, he is at first quite at a loss to tell; but he has guessed and reasoned, and has found cause for suspecting the planet. He watches, observes, and compares; and, after a long sifting of evidence, he brings it in guilty of the disturbance. If it be so, it must have a power to disturb, a power to attract; and if so, it is not a mere shell, much less a mere vapour. It has mass, and it has weight; and he calculates and he determines from the disturbances what that weight is. Just so with the pariah's soul. O, what a disturbance has it created! What a celestial body has it drawn down from its celestial sphere! not a star, not the whole visible heavens, not the heaven of heavens itself, but Him who fills heaven and earth, by whom all things were created! Him did that pariah's soul attract from heaven even to earth to save it! O that we would thus learn, and, learning, lay to heart, the weight and the value of that one soul!"

It was thus whilst he journeyed amidst the Shamars, the devil-worshippers, and pariahs of south India, the Cambridge Fellow recalled his science to sustain his zeal, made his knowledge tributary to faith, and all things to minister to his work. What wonder that he who so thought and wrote should have been drawn out of his college orbit to make known to the benighted Heathen Him whom that Heathen's soul attracted from heaven even to earth to save it!

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CVI.

"For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men." (Psal. lxxiii. 3—5.)

There is a thing in the mind comparable to the palsy or apoplexy in the body; and it is the state that the most part of the world passeth away in; a

certain numbness, or blockishness, that neither reason can persuade them, nor all the threatenings terrify them, nor all the promises allure them, nor anything move them. Then they pass to death without any sense of God's judgments; so they perish and die as beasts, nothing differing from them, but only for the furniture of beds and pillows. This in them is in great measure; those that have their hearts as fat as brawn, that can see nothing; and in small measure it is in all. Thus God makes our hearts and state the punishment of our pride.—*Andrewes's Moral Law Expounded*, p. 198. *Edit.* 1642.

No. CVII.

"*All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made.*" (John i. 3.)

John begins his Gospel with the dignity of Christ's Person. And how does he set it forth? By the creation of the world by the eternal Word: and what he saith is an answer to these questions: *When* was the Word? "In the beginning." *Where* was the Word? "With God." *What* was the Word? He "was God." *What* did He then *do?* "All things were made by Him." What, *all*, without exception? Yes; "without Him was not anything made that was made:" be it never so small, never so great; from the highest angel to the smallest worm. They all had their being from Him.—*Manton on Christ's Eternal Existence and Dignity*, p. 55. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CVIII.

"*Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.*" (John xx. 28.)

In the history there are these remarkable things:—

1. Thomas's absence from an assembly of the disciples, when Christ had manifested Himself to them. Being absent, he not only missed the good news which Mary brought, but also the comfortable sight of Christ; and was thereby left in doubts and snares.

2. When these things were told him, he bewrays his incredulity; for "he said unto them, Except I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." This unbelief was overruled by God's providence, for the honour of Christ. His incredulity was an occasion to manifest the certainty of Christ's resurrection. If credulous men, or those hasty of belief, only, had seen Christ, their report had been liable to suspicion. Solomon maketh it one of his proverbs, "The simple believeth every word." Here is one that had sturdy and pertinacious doubts, yet is brought at last to yield. However, this is an instance of the proneness of our hearts to unbelief; especially if we have not the objects of faith under the view of the senses; and how apt we are to give laws to heaven, and require our terms of God.

3. Christ's condescension in giving Thomas the satisfaction of sense. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side." With what mildness doth our Lord treat him, though under such a distemper! Unbelief is so hateful to Christ, that He is very careful to have it removed; and in condescension grants what it was his fault to ask.

4. Thomas's faith. "He answered and said, My Lord and my God." He presumed not to touch Christ, but contents himself only to see Him; and having seen Him, makes a good confession. Observe the two titles given to Christ. He is "God," the Fountain of all our happiness; and "Lord," as He hath a dominion over us, to guide and dispose of us at His own pleasure. Observe, also, the appropriation, or personal application to himself: "*My* God," and "*my* Lord."—*Ibid.*, pp. 195—197.

The Household.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

Family habits and Protestantism, says a contemporary, seem to go together. In Spain, a diminutive cup of chocolate, brought into the bedroom, is the apology for a breakfast: in Russia, the meal, as

we have it, is unknown; each one eats something when he is hungry. Were eating and drinking the sole object to be attained by gathering round a table, one might, indeed, feed apart as in company; but only consider what interchange of minds, what acquaintance with one another's hearts, what refuges from tired thought, what cheerfulness and sociability would be lost thereby!

> "'Tis sweet, 'mid noise of plates and dishes,
> To speak one's sentiments and wishes,"

sang the author of "Boyle Farm;" and certainly it is only when conversation seasons the repast, that the feeding of men becomes more refined than that of brutes. Meal-times are often the only seasons when the man of business sees his family: deprive him of them, and he becomes a joyless labourer for those whom he never hears or sees; but give him their cheerful chat at breakfast and supper, how briskly he toils during the intervening hours!

In France and Italy young men see nothing, know nothing, of their sisters; consequently, care little or nothing for them: in England, sisters are their brothers' cherished friends and correspondents. The Dean of Carlisle says he has known young men at college wholly restrained from vice, simply by the hallowed and blessed influence of their sisters. We have known a brother in Australia write to his authoress-sister in England, whom he had not seen for twenty years: "You cannot tell what a calming, quieting effect your books have on me: they seem to decolonize me, if I may coin a word." How touching a picture is given in the memoir of Frances and Elizabeth Bickersteth, of the suffering of Fanny, lying on her bed of pain, with her father and two brothers kneeling round her! Such a scene would not occur in Italy or France. The young girls there are shut up within convent-walls, during the freshest, most charming period of their youth. Truly their brothers may say: "A garden inclosed is my sister; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." Her thick-coming fancies die at their birth, unspoken to sympathizing young sister or brother, indulgent mother, or sensible, intelligent father; her desire for useful knowledge meets with no response. Instead of being wisely drawn out of self by the thousand harmless and useful outlets of English home-life, she is driven to self-contemplation, and vain, vague longings and repinings.

Released by marriage from this joyless captivity, she frequently finds herself, like Madame Guyon, a mere boarder under the roof of her mother-in-law; the most disregarded person in the house; with no household cares, no servants under her control, no purse, no liberty to take exercise and find society abroad, save under humiliating restrictions and surveillance; in all respects, except in name, a child still. Or else, it is the husband who becomes the cipher. Madame receives, on appointed evenings, the Signora Rosuara, or the Signora Bianca; is at home to her male friends, and perhaps one or two ladies, who retail all the small-talk of the day, interspersed with plenty of compliments to the hostess; whom, however, the gentlemen do not always sufficiently respect to refrain from smoking their cigars in her presence. In these circles the master of the house is always absent; he is paying his compliments to some other Signora Rosuara, or Signora Bianca; an evening *tête-à-tête* with his wife would be insupportable to them both. Her mind is unfurnished; they have no common objects of interest; they could only talk over the vexed question of domestic expenses.

Poetry.

AN APOSTOLIC PREACHER.

The pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies. His theme Divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
Would I describe a Preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry, Hem! and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene?

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What;—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportions, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.

Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek Divine simplicity in him
Who handles things Divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes, and judgments ill informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.

So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No; he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge; he would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular conceits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.
—*Cowper.*

Narratives.

THE RECLAIMED.

A PASTORAL REMINISCENCE.

MANY years since, relates the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New-York, a gay and fashionable pair lived near me, and attended my ministry. The wife was beautiful, social, and admired. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighting in the admiration which in society his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay, and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared nothing for what they heard even then. But in the wonders of grace this gay and fashionable woman was converted there, and in the most open and decided manner renounced her life of folly, and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose intensely enraged her unconverted husband, who had no sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbid her union with the church, in any personal act. He watched at the gates of the churchyard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried, that at last she found access to the church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. Thus matters went on for weeks, every day bringing me some new tidings of his violence, and her sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others, I never knew. The people and the generation have since passed away. Their young children are now mature, and several of them parents themselves.

Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late one evening, after I had retired to my chamber for the night, my door-bell was violently pulled, and a messenger said Mrs. —— desired to see me immediately. I dressed myself and went, anticipating some scene of violence, and simply saying to my wife where I was going, in case I might be prevented from returning. The streets were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps, the door was quietly opened to me, and I was directed to the parlour, where, to my surprise, I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment I sat by his side, and asked an explanation. "O, Sir," he cried, "can I be saved, can I be saved?" "Yes, surely," I answered; "but you amaze me: what has led you to this?" "This angel," he replied with eagerness: "you know how I hated her religion. But you do not know how I hated you. I thought you the blackest of human beings. You had broken up my happiness, you had destroyed my peace, you had separated my family, you had alienated my wife from me. I laid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you at night with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel-wife, I have cursed her, I have persecuted her in every way. I have beaten her, I have pulled her down by her hair; and she has received it all in silence and meekness. She has never said one unkind word in reply; but she has prayed for me, and loved me. And I can stand it no longer. I am miserable because I am so guilty. I have rebelled so horribly; I have been loved and treated so affectionately. Can I be saved?" The wife sat silently and heard the whole, and then gently said, "My dear husband seemed so distressed to-night, that I took

the liberty to send for you." How fresh and vivid is that whole scene before me as I write, with all its incidents and details which I will not describe! With what delight did I preach the Saviour's love to this lost one thus at last aroused by that love to see his own voluntary and aggravated guilt! We passed more than an hour thus together, and closed our conversation with earnest prayer. Blessed indeed was the result. The strong man armed had found a stronger than he, who had taken from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and spoiled his goods. He was subdued by love, converted by Divine power. He, too, came into the Saviour's flock, and on the side of Jesus. How changed the mad one became, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind!" He witnessed among us for years a good confession; he was honoured and beloved in the church; a pattern of gentleness and fidelity at home and abroad. After some years of earnest Christian life on earth, his course was finished, and his rest attained. I have since hardly passed the house in which they lived without recalling to my mind this whole remarkable scene; that peculiar display of grace, that *voluntary wanderer*, and the wonderful love and mercy which in so much rebellion he received. He assumed all the responsibility of the guilty wandering upon himself. He learned to give all the glory of his recovery to that amazing grace which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and loved him when he was dead in sins.

SINGULAR HONESTY.

In a work* just published, the following striking incident is related :—

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper-office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, "Come in," and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child, all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deeing" (dying). Some misty recollections of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High-street into the Canongate. By the time he had got to the old Playhouse-close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff, a lively girl, who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he was "best man." He seemed still to see her bright, young, careless face, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue. Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, "That's her," vanished. By the light of a dying fire, he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face, and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly upon him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognise no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours; they were surly, or asleep. When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair-head, and said, "She's dead." He went in, and found that it was true: there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were *in æternum*. Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, "a strange woman,"

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* *Horæ Subsecivæ. Second Series.* By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1861. Crown 8vo.

"Did she drink?" "Whiles." On the day of the funeral one or two residents of the close accompanied him to the Canongate churchyard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a little distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw the old woman remaining. She came up, and curtsying, said, "Ye would ken that lass, Sir?" "Yes, I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the close mouth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid regular, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month owing me half-a-crown;" and then, with a look and voice of awe, she told him how, on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room, and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein* (comfortable) well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted, dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is;" and, putting it under the bolster, vanished. Alas! for Mary Duff: her career had been a sad one since the day when she stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother, the widow, supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it, blighted and embittered; and, after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret to die, deserted and alone; giving evidence in her latest act, that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

Our Servants.

MANNERS.

We ventured two months ago to refer to a subject of great delicacy; and one in which we fear some of our readers would think us anything but expert, if they do not judge us altogether mistaken: we mean Dress. We, hope, however, they will excuse the sincere and good-natured words of one who has worn his hat so many more years than they their bonnets; and who assures them that his only desire was, not to dictate, but kindly to suggest. Upon the subject of Manners it is very pleasant to speak, because everybody admires good manners, at least everyone who respects either another or himself.

We just remark at the outset, that on this matter people are divided into three classes: those who have *good* manners; those who have *bad* manners; and those who have *no manners at all*. Perhaps our readers may be a little surprised when we tell them that *good manners*, like *truth*, are the same in all who cultivate them. Whether it is a peeress or a peasant, who will be at no pains to avoid offending other people, nor study to please anyone besides herself, she is an ill-behaved person. The one may excuse herself on the ground of high rank, and that it is not worth her while to be polite to the peasant; and the other may think she *cannot* be courteous as she is so poor, and so will not try; but they are both rude, though the peasant is the less so. The quality of good manners is just this,—the disposition to please everybody; and politeness is the exercise of such disposition towards them in the most suitable way. That's all about it. One person may have taken lessons in what they call "calisthenics;" that is, the method of walking, and turning, and bowing with elegance; another person may not have even heard of the teaching of manners; and yet they may be both equally polite in disposition. Now, it is worth while to remember that; because many obliging persons have been put to the blush just because they could not bow or walk with great ease. *Feel* kindly, and try to oblige, and you will become truly polite without much effort.

Some servants have *sets* of manners, just as they have suits of clothes. They have one set for the master, another for the mistress, another for the children, in the presence of their parents; another for the children when apart from their

parents; another for strangers; and yet another, a servants' set, to be used by the servants among one another. Now, the changing of manners, at such a rate, makes hypocrites. You put on three or four sets a day; and after a while you become such a practised changeling, that if you were quietly asked in which set of manners do you feel easiest, you would answer that they were all alike to you. Go on in this way, and, whether you unhappily cause anyone to imitate you or not, depend upon it, you will be spoken of as a *mere actress*, and will be despised accordingly. The cure for such conduct is *sincerity*. Entertain a proper respect for everybody, and you will have one manner, a respectful manner, towards all. You will not be attired in reverence, then in flattery, then in gaiety, then in defiance, next in obsequiousness; you will not speak roughly to one, smoothly to another; in loud tones to this humble soul, and then in soft words to your superior. A brawling woman is detestable.

A vulgar pride hinders good manners. Some servants refuse the proper use of "Sir," and "Ma'am," even to their employers; when they fall into any fault, which everybody does now and then, they won't ask pardon; if they break anything or lose anything, they won't confess that they are sorry. "If you please," or, "I thank you," they never use. Now our servants should be taught all these civilities, if they don't know them. The practice of good manners is in the observance of *the little*, as well as of the greater, courtesies of life: they cost very little, and are little; but altogether they are of great importance.

One day, a gentleman, walking along Market-street, Manchester, passed the entrance of an alley at the moment a big boy ran through into the street. Of course he ran with great force against the gentleman. The boy just grunted out, "*Hugh!*" and thus showed that he thought of nobody but himself: he was rude. Another day, the same gentleman was going along Whitechapel, London, when he was run upon in a similar way by another boy. This boy turned and said, "I beg pardon, Sir;" and so showed true politeness. It is in kindness and self-denial that good manners take root. Self-indulgence in staring, gaping, listening, lounging, is very vulgar: so is loud talking.

It is with good manners, as it is with an agreeable expression of the countenance; there may be little beauty of form, but wonderful charm in the happy play of the features of the face. Good manners are always becoming; they clothe our persons with propriety and grace; they command respect; they make friends, and disarm enemies. Good manners raise comfort everywhere; our food is sweeter, our companionship is happier, our toils and our trials lighter by politeness. People *look* comelier for them. You may spoil the look of almost anything, and you might as well improve its appearance. Some servants never stand up, but they stick out both elbows at once, while others allow their arms to hang down at ease. One will *sit* all abroad, in anything but a graceful posture; whilst another will gather herself up within something like reasonable limits. One will stride instead of walking; another will walk instead of striding. One will reply and reply again, resolved to have the last word; another will be content with stating her opinion once. These familiar instances may be multiplied by the reader at pleasure; as points where she may detect the difference between good manners and bad.

Politeness goes a long way in the recommendation of a servant; it civilizes and polishes the behaviour of the lower parts of a household; it greatly improves the little folks; and it never fails to heighten and command the respect of the united head of the family.

P. H.

The Monitor.

"I DANCED MY CONVICTIONS AWAY."

What probability is there of serious impressions being retained for any length of time by those who frequent the giddy dancing-school, the ball-room, the theatre,

or other godless places of amusement? The practice of attending upon such places is generally formed, and the taste for them acquired, while under the eye of the parent; and a judicious exercise of authority will generally suffice to turn the mind to more wholesome and legitimate sources of entertainment. Many a one who has fallen a victim to parental indifference, has bitterly lamented that he was not more carefully guarded on this point; and in some instances, perhaps in many, dying souls have attributed their perdition to the mistaken kindness which indulged their youthful follies. Says a venerable Minister: "I was called, in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young mother, whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish, deep, hopeless anguish, was riveted on her countenance. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was, 'I have no objection; but prayers will be of no avail now: it is too late, too late; I must die. I am lost! lost for ever.' I prayed earnestly with her; but her hard heart was untouched: there was in it no fountain of love to its Maker, and it was 'too late.' She had been, at a very early period of life, seriously impressed. 'But,' said she, 'my mother sent me to the dancing-school, and I danced all my convictions away.' As she lived so did she die, without Christ in the world."

It may seem a trifling matter to allow a child *for once* to mingle in the society of the wicked and profane, or to visit scenes of unchristian amusements; but let the parent reflect that it is more difficult to prevent the second step than the first, and that the child whose principles are not yet matured, and whose impulses have not yet been modified by experience, will quickly acquire those habits which may yet master him, body and soul, and ruin his prospects for eternity.

"The clay is moist and soft: now, now make haste;
And form the pitcher, for the wheel turns fast."

And "the pitcher, once formed, may be more easily broken than altered."

IN WHAT DO YOU TRUST.

In what do you trust, asks Mr. Ryle, for the pardon of your sins and the salvation of your soul? I suppose you trust in something. You are not a heathen. You live in a Christian land. Now, in what do you trust?

Do you trust in *sacraments and ordinances*, and rest in them? They cannot supply you with forgiveness, however diligently you may use them. By sacraments faith is confirmed and grace increased in all who rightly use them. But they cannot justify the sinner. They cannot put away transgression. You may go to church regularly, and yet never go to heaven. You may go to the Lord's table every Sabbath in your life; but unless you look far beyond the sign to the thing signified, you will after all die in your sins.

Will you trust in your own *works and endeavours*, your virtues and your good deeds, your prayers and your alms? They will never buy for you an entrance into heaven. They will never pay your debt to God. They are all imperfect in themselves, and only increase your guilt. "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you," says the Lord Jesus, "say, We are unprofitable servants." (Luke xvii. 10.)

Will you trust in your own *repentance and amendments?* "You are very sorry for the past. You hope to do better for time to come. You hope God will be merciful." Alas! if you lean on this, you have nothing beneath you but a broken reed. The Judges do not pardon the thief because he is sorry for what he did. To-day's sorrow will not wipe off the score of yesterday's sins.

Reader, you must put your whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the atonement He made for sinners on the cross. In Him is pardon. Out of Him there is none. Remember this. It is the very pith and marrow of Bible-religion. PUT YOUR WHOLE TRUST IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In Dr. Johnson's opinion, "a woman was well dressed, when, after seeing her, one could not remember what she had on."

If charity doesn't keep her eyes open as well as her hands, she is quite as likely to do harm as good.

Anecdotes.

THE DEBT IS PAID.

Many persons who say they want to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, find it difficult to understand in what way His sacrifice saves them, and so they get no comfort from it. The following true story of a poor woman who felt this difficulty may be helpful to others, in showing them how this great blessing is received. The Lord grant that it may be so!

Her name was Betty, and, as I said, she was poor, very poor; and besides this, so ill as to be confined to her bed. Sickness alone is no light trouble, nor is poverty; but when both come together, they do in truth make a heavy burden. Yet Betty had a heavier burden still; a burden of doubt and fear about the safety of her soul. She had heard over and over again about the death and merits of our blessed Saviour, and about believing in Him; but she could not understand it, and her soul was sorrowful with the thought of being far off from God, and unable to find the way to Him.

Mrs. ——, a lady who was in the habit of visiting Betty, tried again and again to explain to her the wonderful truth that Christ had atoned for sin upon the cross; that He had paid our debt, and that we, being justified by faith in Him, may have peace with God. But, put it in what way she would, her poor friend could never take hold of it; and so, without finding any comfort for her soul, poor Betty grew worse and worse in body, till at length she lay at the point of death.

At last, one day, when Mrs. —— called, she found poor Betty in the deepest possible distress. She had drawn the clothes over her face, and was sobbing as if her heart would break, so that the very bed shook under her.

"Dear Betty," said Mrs. ——, "what is the matter? what makes you so wretched to-day?"

"O, Ma'am, they're coming to distrain for the rent, and to take my bed from under me; and I shall die! I shall die!"

Her anguish was so great that all that her friend could say gave her no comfort. How could it? For she had not a farthing; and the debt must be paid, or the bed would be taken from under her.

While Mrs. —— was trying to comfort her, a harsh knock at the door below was heard, which threw the poor creature into a fresh fit of anguish. Throwing the clothes over her head, she cried out,—

"O, they're come; they're come!"

Greatly moved at the sight of her poor friend's distress, Mrs. —— slipped quietly down stairs, and found that, sure enough, two men were come to take the goods.

"Well, now," she said, when they had told their business, "you know the poor thing can't possibly pay the rent."

"Well, Ma'am, we can't help that. If she can't pay the rent, we must take her bed."

"But it would be dreadfully cruel! The poor thing will die. Indeed, she's almost dying this moment."

"Well, Ma'am, that's not our business! We must have the money or the goods."

"Then, just tell me, what is the sum you claim?"

"Why, 'tis 13*s.* 6*d.* rent, and 2*s.* expenses."

"Here, then," taking out her purse, "here is a sovereign. Give me the change, and write a receipt."

They did so; and on receiving the receipt, Mrs. —— laid it between the leaves of her Bible, which she held in her hand, and went up stairs to relieve poor Betty's mind about the bed; little thinking that her act of kindness was going to be used by the Spirit of God as a means of a better blessing to the poor woman's troubled soul.

She found her in an agony, expecting every moment that the men would come up, drag her to the floor, and take away the bed to satisfy the rent.

She sat down beside her, and gently whispered, "Betty, don't trouble yourself."

"But, Ma'am, I *must* trouble; for I shall die."

She whispered again, "But the debt is paid, Betty."

The poor creature drew down the

clothes from her face, and looked up amazed. She could hardly believe her own ears.

Again Mrs. —— repeated the delightful words, "I assure you, Betty, you need not trouble yourself about the debt; for I've paid it;" and, opening the Bible, she showed the receipt, saying, "Why, Betty, here is the receipt for the money. Just read it for yourself, and be satisfied."

The poor woman spelled it out as well as she could, and then gazed at it with a strangely earnest look; as if some new and wonderful thoughts were working in her mind. At last, her face brightening, she threw up her hands and exclaimed,—

"Ah! I see it now, Ma'am; I see it now! and thank you a thousand times, and more than that. I see now all the meaning of what you've so often tried to teach me. I do see it now; I do see it. HE HAS PAID THE DEBT. I'm delivered, and I can die happy!"

And so it was; when death came, she sank back gently on her pillow, and breathed forth her happy spirit into the hands of Him who paid her debt.

And now, reader, do *you* see it? Do you receive and own Christ as your Saviour? Do you believe He has paid *your* debt; and that *your* debt having been paid by Him, you have not to pay it again? If, on the contrary, you fear your debt is not paid, and think of paying it yourself by your own good deeds and deservings, you are in reality rejecting Christ, and seeking to get to heaven independently of Him. Ah! proud man, the Lord deliver thee from such delusion! for assuredly, none of the base coin of thine own polluted deeds will ever be received into the treasury of heaven as the payment of thy great sin-debt.

AN ATHEIST'S CONFESSION.

AT the Fulton-street prayer-meeting in Philadelphia, says an United States' paper, a tall, intellectual-looking man rose, and said that, one year ago, he was at the meeting for the first time. He came out of mere curiosity. He came in an infidel of no common order. He was an atheist. He was made an atheist by science falsely so called. He was perfectly satisfied with his belief. He supposed he had good reason for denying the existence of a God. He witnessed and felt here a power which he was compelled to acknowledge was Divine. He came again and again, and was a silent spectator of the things which were done and said here in the work of this prayer-meeting. He looked around on the faces of these business-men; and he said to himself, "No human agency could bring these men here; no fanaticism could do it. It would have died out as a meeting long ago, if held together only by mere human influence or human contrivance." So he had to admit that there was a Mind above all these minds, moving them to prayer; and that must be God. "It came to my heart with all the force of the most unquestionable and absolute evidence. When once it was established in my mind that there is a God, it was easy to admit that He must have a plan of government; that He must have a mode of revelation that must make known His will. So the Bible was admitted, and all its claims. When that was done, I had," said he, "no peace. All the calm of my former security was broken up. I had to admit, that if the Bible was true, then I was a sinner. I needed just such a Saviour as Jesus Christ. I hailed Him as He was offered in the Gospel in all His offices as mine. I embraced Him with all my heart. One year ago I was here an atheist: to-day I am here to confess to you my attachment to Christ, as my Lord and my God. What a change! All my hopes, prospects, purposes in life—all changed." Then he appealed to the meeting to pray for his unconverted parents. They knew nothing of the love of Jesus. They were without hope, and without God in the world. He cited many of the acts of Christ in healing the sick on the faith of those who brought them to Him, as proofs that his father and mother might be converted, in answer to the prayer exercised here. We must pray believing, nothing doubting.

WANDERING THOUGHTS IN PRAYER.

THERE is a story, how that one offered to give his horse to his fellow, upon

condition that he would say the "Lord's Prayer," and think upon nothing but God. The proffer was accepted, and he began: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,"—"*but I must have the bridle, too,*" said he. "No, nor the *horse* neither," said the other; "for thou hast lost both already." And thus it is that too many men and women, in their both private and public addresses unto God by prayer, are by the suggestions of Satan walking with St. Hierom in the galleries of Rome, having their hearts roving after pleasures of sin, their thoughts taking up with the things of this world, and their whole man set upon vanity; whereas they should rather mind that which they are about, keep close to God, and be so watchful and intentive over their souls, that their hearts and tongues may go comfortably together. For the outward work only, is but like the loathsome smoke of Sodom; whereas the inward devotion of the heart is not unfitly compared to the pleasant perfume of the sweetest frankincense.—*John Spencer's Things New and Old.* 1658.

The Portfolio.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "QUAKER."

The origin of the word "Quakers" is thus given in a recently-published Life of George Fox:—

It was about the time of George Fox's committal to the Derby House of Correction that he and his followers began to be designated by the term "Quakers." Gervase Bennett, one of the Magistrates that committed him, was admonished by him to quake at the name of the Lord, when Bennett replied that George Fox and his followers might rather quake at the civil authorities; a repartee which, going abroad among the multitude, occasioned Fox and his adherents to be called contemptuously "Quakers." It cannot but be thought wonderful that a young man of five-and-twenty, of no learning, except in texts of Scripture, and a little sound sense, should have been able to attract sufficient followers to form the foundation of a sect under any title.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mr. Joseph Kingwill was born at Stokeunderham, in Somersetshire, February 13th, 1783. His father was brought to the knowledge of "the truth, as it is in Jesus," under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Christopher Hull, (who, though educated in Lady Huntingdon's College, preached with great earnestness and success an Arminian theology,) and sought the communion of saints in the Wesleyan section of the church; and as a Class-Leader, and a Local Preacher, endeavoured to serve his generation by the will of God. Honourable mention is made of him in the "Methodist Magazine" for 1828. Mr. Kingwill's mother was truly converted before she was seventeen years of age, and was called to suffer severe persecution, for Christ's sake, before her marriage. Her mistaken father frequently threatened to drive her from under the parental roof, if she persisted in her new and strange religious notions in connexion with the Methodists; but she continued to avow her discipleship to Christ, held on her way, keeping clean hands, and growing stronger and stronger in grace. This excellent Christian woman died when the subject of this sketch was only nine years old; and besides him she left six daughters, all younger than their brother Joseph. Religious instruction, combined with pious example and parental care, were so far honoured, as to preserve Joseph from gross sins during his youth and rising manhood; and frequently, when under the smarting power of a guilty conscience, he would confess his sins to God, and pray for pardon; but the day of decision was postponed until he was thirty years of age. He was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, in Bridport; and through-

out his apprenticeship felt the restraining sense of the Divine presence, although he made no profession of religion. He was much ridiculed by his fellow-workmen, as being righteous over much. Happily for him, he did not consent to the enticements of sinners, nor did the evil example by which he was surrounded subvert the better principles taught him by his saintly father, and by his mother now enjoying her reward in heaven. In 1804 he married; and in 1805 he removed from Bridport to Ilminster, afterwards to Allington, from thence to Jersey, and in 1812 to Southampton. Shortly after he was located in the latter town, he was invited by a pious neighbour to attend a Wesleyan class-meeting. The quarterly tickets were to be renewed by the Rev. Joseph Walker. Mr. Kingwill spoke frankly of the convictions he felt,—of his having prayed earnestly to God, and added, that he could not understand why he did not receive the blessings of pardon and peace; when the Minister replied, "You have missed your way in praying now, and expecting the blessing at a future time." Mr. K. saw and felt the force of this pointed remark; and from that time he sought earnestly, and looked for, a present salvation. Nor did he look in vain. On Sunday, June 21st, 1813, while going up East-street, feeling deeply, and praying earnestly, as he reached All Saints' church, his soul was set at liberty, and he received conscious pardon through faith in the atonement. He longed for the next class-meeting to come, to tell the joyful news of what God had done for his soul. In due time he was appointed to be the Leader of a class; and in this office he continued so long as health and strength would permit him to attend. His judicious counsels greatly edified those who were associated with him in class, as he evinced great care and judgment in advising them according to their respective states of mind and circumstances. For many years he was a Local Preacher. His sermons were carefully prepared, and, although clothed in homely phrase, were characterized by thought, order, and original views of spiritual truth. He was never known to miss an appointment, so that the people, in every part of the Circuit, had confidence that he would punctually fulfil all his engagements. Through the greater part of a long life he had heavy trials and afflictions; but he endured chastening as a child of God, knowing that "the Lord doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," but that it may be for their good. The tide of circumstances was nearly always against him, and sometimes threatened to overwhelm him. Most industriously did he breast the waves, and the Lord saved him from sinking. He was always anxious that he might be preserved from dishonouring the Christian name, and that no one might suffer by him in business. Mr. Kingwill cordially believed the Wesleyan doctrines to be scriptural, and heartily approved of our discipline; and in no part of his lengthened days and trials did he ever waver in his attachment either to the one or to the other. He took great interest in everything that affected Methodism, both at home and abroad. To himself as well as his friends it became evident that his end was drawing near. He was brought to feebleness extreme, but could say, "Once I was young, now I am old; but I never knew the righteous forsaken." He retained his consciousness to the last moments of life. His last words were, "O, the converting grace of God! What should I do now, were it not for the converting grace of God?" Having borne this testimony to the power of saving grace, in about five minutes after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on Friday, the 20th August, 1858, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

"Blest be His grace, who lit the torch of hope
For our benighted world; whose living truth
Disclosed and seal'd a heaven of holy bliss;
And bade his brethren wait that happy day
Within his 'Father's house;' where saints convoked
Rejoice with the immortal that rejoice;
There in each other's glowing eyes to read
Undying life, and all the fathomless cup
Of circling immortalities to share."

M. J.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

In the district of Lebanon, in Syria, some miles to the north-east of the city of Sidon, the mountain of Jôon, separated by "wadies" from surrounding hills, lifts up its conical form. About twenty years ago, a castellated-looking building, of most singular history and associations, might be seen on its summit. Dahr Jôon (for such was the name of the mansion) had been built by Joseph Seweyah, a Christian merchant of Damascus; and was for many years the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, of romantic notoriety. Her Ladyship enlarged the original house by twenty or thirty rooms; and planted a garden in connexion with it, tastefully laid out with trellised arbours, shaded alleys, and serpentine walks. With the exception of this pleasant enclosure of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, reclaimed from the wilderness, there was nothing to relieve the wild and savage scenery which surrounded the mountain-home of this eccentric English peeress.

Lady Hester, daughter of Lord Stanhope, prided herself in being the niece of the celebrated William Pitt, and granddaughter of the great Earl of Chatham. In early life she went to live with her uncle; and, as he was unmarried, she was placed at the head of his domestic establishment. Mr. Pitt admitted her to many of his counsels, so that when presiding at his table she was quite capable of discussing politics, home or continental, with the great statesmen who gathered from time to time

around his board. Reciprocally, the uncle was called to the counsels of the niece on matters more particularly interesting to her sex; and the great Prime-Minister of England, the framer of European alliances against the ambition of Napoleon, might be sometimes found giving advice to his witty and beautiful kinswoman on the arrangement of her curls, and the disposition of her drapery, preparatory to a great entertainment. Another illustrious name in English history, in addition to Pitt's, is associated with that of Lady Hester Stanhope. She was engaged to be married to Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. One of the last expressions of the dying warrior, as they bore him

"From the field of his fame fresh and gory,"

was the request to the Hon. Captain Stanhope, who stood beside him, "Remember me to your sister!"

After the death of Pitt she received, at his dying request, a government pension of £1,500 a year. For a short time she resided in Montague-square; but for economic reasons she broke up her London establishment, and retired to Wales. In 1810 she set out on her travels to the East, and after a time took up her residence at an old monastic house about two miles from Sidon. One day while riding out she discovered Dahr Jôon; its wild and bold situation harmonized with her singularly-constituted mind, and she procured the place, at a rent of £20 a year. In this elevated home, like an eagle in its mountain-eyry, surrounded by scenery savage to desolation, (save where, in the deep "wadies," a vineyard here, and a olive-orchard there, lie half-hidden from the view,) Lady Hester Stanhope continued to reside to the day of her death. She assumed the dress of an Emeer, turban, weapons and all. At one time she might be seen with some favoured visiter sitting in her saloon, sipping coffee, or smoking from a pipe, with lengthened stem and capacious bowl, *à la Turque*. At another time she might be found riding out at the head of a wild retinue of Arab guards. Trained in the school of Pitt, she interfered much in the petty politics of Syria. Once familiar with the intrigues of European Courts and Cabinets, she could not resist the temptation of employing spies in Oriental cities, and of plotting with Pachas, Amcers, and Sheiks. All of them feared her; whilst some of them were completely intimidated by one so weird and influential, and who, to their imaginations, added the preternatural powers of an Eastern sorceress, to the intelligence, education, and wealth of an English peeress! Not one of them was feared by her in return; but, on the contrary, she was bold as a lioness in a country inefficiently governed; and which, in her day, as more recently, has been the scene of sanguinary feuds between Maronites and Druses.

Lady Hester's reputation for necromancy was not without foundation. She was a believer in demonology, studied astrology, practised alchemy and magic, and dealt in nativities and second-sight. No wonder that this strange lady of the hills, self-exiled from her own happy country, dwelling in rude independence amongst her motley retainers, communing with

the stars which beam nightly above the lonely mountains of Lebanon, should excite the wonder of the English, and inspire awe amongst the superstitious tribes of Syria!

Her alleged motive for living abroad was to save expense, as her income was not large. The expenses of her establishment, and the losses to which she was subject through the dishonesty of her unprincipled native servants, were such as to involve her seriously in debt. This was further increased by the usuries of money-lenders. In this way she was exposed to humiliations most painful to her haughty spirit. To evade the obligations she could not meet, this lady, whose frequent boast was that she inherited the blood and the principles of a Pitt, had recourse to mean and discreditable artifices. At length her creditors applied to the Foreign Office, and Colonel Campbell, the Consul-General for Egypt and Syria, received instructions from Lord Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to inform her Ladyship that a part of her pension must be stopped for the reduction of her debts. At this she was infuriated, and wrote indignant letters to Peers and Members of Parliament, to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and even to the Queen. Her letter to Her Majesty was most unbecoming and disrespectful. Complaining bitterly of what she deemed ill-usage in the threatened stoppage of her pension, she said to her Sovereign, amongst other things: "I shall resign it for the payment of my debts, and with it the name of English subject!" She felt great resentment towards Lord Palmerston for making her private affairs the subject of consular correspondence and interference. "I wonder," said she, in a conversation with her physician, in a sarcastic tone, "if Lord Palmerston is the man I recollect,—a young man just come from college, waiting to be introduced to Mr. Pitt. Is he not an Irishman?"

In the month of June, 1839, Lady Hester Stanhope died in her mountain-nest, far from her native country, with not a solitary European near her, surrounded by ignorant native servants, unfeeling and rapacious, waiting anxiously for her last breath, that they might enrich themselves with such of her valuables as they could most easily and safely appropriate! Once before, when she was supposed to be dying, she heard her servants breaking open her chests, in search of plunder; and, upon her recovery, she took ample revenge. Of this she was quite capable. Her servants feared, but did not love her; for, imperious and tyrannical, she ruled them with a rod of iron.

She was buried in her own garden, at midnight. The body was placed in a deal box, and was borne to the grave by the light of torches and lanterns. At the request of Mr. Moore, the British Consul at Beyrout, the ceremony was performed by Dr. W. M. Thomson, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and author of "The Land and the Book." He was not a little shocked, upon arriving at the grave, to find the skeleton of a French General, (who some years before had died on the premises,) with a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket! Nothing could be more impressive than that strange and dismal scene. The loneliness

of the mountain, the solemnity of the midnight hour, the picturesque attire of the mourners, the flaming of the torches, the high rank, strange character, and singular history of the deceased, are all well calculated to affect the imagination. No wonder that Dr. Thomson should have found some difficulty, under the novel circumstances, in proceeding with the service.

No person succeeded Lady Stanhope in the tenancy of Dahr Jôon. At the death of her landlord, Joseph Seweyah, the property was inherited by his son. The latter apostatized from Christianity, and turned Moslem, and soon after hung himself. His Moslem widow, fearing, in her ignorance, that the Christians would dispossess her of the property, pulled down the buildings, and sold the materials to the people of the neighbouring village of Jôon. Those who have since visited the place describe it as utterly desolate. Even the stones of the vault, where sleep the ashes of the once proud and eccentric peeress, are broken and displaced. The grave of Sir John Moore, to whom she was betrothed, and whose obsequies, like her own, were performed by torch-light, has its monumental inscription beautiful in its simplicity;* although the brave soldiers who laid him hurriedly in his uncoffined grave could say,—

> "We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
> But left him alone with his glory!"

At the solitary sepulchre on the summit of Jôon, not a word in any language is inscribed by friend or foe, to tell the traveller where lies the dust of the brilliant and erratic niece of Pitt!

Lady Hester Stanhope was not a happy woman. How could she be otherwise than unhappy, destitute of true religion, and proud, petulant, misanthropic, and occasionally revengeful? She professed to believe in the Bible; but, it is to be feared, she was ignorant of its great saving truths. "I know my own imperfections, and my own merits," said she on one occasion, to her doctor; "and I hope, by rendering myself pure in thought and deed, to become acceptable to God." Alas! for those who, holding this creed of self-salvation, neglect the great atonement which Christ has made for sinners! Indeed, her Christianity was as queer as herself, and contained an odd admixture of Jewish opinions and Mohammedan customs. She expected some sort of a Messiah who was to inaugurate a kind of millennium. At his coming she believed she was to ride with him into Jerusalem upon a favourite horse, in whose stable she kept a lamp constantly burning, and whom she fed with the choicest delicacies.

Reader, be thankful if your imagination is kept in control by your reason; be thankful if you are saved from whimsicalities, oddities, and eccentricities; but, above all, be thankful if God has given you right and

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* "John Moore,
Leader of the English Armies,
Slain in Battle, 1809."

saving views of truth! Better be thus circumstanced, as the humble occupant of a peasant's cottage, than have poor Lady Hester Stanhope's rank and talents with those other qualities and habits which made her the wonder and riddle of the age!

T. M'C.

JOY IN THE LORD.

To be joyful in the Lord is placed before us in His word as a privilege, as the common privilege of all Christians. Not only so, but it is enjoined as an imperative duty. We are required to be happy and joyous, just as we are required to be patient and submissive. And there is nothing strange in this, when we remember that "joy in the Holy Ghost" is one of the essential elements of the kingdom that is within the renewed heart. Love and joy are no less fruits of the Spirit than meekness, goodness, and faith. We are to rejoice not only in times of prosperity, when we have all things and abound, but "in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses;" to "*rejoice evermore;*" and the obligation to do this rests on the same authority that requires us to "be sober, and watch unto prayer." It can hardly be necessary to quote texts in support of this position. The Old and the New Testament, Prophets and Apostles, perfectly agree in representing the good and pious man as being happy. The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and the path of the just is as the "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The redeemed of the Lord are to come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Believers are not to wander in the wilderness, weary and faint, seeking rest, and finding none. The promise is, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." There can be no doubt that it is the will of God that the children of Zion should be joyful in their King. And it becomes all Christians to nourish this holy affection in their souls till they are enabled habitually to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

They are to do this *first for their own sakes.* Joy in the Lord is a means of grace to the believer. We are not ignorant of the fact that a class of religious writers speak of the advantages of the "wilderness state." They insist that it is profitable for Christians to pass a considerable part of their time in heaviness through manifold temptations, if not in darkness and despondency through the deceitfulness of sin. They say that it is good for the soul to be cast down and tossed about, as it is by such a discipline that we are brought to yearn for our heavenly rest. The loss of the consolations of grace, and painful uncertainties as to our spiritual state, are represented as tending to humility and holiness. These views, largely insisted upon as they are by the mystics, find no support from the word of God. On the contrary, "we are saved by hope," and "the joy of the Lord is our strength." The full assurance of faith, and fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, are essential to the best development of the Christian

character. An atmosphere of light and peace, of love and joy, is the very one in which the Christian graces thrive and come to rich and beautiful maturity.

Plants and flowers may be kept alive in the darkened room or cellar, but fresh air and sunshine are indispensable to their perfection. And the "fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ" is promised to those who walk in the light, and abide in Him in whom is no darkness at all. The Christian may not rejoice in an exemption from the common afflictions of life. He is a man of like passions with others, and the grace that purifies his heart makes him peculiarly susceptible to suffering. But in the day of adversity, when earthly comforts fail, and he is most desolate and broken-hearted, he may find a sweet and solemn joy in communion with God. Paul on a certain occasion describes himself as being "sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing;" and the Prophet, under the influence of a resolute and heroic faith, said, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

But, for the sake of others, not less than for their own, should believers cultivate a joyful trust in the Lord. A gloomy and desponding Christian misrepresents the Gospel, and disparages the way of truth. Those who have received the glad tidings, and in whom grace "effectually worketh," are described in the word of God as a saved and happy people. They are to worship the Lord in the "beauty of holiness," to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, and "shine as lights in the world." The promise to such is, that they shall find rest in Christ, and that their hearts shall be kept in "perfect peace" amid all the commotions of life. They may be buffeted by Satan, and suffer through the "thorn in the flesh;" but they are kept by the power of God, and consoled by the assurance that all things work together for their good. Their afflictions, in the estimation of a Christian faith, are "light,"—"but for a moment,"—and "not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed" in them. And the world has a right to expect of those who are sustained by such a hope, that they will bear up with cheerful fortitude against the ills of life. But when a Christian, instead of doing this, succumbs to misfortune, and sinks into despondency, he gives his enemies occasion to taunt him with the question, "Where now is thy God?" It may be well enough for Pharisees and hypocrites to be of a sad countenance, and to disfigure their faces; the believer is to wash his face, anoint his head, and eat his bread with joy. The comforts of the Lord, delighting his soul, should render his whole life beautiful and attractive. Commendations of the way of truth by grim and gloomy Christians do harm rather than good. Perhaps some harm has been done by publishing to the world the private journals of morbid and melancholy Christians. If the life of a good man has been marred by such an infirmity, let it be buried as quietly as possible along with his other faults. A Christian has no right to be forlorn and

wretched; and he cannot be so without wronging himself, and inflicting an injury on others. But this joy in the Lord is indispensable to the Christian as a preparation for the personal efforts it is his duty to make for the salvation of souls. And these individual efforts are just what the church and the world now most need. We need devout men and holy women, not a few, to engage in this work. And the constraining love of Christ is the one great qualification for those who would save souls. The love of God, shed abroad in the heart, enables them to say with holy boldness, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." The hiding of God's power is with the men who have this heavenly anointing. When from warm and glad hearts they declare what great things God has done for their souls, the Lord is with them, and none of their words fall to the ground. The anxious, restless souls who are inquiring, "Who will show us any good?" listen to this testimony, and believe.

In all our congregations there are men who are to be influenced, not by arguments or learned prelections, but by the simple, heartfelt testimony of those who have been with Jesus, and tasted that the Lord is gracious. In view of the interests of the souls who are perishing, it becomes us to pray for the hastening of the time when all Christians shall have "an unction from the holy One;" so that they cannot but speak of the consolation in Christ and the comfort of love with which their hearts are filled. When that day comes, Zion will put on her beautiful garments, and hear the voice of the Master, saying, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

A HEALTHY SOUL.

THERE is physical health, and spiritual health; the health of the body, and the health of the soul. Many individuals are deprived of the former, but more are destitute of the latter. There are more healthy bodies in the land, numerous as are those persons who complain of ill-health, than there are healthy souls. What are the characteristics of a healthy soul?

Such a soul has in it a principle of Divine life.

Men are naturally "dead in trespasses and sins;" and not until they come penitently and in faith to Jesus Christ, who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," do they have any spiritual life. Until then, they are spiritually dead; there is no Divine life in them. As soon, however, as they heartily embrace Christ as their Prophet, Priest, and King, and are vitally united to Him, they are quickened, made alive, and a new principle of Divine life is introduced into their souls. They pass from death unto life; they are alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. And as there can be no health where there is no life, the healthy soul is thus alive. The life of God is within it as a vital, saving principle.

It has a relish for Divine things.

A healthy body requires food. It not only needs it, but demands it, and finds gratification in it. The healthy soul, likewise, craves appropriate nourishment, and finds such nourishment in spiritual food. It desires "the sincere milk of the word," and those supplies which are obtained at the mercy-seat, and which the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and religious conversation bring. It cannot dispense with these, and it takes delight in them; it has a keen relish for them.

It grows in grace.

The body of a healthy child grows until it reaches the full stature of a perfect man. And the healthy soul grows. The principle of Divine life within it becomes more and more vigorous, and the developments of this life are more and more marked and decided. All the Christian virtues and graces are in a continually thriving state. "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, it thinks on these things," and does them.

Learn, hence, reader, whether you have a healthy soul. You think it quite important that you have a healthy body; but it is much more important that you have a healthy soul. The body which you so care for, and cherish, is a frail body, and will soon fall to pieces, and mingle with the clods of the valley: but the soul has to do with the unnumbered ages of that eternity which is future; and during that long period will be happy or miserable, as it now has, or has not within it, the life of God.

THE HEART IN THE FACE.

It is truly remarkable that so much of the heart may be read in the face, that it is quite easy to tell whether a man is joyous or sad, pleasant or angry. It is not always necessary for him to say exactly how he feels, since his true feelings are expressed in his countenance, which usually tells the truth. His words may be false, and he may say what is untrue; but this index of the heart in the face tells no lies. This was all the evidence that Jacob had of his uncle Laban's ill-will towards him. His uncle had not uttered a word of censure or animosity, but he *looked* as if he felt unkindly. "I see," said Jacob to Rachel and Leah, "your father's countenance, that it is not toward me as before." *Looks*, not words, convinced him that Laban cherished hard feelings towards him. He wanted no better proof than this; it was enough.

It is a fact that we judge more of men's dispositions by their *looks*, than we do by their words. If we meet a stranger, we look into his face, and make some inference very soon about his character. It is said that "actions speak louder than words;" and it is just as true that *looks* speak louder than words. The language of *looks* is so explicit, that even the little child can read it. The babe in his mother's arms knows the difference between a smile and a frown. The former awakens a smile on

his little face, while the latter extorts a cry of fear. He makes no mistake here. He cannot understand the language that he hears,—it is all an unknown tongue to him; but the looks he is able to interpret. The first book that a babe studies is his mother's face. Each smile is a lesson, and so is each shade that passes over her brow. Every day is a new leaf turned, with old lessons reviewed, and new ones learned; and, finally, the child so well understands the maternal heart which is carried in the face, that he nestles to it as he will to no other heart.

How is it in the family? Does not the parent know just how each child feels in the morning by a glance at the countenance? How invariably a happy heart sparkles out through the eye, and beams in every lineament of the face! But that scowl on the brow! what is the import of that? Every parent knows full well its meaning; and he must tread softly, or he will inflame passions that are now surging the heart. That cloud is a signal which the heart hangs out, a sort of defiant flag that a rebellious spirit flings to the breeze, in its recklessness.

The Christian graces, too, often leave lines of light in the countenance. Meekness, humility, who has not traced these and kindred virtues in the face of the devoted saint? Eminent spirituality seldom fails to reveal itself in this way. He who is frequently in communion with heaven, and sincerely so, carries another countenance with him into the world than he otherwise would if he held no such intercourse. How true, then, that the "countenance is a tell-tale!" It tells what the heart is.

WHO RULES THE WORLD?

For anything I see, there might as well be no God, as a God who should not know and see and care how things go on in the world. The idols of the heathen are of that sort, and they are nothing. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not know?" Our God never slumbers, nor sleeps, nor goes on a journey. He is ever awake, and His ear is open to the cry of His people. He never grows weary. He is never sick. He fainteth not. His eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He is not like "the ostrich which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them." But He is like the hen, that gathereth her chickens under her wings, and keeps them dry, and warm, and safe. The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield. He rules this world. He rules all things and all worlds. The Bible says so: "His kingdom ruleth over all."

He rules each thing. He numbers the very hairs of our heads. He takes care of little insects, and fishes, and birds. Not a sparrow falleth without His notice. He calls all the stars by their names, and there are known to be more than five hundred millions of them. He spreads the clouds in the heaven. He is the Father of the rain. He makes the grass to grow upon the mountains. "He clothes grass." He gives food to the beasts and to the young ravens. He gives snow like wool. He scatters the hoar-frost like ashes. Who can stand before his cold? He hunts the

prey for the lion. He sends out the wild ass free. He gives the goodly plumage to the peacock. He gives to the horse his strength. He shuts up the sea with doors, so that it breaks not forth. He enters into the springs of the sea. He knows the place and the bounds of light and of darkness. He gives rain and fruitful seasons, and fills men's hearts with food and gladness. Angels, men, sun, moon, stars, the heavens, the waters above us, the waters beneath us, dragons, fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy winds, mountains, hills, trees, beasts, cattle, creeping things, flying fowl, kings, all people, young men and maidens, old men and children, lightning and earthquakes, war and peace, disease and death, and heaven and hell, are all ruled by God. He never lets anything go out of His reach, or beyond His grasp. He holds the wind in His fists. So that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the prudent, nor favour to men of skill; but God lifts up and puts down whom He will. He causes men to rise or fall, to be rich or poor, to be strong or weak, to gain or lose. The side God is on always succeeds, always conquers. So that a horse is a vain thing for safety, and a host is no defence, and God has no pleasure in the legs of a man.

God rules even chance. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." To us there is much chance. "Time and chance happeneth to all men." But to God there is no chance. All falls out by a wise plan. When God had made up His mind to take wicked Ahab out of the world, He did not send anyone to take aim at him, but "a man drew a bow at a venture, and smote him between the joints of the harness," and he died. God can save one's life, even if men do shoot at him. An Indian shot seventeen times at one man, but he did not hurt him. The Indian said the Great Spirit would not let that man be hit. When David was old, he said, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

Cyrus was King of Persia, and took Babylon. Long before he was born, God thus wrote to him by name: "I am the Lord, there is no God beside Me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me. I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." (Isai. xlv. 5, 7.) "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" (Amos iii. 6.) Even devils are subject unto God. Death is His servant. He holds the keys of death and of hell. He opens, and none can shut. He shuts, and none can open. "Behold, God is great."

He rules all men, great and small, good and bad. "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord." (Prov. xxi. 1.) He turns it, just as a man turns the little streams of water brought into his garden to water it. This is often done in Asia. A man makes the water run any way he pleases. Just so God turns the King's heart. "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." "Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?" So that the Prophet Jeremiah said, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." If a man hate and vex us, it is because God lets him loose upon us; for "when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." (Prov. xvi. 7.) When God planted the Jews in Canaan, He told them that all who were able must go up to the holy city three times every year to worship Him. They had wicked foes all around them. These often made war on them. But God said, "Neither

shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in the year." (Exod. xxxiv. 24.) God can cause the wicked not to wish us any harm, and yet they may be free agents. So God led Absalom and all his men to choose foolish, rather than wise, counsel. (2 Sam. xvii. 14.) When God wills, "He turns the wise men backward." (Isai. xliv. 25.) God uses the wicked as a man uses a sword, a rod, an axe, or a saw. (Psal. xvii. 13; Isai. x. 15.) He makes bad men punish themselves. (Psal. ix. 15, 16.) He lets them punish each other. (Isai. x. 5—7, 12.) He makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. He let bad men and Satan combine to put Christ to death. But life, and joy, and hope spring from that death. The death of Christ was the most dreadful blow God ever gave to Satan's power.

God rules the world in a way that is holy, wise, just, and good. His way is always better than ours. His way is perfect. We cannot help Him to rule the world. God never errs, never does wrong. He makes no mistakes.

And He alone rules. The devil is not the owner of this world. He is "the ruler of the darkness of this world;" that is, he leads men who are in darkness, and who love sin; but he cannot lead them further than God permits. Satan himself is bound with a chain. He could not touch a hair of Job's head till God gave him leave. Chance is not the ruler of this world. Chance is blind, and knows nothing, and is nothing. God alone rules the world. He is all and in all, and through all, and over all.

If these things be so, then we ought to believe them, and hold them fast. Let us never doubt that God reigns. This is a great truth. To know it will guide and help us much.

But we must not try to be wise in this matter, but by taking God's word as true, and by seeing what He does. We must not try to reason out everything. We shall get lost if we do. Those who cannot swim must not go into deep water. God's ruling the world is a deep matter. His path is in the sea. His ways are past finding out. He says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

It is a great comfort that God rules the world. I am glad of that. Are not you? If we are sick, or sad, or poor, or lose our friends, it is God who afflicts us. He says, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Luther said, "Smite, Lord, if Thou lovest me." We need not fear any man, if God rules. Those three young Hebrews said, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods." That was a good answer. God kept them safe. The fire did not burn them. The Son of God was with them. You would do well often to read the third chapter of Daniel.

Let us put our souls, our lives, and all we care for, in the hands of God. Let us leave all with Him. He brings light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow, and good out of evil. He is too strong for all His foes to stand up against Him. He is too wise to let bad men defeat His plans. He is too good to be unkind. He is as tender as a shepherd, a father, a nurse, a mother. He spreads His wing over us by day and by night. He gives us richly all things to enjoy. Let us praise Him for the past. Let us trust Him for the time to come. He has done all things well. He will do all things well. He will guide us, and teach us, and hold us up, and keep us as the apple of His eye, if we but trust in Him. The best thing we can do is to fear, love, obey, and trust in Him.

THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS PRINCIPLE.

Lady Fowell Buxton, in one of her letters, gives an account of a dinner at her husband's house, at which the great Hebrew millionaire was present. He sat at Lady Buxton's right hand; and his whole discourse was of money and money-making, and of the way in which he had trained his sons to preserve and expand his colossal fortune. Lady Buxton expressed the hope that he did not allow them to forget that never-ending life so soon to begin, for which also preparation must be made. "O!" replied he, "I could not allow them to think of such a thing. It would divert their minds from business. It would be fatal to their success. To get and keep a fortune is a very difficult thing, and requires all one's time and thoughts."

The remark, though a melancholy proof of an utterly worldly mind, yet contained a great truth. It turned on the same point with that declaration of Christ: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The wealthy Baron had made up his mind to serve mammon. He did not attempt nor pretend to serve God at the same time. He served mammon with his whole heart. He devoted his children, too, at this altar, and educated them to this service.

And mammon brilliantly rewarded this whole-hearted service. His wealth became so enormous, that it has been said that the monarchs of Europe could not make war without his consent. At the marriage of a niece, whom he portioned with a dowry which no king in Europe could have equalled, the supper-service was of pure gold, and the dessert was served in a set of porcelain which belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette, and for which nearly £3,000 had been given.

But it came to pass, that this rich man died; and then, of all this wealth, and splendour, and luxury what remained to him? Not one farthing. Who would wish to spend a whole life of care and toil, and throw away an eternity of happiness, for that which must be lost so soon and so utterly?

"I counsel thee," says Christ, "to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." That "gold tried in the fire" will stand unharmed and undiminished in the last fires. All else will be utterly consumed, when "the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up." The price of this "gold," this incalculable and imperishable wealth, is the heart, the whole heart. Christ asks no more; He will accept no less. "My son, give Me thine heart."

The world, as you see, and Christ, demand the same price,—the heart; the one for the decaying and transitory possessions, every farthing of which must pass from your grasp in the moment of death; the other for the "true riches," which, at death, you will go to enjoy in "everlasting habitations."

"TELLING JESUS."

"Things always seem to go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F——: "I never hear you make any complaints."

"I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F——. "One day, in reading the Bible, I came across this passage in St. Mark vi. 30: 'The Apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.' It occurred to me that, when I had any trouble, before I told anyone, I should first tell Jesus; and I found on trial that, if I told Him first, I seldom had occasion to tell anyone else. I often found the burden entirely removed while in the act of telling Him about it; and trouble which has its burden removed, is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance

from our trials, but Jesus needs no information respecting them; He is omniscient and omnipotent, and has no need that anything be told Him."

"That is true; yet He listened with complacency and kindness while His disciples 'told Him all things.' In His sympathizing condescension, He permits us to repeat to Him our troubles and our joys, though He knows them all. He listens to them with interest, just as a tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveys no information; and he has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens sorrows, doubles joys, and increases faith. The more assiduously we cultivate this intimate intercourse with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress towards heaven. If we would make it a rule to go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed and felt, and said and done and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would; the thought that we would have to tell Jesus about it, would restrain us from many an unbecoming act. We could not wilfully indulge in sin,—in that which caused the agonies of the garden and the cross,—if we were to make our daily deeds and words the subject of our conversation with Him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell Him all my experience would be occupying His attention with trifles: I should have nothing but sin and folly to relate."

"Nothing is a trifle which tells upon our eternity, and the way to get a right view of anything is to speak of it before Him. Depend upon it, my brother, if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you above the world; it will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle; it will enable you to bear your cross without repining; it will make you, in mind and temper, like Him with whom you hold this intimate communion."

O, that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus, and telling Him all things that they have done and omitted to do during the day!

THE SMITH OF RAGENBACH.

It is related that, in a small village called Ragenbach in the territory of Hohenlohe, an ancient principality of Germany, about twenty years ago, the following heart-rending but heroic event took place.

One afternoon, in the early summer, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach several men and women, having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the company; a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good-natured smile upon his lips, that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge-hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door, chatting with one of his neighbours, about I know not what: all at once, the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room; a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect. His head was hanging down, and his eyes bloodshot; his red-coloured tongue hanging half-way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door.

Scarcely had the smith's neighbour, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, than he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed in terror, "The dog is mad."

Then rose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood in the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up, and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them; and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbours would be made miserable by a mad dog; and he formed his resolution. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with an unearthly fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

"Back all," thundered he with his deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir; for no one can vanquish the beast but me. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim. I will hold the brute; and whilst I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started towards the shrieking people; but he did not go far. "With God's help!" cried the smith; and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

O, what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously on every side in the most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith; but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute, until all had escaped, and were in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and, dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, fastening the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But, O! what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends; do not weep for me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me; for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a long chain, the heaviest and firmest of his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the anvil so firmly, that no power on earth could break it. "There," said he, "it is done," after silently and solemnly contemplating the work. "Now you are secure, and I inoffensive as long as I live. Bring me my food. The rest I leave to God: into His hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could save the brave smith; neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died; but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

THE MOTHER TAUGHT BY THE CHILD'S LESSON.

"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." (James i. 2.)

"I WONDERED what made the clock keep going so all the night, and all the day, and I went back and opened the door to see. And what do you think I found? Why, I found a great

heavy weight hung to a string, and the string was fastened to some of the little wheels up in the clock. The weight kept pulling down, and pulling down, all the time slowly, and it pulled the string down slowly, and the string made the wheels go round, and the wheels made the hands go, and some of the wheels made that noise I heard, —tick—tick—tick."

Thus read a mother to a group of little children. The sentence here quoted was the conclusion of a very pretty story about a clock. Her little auditors were intensely interested in the narrative, and received the instruction at its close with eagerness, and seemed to understand it. But there was a deeper lesson in this concluding sentence than was apparent to these young minds. She laid aside the book, and her saddened countenance assumed a serene, even joyous, expression, as she sat back in her chair to pursue her present train of meditation.

She said to herself, Thou, like a clock, art required to tick, tick, tick, uniformly in the Master's service: body, mind, and heart should be unitedly, and steadily, accomplishing His great designs,—performing the life-work He has given thee to do.

Art thou saddened, bereaved, tried in various ways? Are thy heart-strings ready to break? Go, like the child, open the clock, and look in. See, thy Saviour is winding up the weights. Thou wast standing still, or running down. Thy trials are the weights. As clocks are set going, and kept running by weights, so no character worth having was ever formed without severe trials. The greater the work to be accomplished, the greater the difficulties to be overcome. Fret not, then, at what seems so adverse, so hard to be borne. He who made thee, knows how great a weight is necessary to start thee, and keep thee going. He knows how much resistance there is in thee, and proportions the weight accordingly.

Then when trials press, and difficulties multiply, comfort thyself with the knowledge that thou hast something important to do, and God is helping thee; stimulating thee by putting on the weights. If thou dost not struggle to have them taken off, or let them run down prematurely, thou wilt, under their chastening, subduing, and uniform stimulus, develop a character of great strength and energy, moulded according to the "beauty of holiness," and thy work, however unimportant it may seem in thy sight, will, in the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, be a monument to His praise, and commend thee to Him as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

A clock may have a weight attached to it, too heavy for its machinery, and thus be stopped, instead of kept going. Unlike the clock, thy Maker will help thee to bear the heaviest weight, if thou lookest unto Him: if thou dost not, the smallest burden will be too much for thy efforts. Thou wilt be worthless. Go, then, to Him who hath said, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." He does not say in every case He will remove it. He will take hold of it with thee, and help thee to bear it; and when He touches it, the heaviest burdens will become light. In making thee bear it with Him, He will lead thee on, to greater attainments and blessedness than thou wouldst ever have reached were it not for this discipline.

"Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

"Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Bring me to the Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there."

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE VILLAGE LEADER.

In the annals of village Methodism a name should be recorded worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. "You will never have another Thomas Haram," has often been said by those who became acquainted with the zeal and fidelity of that village Class and Prayer Leader. "What will become of us when Thomas goes to heaven?" his fellow-members would re-echo. Thomas has gone to heaven, and his loss is known and felt. For the satisfaction of those who valued him, another record than that on the occasion of his funeral is given.

Thomas was a Christian of some sixty years' standing, who could say at the close of that period that he had never lost the sense of God's favour. This was not a vain assurance, the result of enthusiasm, or of ignorance of his own heart. His conversion was thorough; he literally passed from "death unto life," from "the power of Satan unto God." Thomas was converted in an age and place where there was no middle class; none halting between two opinions; none who professed to know the truth, and neglected to live up to its requirements. At that time, the village of Airmyn was in total spiritual darkness, notorious for its wickedness, when it pleased God through the agency of Methodist preaching to command light to shine out of darkness. The sinners were all in arms to have their ranks invaded; and when allurements failed to bring back the deserters, they tried mockery and scorn. Men then had to be decided; they were saints or sinners. To stand their ground, God's people had to "put on the whole armour of God," "to fight the good fight of faith." There was no walking to heaven in "silver slippers." "How was it," said a visiter to Thomas, "that the Christians of those early times were so much more watchful and earnest than those of this day?" "Because they had more to go through," was the prompt reply.

The first Methodist sermon in Airmyn was preached by the Rev. Robert Newton in a barn, from, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Hence he was often called the apostle of Airmyn: he continued to visit it until the year before his death. To this sermon Thomas attributed much of the clear light he possessed on the way of salvation. Singular to say, Thomas's mind was beforehand prepared by the Spirit of God. He used to say, "I was convinced of sin at my own fireside." The account shall be given in his own unlettered but graphic words, as one winter's afternoon he was sitting in the chimney-corner of his little cottage-home. His visiter was struck with his worn, emaciated appearance; and, feeling assured that he was not far from his home above, she asked him to give the story of his life,—one he never wearied of repeating to the praise and glory of God. Word for word it was written down on her return home.

The allusions made to "your uncle" refer to the late Edmund Thompson, Esq., whose memoir has appeared in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," for 1857. Actively engaged in business, he yet became the Christian teacher of his own village for more than forty years.

Thus spoke the old saint of eighty-one: "I was a very wild lad, always running to cock-fights and fairs, and all sorts of wickedness, and a great drinker. When I married Martha, fifty-nine years since, I spent the last sixpence I had to pay the fiddler. I was twenty-six years old, and it was Airmyn feast, when I got a ten-gallon cask of ale, and invited my wife's three brothers for a row. We were all sitting drinking, with the barrel near us, when, all of a sudden, I felt something strike me with fear, and I trembled all over. I got up, and stood with my back to the fire, looking very serious; when one of them said, 'Why, Thomas is going to turn Methodist!' What did I know about Methodists? I never had heard one in my life. I went with my wife's brother to 'The Ferry,' and got so drunk I had to be fetched home, thinking to drive away the fear. But all in vain: in the morning I was worse than ever; and something seemed to say, 'Go to old Robin Gregg.' He had

just begun to have a concern for his soul. He thought I was come to make game of him. I said, 'Nay, Robin, I'm very miserable; I'm a great sinner.' 'Why then, let us pray,' said he: so he prayed as well as he could; but I could not find a word to say. I then begun to join those who were beginning to fear God, and walked with them to the meetings miles off. O, how I did seek the Lord! but, you see, I was so ignorant of the way of salvation. I remember going to a lovefeast where they all spoke so sweetly of the love of God, and looked so happy, that I did admire them: if they had been angels, I could not have admired them more! I kept seeking and seeking, till one day Mr. Pottage came in. He said, 'Now, Thomas, let you and me part with prayer.' So he prayed as well as he knew how, for he hadn't much knowledge; and then he said, 'Thomas, pray for yourself.' All at once I broke out, and found words; and, O, how I did pray! My soul was filled with such light, and love, and joy. I shall never forget. I felt the Lord had forgiven me. O, these were happy, blessed days! *I've never doubted the Lord since.*"

"What, never, Thomas?"

"No, never! How could I, when the Lord revealed Himself so fully to me?—I began to read my Bible diligently. I little thought I had had such a treasure in the house. O, how full of light it seemed! I was a shoemaker then, and had my shop near the old meeting-house. I used to go there at noon, and lock myself in, and take down the Bible; and I read the Testament right through on my knees. How I did delight in the work of the Lord! and I have done ever since. I could not preach; but I could pray, and talk to sinners, and visit the sick. If a Preacher came to the village, it was always, 'Tell Thomas:' and I used to fly through the village telling one and another. I never shall forget the day when I entered old Gregg's cottage to the morning meeting, and saw your uncle, (such a gay young man,) sitting so serious, with the Bible before him: and then, when he began to pray, you should have heard the sobbing and crying for joy; there was not a dry eye. I remember he said to me, (for he was not above walking beside me,) as we went to the meetings all so happy, 'Why, Thomas, three weeks ago, I should have said we were deranged.' O, what a happy life we led! *It's a blessed service.* Your uncle did me a deal of good. O, those morning meetings, they were grand: he had such a wonderful way of laying things before us. O, the happy nights I have lived, as well as days! I can't tell the sweetness. Now, in old age, the Lord comes very near as I lay awake; and He says, '*Now, Thomas, this is My word; it's all true:*' and one blessed promise after another He speaks to my soul; and I reply, 'Lord, I believe it every word;' and so we converse together, the Lord and me, for hours. And now I have no wish to die, if it is the Lord's will I should live: just as He pleases. I know I have a blessed home to go to. I often think what your uncle used to tell us about heaven. He used to say, we should all have plenty of employment there, and we should all have what was best suited to us. I sometimes think I may not see your uncle again; for you know St. Paul was caught up into the third heaven, and perhaps your uncle will be there."

"You have no doubt then, Thomas," remarked his listener, "that we shall know one another in heaven." He promptly replied, "Of course, I have no doubt. It is *the soul that knows*, not the body. We shall not know less then than we know now." Of Thomas it might truly be said, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." Of the wisdom of this world he knew nothing. He had scarcely seen a large town, he had never looked on the sea, he was incapable of receiving the mysteries of the universe. One of the servants of a family one day remarked, "O, Thomas, we have got a wonderful book: it tells us how the earth moves round the sun," &c. "Nay now," said he, quickly turning away, "*I never will believe that.*" But the word of God he could believe, "every word;" that he "never doubted," and by it he was able "to confound the wise."

He was remarkable chiefly as a man of *prayer*. He could never remember missing the early or late prayer-meetings, except on occasions of illness; nor indeed any of the means of grace,—these were more to him than his daily bread. Often has he come

to the nine-o'clock service without breakfast, when he was old and infirm, and it was not prepared for him through the illness of his wife. His prayers were fervent indeed: he pleaded with God unceasingly. His voice was never silent in the prayer-meetings. His ruling passion was zeal for God, concern for the souls of men, and love of the village where he dwelt. As a visiter of sick and dying people, he was unwearied. One continual intercession went up to God from Thomas for sixty years on behalf of Airmyn; and when the dew of heaven fell plentifully around, as it did continually, so that people would remark, "They are always having revivals at Airmyn," Thomas would but confidently say, "*I knew the Lord would hear prayer.*"

He was the beloved Leader of a large class. He was always hopeful respecting the members, and diligent in seeking any who were lagging behind. He was remarkably interested in young beginners, and anxious at once to set them to work for God. No one had to fear the Leader would be absent from his post. Thomas was an eager listener to the preaching of the Gospel: his irrepressible bursts of praise will never be forgotten. Tears would stream down his cheeks at the fervent declaration of the love of God in Christ; the one theme in which his soul delighted. "Wonderful! wonderful!" he would exclaim. He had no desire for change or novelty: the story of the Cross was always new and glorious to him. Week after week would he give out the verse, his plain features lighted up with wonder, love, and praise,—

"O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!"

For a period preaching was not allowed in Airmyn, and the Christians of Thomas's younger days had to walk some distance to service, which they did in "gladness and singleness of heart," "speaking to one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." Thomas would tell of stones and sticks thrown at them from behind a hedge, while the scoffers would say, "There goes Parson Thompson at the head of his flock."

Thomas was never absent from the love-feasts; his soul delighted in them; and he would walk great distances to tell and to hear of the work of God in the soul. No chapel was permitted to be erected in Airmyn: God was worshipped in a barn, a large kitchen, or a cottage-room. In late years the use of the village-schoolroom was granted. This village became proverbial for piety and orderly conduct. Dr. Newton was wont to say that, in proportion to its population, he knew not such another both for the number of members, and their zeal for God. One day it shall appear how the prayers of the righteous availed.

For many years Thomas kept a small shop, and went to and fro, with his butter-basket on his arm, to neighbouring towns. He never murmured, even in old age, that he had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He rarely left a customer without some word for God: every one expected it. "Now, Misses, it must not be all the world," he would say. And when he heard of the work of God prospering, all weariness would seem to pass away; and, in the words of another favourite hymn, he could say,—

"Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

Should the news be of declension or falling away, poor Thomas's countenance would fall; few and sad would be his words; and, "Well, we must pray for them," would be his farewell. As that old man of fourscore years has been met toiling along the dusty road, worn almost to a skeleton, one and another has exclaimed, "What a mighty change awaits him!" A change indeed! A mansion for a cottage, rest for toil, the "beautiful garments" for the well-worn apparel of earth, a crown of life for the hoary head, an "inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled," for one who owned not a foot of earth. Thomas was possessed of much honest independence. His domestic trials were heavy and distressing; but on this subject Thomas maintained a reserve which might put to blush many of higher rank. Murmuring was not a word to be found in his vocabulary. The tongue of slander did not allow this righteous man to escape its venom. It was almost amusing to note the contempt

with which an evil report was silenced by all his right-minded neighbours. Thomas never deigned to defend himself; his conscience was altogether void of offence. And yet he was naturally of a bad temper: all his excellencies were fruits of grace.

The testimony of one neighbour will express the uniform opinion entertained of his life:—

"For thirty years I have been impressed with the fact,—Thomas Haram is a *good* man. As a boy even, no one could have made me doubt *that*."

Thomas had a fall two years before his death, which left much suffering, and benumbed his faculties to some degree. "How can you bear to walk to the meeting now, Thomas?" said one, as he was taking breath by the way. "O, you see, religion is such a sweet thing; and it strengthens the body as well as the soul," was his answer.

During his last illness nature seemed exhausted, and he dozed constantly. On awaking occasionally to consciousness, he would usually say, "I am waiting for my Master." "Jesus *is* precious." He died at the age of eighty-three, and was buried in the village-churchyard, where rest so many saints indeed, waiting for the adoption, the resurrection of the body. A simple gravestone, erected by a few Christian friends, bearing the inscription, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," marks the place of his burial.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CIX.

"And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries: but the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." (Dan. xi. 32.)

These words refer to the time when Antiochus fell with fury upon the Jews. A great many of them, when the aspect of the times was frowning upon their religion, did prevaricate and do wickedly against the covenant: that is, turned from their religion, and complied with his idolatry. But of such of the people as knew their God, it is said that they should "be strong, and do exploits." It is a great matter to know God at such a time. He that has the knowledge of God possessing and filling his soul will have God represented to him as THE ALL IN ALL; and this whole world will be before him as a vain shadow, a piece of pageantry, a dream, a vision of the night. He who is invisible will be always with us, when we once come to be of the number of those who know God in the manner we profess to do it.—*Howe's Sermons*, vol. ii., p. 30.

No. CX.

"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.)

So,—in consequence of this relation between Adam's sin as the cause, and physical death as the effect,—"death passed upon all men;" or, if we would fain feel and understand the pregnant force of every word, *passed through upon all men*,—found its way to individuals, came into every member of the race, often with untimely speed and aggravated violence, sought each one out, dealt with him singly, and made him in his own very body,—in his own perishing frame, and in his own unhoused spirit,—both feel and acknowledge the frightful power and pervasive energy of that principle which sin had called into action against our fallen and disobedient race. And lest any should proudly question the justice of such an universal sentence, or deny the equity of its individual application, this pervasive power of death is further confirmed by an appeal to the universality of that from which it sprung: "Death *passed through* unto all men." And why? "For that all have sinned;" or, as we should perhaps more accurately translate the words, "For that all *were sinners*,"—sinners in the loins of their father Adam,—sinners as naturally descended from his body, flesh of the same flesh, bone of the same bone,—yea, more, (for I doubt

not that this also is included,) sinners in their own persons, bearing witness by their very deeds, proving, by the sad testimony of similar acts of disobedience, that they are one in heart, and one in passions, with him who brought on himself and his race the penal judgment of death. —*Ellicott's Destiny of the Creature*, pp. 66, 67. *Edit.* 1858.

No. CXI.

"*To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.*" (Eph. iii. 10.)

Though they themselves are not the parties interested; the spectators, not the guests; yet they are delighted in the glory of God, and are kindly affectionated to the salvation of lost men: and that they may have a nearer view of this mystery, God gratifieth them by sending them often to attend upon the dispensation of the Gospel, and assist in it so far as is meet for creatures. They are hereby more excited to praise and glorify God; and are careful to vouchsafe their attendance upon the meanest of them that believe in Him.—*Manton on Christ's Temptation*, p. 217. *Edit.* 1685.

The Household.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

In a humble cottage, situated in a wild, rugged spot, far from any other human habitation, lived a widow with her three little ones. The deep, dark woods surrounded the cottage on every side, except where a dashing river swept along but a few rods from the door. It was a lonely place; and but for her sweet babes, her treasure and comfort, whose innocent mirth and playfulness chased away their mother's sadness, her heart would have died within her.

There *had* been another light to that mother's heart. A kind husband and father once protected the beloved wife, and nourished the tender babes. But death had claimed him, and one pleasant sunny day in the early summer, the distant neighbours came to bury the dead. And now the young mother was alone. Her sympathizer, her protector, was gone; and, with her three babes pressed to her aching heart, and clinging to her, their only parent, for support, she was left *a stricken widow*.

The pleasant summer-time returned. A year had passed, and the first anguish of grief had subsided. During the warm sunny days, as the children frolicked beneath the trees, their fond mother listened to their shouts, and was happy. Many an afternoon as she sat in the cottage-door, plying her busy fingers upon their garments, her eye would follow their little forms, and there was still light and joy in her heart.

But one day Willie chose to nestle on his mother's bosom, when his brother and sister called him away to play; and the next morning he was sick. Carefully did she nurse her darling child, and seek to recall the playful smile to the cheek; but day by day he grew more pale and weak, until he could no longer throw his little arms about his mother's neck, or return the fond kiss so oft imprinted on his brow. With pain, she bent more closely over the sufferer, almost forgetting those in health; till her other boy sickened, and was laid on the same bed. Watching over these two little ones, every other feeling was buried in the one desire to have them restored to her arms the glad and happy creatures of a few days before. But the pale features grew more pale, and the tiny hands less round; and then one evening little Mary laid her head on her mother's lap, and said, "Mother, I'm sick, too: lay me on the bed with George and Willie." And now, day after day, and night after night, she watched them all, vainly hoping that the next evening, or the next morning, would find them better. But a week passed, after the last one grew tired and sick, and the anxious mother, as she saw the features daily growing more languid, was one night

startled at the thought that they might die. "No, no, it must not be," she exclaimed; and more tenderly and earnestly she bathed their fevered brows, and begged them to taste the cooling draught she brought them. Hope at last left her heart, as in unutterable grief she traced the signs of death upon her children.

Often, during the still watches of the night, as she turned from one of the sufferers to another, she trembled lest the little spirit was already leaving the body. But the grey light of morning shone into the room; and they lay quite still, as if asleep. The agonized mother, in this first interval of repose, threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, and poured forth a prayer.

"O, my Father, take not my babes from me! I cannot have it so. I will not; I cannot give them up. Let *me* die; but take not my babes."

The prayer was finished. She slept; and she dreamed an angel stooped low over the sorrowing one, and said, "Woman, I am sent to comfort thee. My name is Faith. Come with me."

And, guided by the angel, the widow left the house, and walked a long time, till she came to a spot on the river's brink, where she had never before been, far from her cottage-door. Here the angel bade her stop. She obeyed, and looked around. It was a desolate place. Around her was a little open space; but not far off rose trees, not large and beautiful, like those around her dwelling, but gnarled and scraggy, spreading wide their unsightly branches. *Some* were *only* blasted and dead trunks; and *others* seemed to have been scarred and scathed by the lightning's touch. The earth was covered with a thicket of brushwood, and huge ragged rocks were piled about, which seemed to be the haunts of wild beasts; for almost at the mother's back were heard their growlings. From the thicket, serpents darted forth, showing their forked tongues, and then retreated back to their places of concealment; and the air was filled with poisonous insects of every kind.

Yet, in this dismal and frightful place, there were children, and they seemed to be her own, playing about as they were wont to do it at home. She hastened to them; but before she reached the spot, her darling George screamed with pain. She caught him to her breast, and saw his arm had already begun to swell with the sting of an insect. She gathered her children around her; but little Mary broke away, saying, "O, mother, see the pretty flower!" She ran to pluck it, but came back crying: a thorn had pierced her hand. The little arm and hand were clasped in the mother's, as if she would press out the pain; when glancing at Willie, as he sat at her feet, she shrieked; for a huge serpent, with which the innocent boy was playing, was coiling itself around his body. In the wildest desperation, she caught the serpent in her hand, and tore it from her child, and it retreated into the thicket. She encircled her little ones in her arms, but here they were not safe; for the poisonous insects lighted upon them at every moment, and the roaring of wild beasts indicated their approach. "Alas, I cannot shield you from danger," exclaimed the wretched mother; and she turned to the angel, saying, "O, take us away; take us from this wretched place! At least lead my dear babes to a place of safety."

The angel replied, "It is a dangerous path that leads from this place: your babes would not be safe to walk in it. But there *is* a way of escape across this river. On the opposite shore is a delightful country, abounding in gardens filled with rare fruit and flowers, beautiful trees, and sweet fountains of water. No wild beasts are in that country, nor any serpents. The King is a merciful and kind Sovereign, and His subjects delight to do His will. All join in homage to Him, and in love to one another. Stand up, and you may see that land."

And, directed by Faith, the woman gazed and beheld its blessed shores. "O that we might be taken to that happy place!" she exclaimed, in rapture.

The angel replied, "There is no boat here in which to cross the river; but the King of that country sometimes sends a messenger to this shore to take some of its inhabitants to dwell with Him. Yes, I see a boat putting off now, and directing its course hither." Soon it reached the shore, and the boatman stepped out and approached her. She, with her children, were ready and waiting to go; but he

said, "My boat is small; it can hold but one, besides the steersman. Will you go first with me, woman?"

"I go, and leave my little ones to perish in the wilderness? O, no! one of my babes shall go."

"I will take you all, but one at a time," replied the messenger; and so the mother took Willie in her arms, and kissed his cheek, saying, "Do not be afraid, Willie. The great good King will take care of you; and, in a little while, Georgie and Mary will come to you, and then mother, and we will all be happy in that bright land."

Then she gave him to the boatman, who carried him away. He came again, after a short time, and the mother gave George into his hands. And again he came, saying, "The King of the country has commanded me to come but this once, now. I will take one; for the other I will come another day." Without delay little Mary was given to the boatman, and borne across the river. Then standing up, and holding fast to Faith, the mother gazed, and saw her child landed on that beautiful shore. A large company were waiting to receive her; and among them stood the widow's husband, with George and Willie in his arms.

"O, my God, I thank Thee," burst from her full heart.

She awoke. Her sick ones lay just as they were left, when she fell asleep. In agony she bent over them, and could only say, "O my darling, darling babes!"

In a while, Willie opened his eyes, and looked up to his mother, for the first time for many long days. A beautiful smile rested on his little face, as he said, "Mother, He is coming to take Willie away." His eyes closed; the pleasant smile still remained; but the messenger, Death, had borne his spirit away.

Shortly after, George too, looked up, and, raising his little hand, exclaimed, "See, see, mother, the angels; and one is coming for me!" The uplifted hand fell, and quietly the little boy went to be with the angels.

"My Father, Thou doest all things well," said the mother, as, gazing upward, she seemed to trace the ascending flight of these freed spirits.

She was soon aroused by Mary's faint voice. "Mother, I see papa, and he is calling me. Georgie and Willie are in his arms. O, mother, may I go? Kiss me, and let me go!"

"My Father, I thank Thee that they can be safe from sin and danger in Thy home," exclaimed the mother. The parting kiss was given; and Mary was yielded to the arms of death.

THE SILENT CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

A TRIUMPH in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, eulogistic and aggrandizing agencies, whose united tribute constitutes fame; but there are victories won by men over themselves more truly honourable to the conqueror than any that can be achieved in war. These silent successes we may never hear of. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude, and without help, save from above. The conflict is often waged in the quiet of one's home, or in the still watches of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honour to every conqueror in such a warfare! Honour to the man or woman who fights temptation, hatred, revenge, envy, selfishness, back to its last covert in the heart, and then expels it for ever. Although no outward show of honour accrues to the victors of these good fights, they have their reward; a higher one than fame can bestow.

THE BODY'S ACTION ON THE MIND.

VOLUMES are now written and spoken upon the effect of the mind upon the body. Much of it is true. But I wish, says Florence Nightingale, a little more was thought of the effect of the body on the mind. You who believe yourselves overwhelmed with anxieties, but are able every day to walk up Regent-street, or out in the country, to take your meals with others in other rooms, &c., you little know how much your anxieties are thereby lightened; you little know how intensified they become to those who can have no change; how the very walls of their sick rooms seem hung with their cares; how the ghosts of their troubles

haunt their beds; how impossible it is for them to escape from a pursuing thought without some help from variety.

A patient can just as much move his leg when it is fractured as change his thoughts when no external help from variety is given him. This is, indeed, one of the main sufferings of sickness; just as the fixed posture is one of the main sufferings of the broken limb.

It is an ever-recurring wonder to see educated people, who call themselves nurses, acting thus. They vary their own objects, their own employments, many times a day; and while nursing some bedridden sufferer, they let him lie there staring at a dead wall, without any change of object to enable him to vary his thoughts; and it never even occurs to them at least to move his bed, so that he can look out of the window. No, the bed is to be always left in the darkest, dullest, remotest part of the room.

I think it is a very common error among the well, to think that "with a little more self-control" the sick might, if they choose, "dismiss painful thoughts" which "aggravate their disease," &c. Believe me, almost any sick person who behaves decently well, exercises more self-control every moment of his day than you will ever know till you are sick yourself. Almost every step that crosses his room, is painful to him; almost every thought that crosses his brain is painful to him; and if he can speak without being savage, and look without being unpleasant, he is exercising self-control.

Suppose you have been up all night, and, instead of being allowed to have your cup of tea, you were to be told that you ought to "exercise self-control," what should you say? Now the nerves of the sick are always in the state that yours are in after you have been up all night.

We will suppose the diet of the sick to be cared for. Then this state of nerves is most frequently to be relieved by care in affording them a pleasant view, a judicious variety as to flowers, and pretty things. Light by itself will often relieve it. The craving for "the return of day," which the sick so constantly evince, is generally nothing but the desire for light,—the remembrance of the relief which a variety of objects before the eye affords to the harassed sick mind.

MOTHERS AND MEN.

That it is the mother who moulds the man is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer:—

"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their Chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things he informed me, that at their start they made a great mistake,—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men; but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest both in wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for, when they become mothers, they educate their sons.'"

This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education.

Poetry.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;
Take Thou my part, against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew:
Lord, Holy One! if Thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too!

NEARER HOME.

1 Thess. iv. 17.

For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Here in the body pent, &c.

For ever with the Lord!—
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here in me fulfil.
Here in the body pent, &c.

Our Servants.

ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

There is the secret. People do not reflect that their improvement in knowledge, in health, in property, in morals, and in general ability, depends chiefly upon themselves. The pupil blames his teacher, the apprentice his master, the servant her mistress, for the want of advancement; whereas the censure ought to lie against themselves.

There are no self-made men: we know that many persons make use of the phrase, and talk and even write about this and that man being self-made; but all such talk is nonsense, unless it means that a certain man by the diligent use of small advantages has prospered beyond another man of much greater advantages but with less earnestness. In that sense it may be excused; after all, it is but a bouncing mode of speaking.

The truth is, that nobody is self-made. We are perpetually learning of one another; and, at all events, if we are now doing well in any line of things, somebody gave us a start at first. One man is said to be self-made in music; he has not had a musical education under Professors of harmony; possibly he might pass a good examination in music: but he did not make his gamut, nor his notes, nor the rules of harmony; he may have found them in books, and have spelt out a good deal by inquiry, but which of them did he make? Another man has got together a good business, and a deal of money. His rise in the world may have been secure, gradual, and tolerably rapid; and, having very slender means when young, people will say he began business with nothing. Not so: no matter though he may have become a "successful merchant," be it remembered that at first he found a horseshoe, and sold it for a penny! We have ventured to say thus much on the one side of the matter, because the talk we have referred to savours not a little of flattery and of vanity; but now for the other side.

There is no improvement without *self-improvement;* and in no class of the community is this more manifest than among "our servants." They are all young to begin with; and, upon the whole, whilst young they are teachable: they feel their want of instruction, and are glad to obtain it from either their mistresses or from their fellow-servants. Right gratifying it is to see the attention they pay at first, and the amount of practical knowledge they gain in a few months; so much so, that their employers remark to one another that "such and such a servant is only seventeen years of age, and yet she can do as much as many at five-and-twenty." This may be very true, but still the adage holds good, "What's well done, is twice done;" and

for want of taking pains at the beginning of service, and doing things well rather than fast, many promising servants never rise to excellence. On this point, as well as on some others, housekeepers are themselves not altogether without blame. Anxious to get as much work as possible out of hand,—not that they wish to drive at an unreasonable speed, but rather to get work done with,—they never give sufficient instruction, nor allow time enough, nor show enough of patience with well-meant mistakes; and, as a certain consequence, the work never rises above the second of the three following degrees in the scale of merit: "It will not do;" "It will do;" "Well done." And as it never rises above, "It will do," to "Well done," it soon falls to the lowest degree, "It will not do."

Now, as it is a fact that cannot be disputed, that in order to excel in other things much more depends upon the diligent use of opportunity and means, than upon their quality and abundance; so in gaining skill in housekeeping; the diligent, careful maid will another day be the competent housekeeper.

It is our opinion, a charitable one perhaps, that incompetency in "our servants" is owing to this middle aim of "It will do." Where should we find the skilful artisan, the ingenious mechanic, the inventor, the engineer, the improver of land, the historical painter, the composer of music, the author of new books, or even a respectable milliner, if no one aimed higher than "It will do?" Science would become blind, art would be palsied, if that were enough. But it is the higher and still higher purpose, the "excelsior," that carries us outwards and upwards; that bears us away beyond our former doing. Now this emulation, this zeal to excel one's own self, is quite in place, and looks well in household-work. To make the furniture cleaner, the linen fairer, the floors purer, the windows brighter; to have the ceilings white as snow, looking down on carpets clean as mown grass; to have your cutlery giving a sheen like a new sword, and your plate polished like a mirror, and your table-services pure and tasteless as a clear fountain of water, and all things handy and in order,—will win the admiration of all callers; will gain respect for "our servants," and bring out the willing whisper, "There's no place like home." Why is it not thus? Because it is not aimed at; the higher degree, "Well done," is not aimed at. Hence, at about twenty years of age, "our servants" seem determined to learn no more of anybody. When further instructions are offered, instead of accepting them with gladness as a kindness, as a benefit, and as a real increase of power, —for knowledge is power below stairs as well as above,—those instructions are either rejected with insolence,—"What can *you* teach me? Do you think I don't know? Have I been so long in service, and don't know? Mistress's place is not in the kitchen!"—or else they are received with silent contempt. This state of things is much to be regretted as it produces discontent arising from the certainty that our household-work is not "well done," but slipp'd, and got out of hand with the least possible painstaking. None are more conscious of this than "our servants" themselves; but they wink at each others' faults, and "laugh in their sleeve" at their mistresses' ignorance or their chagrin. Servants of good principle and worthy character are among the foremost to deplore this habit in their class.

Let self-improvement, therefore, be admitted into its proper office. To a careless pupil the best teacher, the best books, the best models, the best fellow-students, and the best opportunity are all of no avail. He will not reflect, he will not exert himself; and consequently the student of very moderate abilities, but who improves his opportunity, improves himself too, leaves the careless one behind, and fills everybody else with delight at his success.

Among some servants,—farm-servants, to wit,—prizes to the best ploughmen, or to the best shearers, are publicly awarded. This calls out self-improvement. We have sometimes wished that something on that principle were tried with "our servants." P. H.

Anecdotes.

GOD NOT IN THE HOUSE.

A Scottish labourer went to work for a wealthy farmer. It was regarded as something of a favour to be employed by him, as he was a prompt and liberal paymaster, and had everything about his farm in order. The Scotsman remained with him only for a few days. "You have left Mr. R——," said a neighbour.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Was the work too hard?"

"No."

"Wages too low?"

"No."

"Why did you leave, then?"

"God was not in the house;" and he went on his way, leaving his questioner to ponder on the strange answer.

Family-worship was not known under Mr. R——'s roof; nor was there a single praying member in his family. The labourer did not like to live under such a roof. He did not like to be, even for a season, a member of such a family.

Of how many houses in our happy land can it be said in truth, "God is not in the house!" The house may be spacious, elegant, furnished with every comfort and convenience, but God is not in it. There are none in that house to thank Him for the blessings bestowed upon them. There are none there to serve and honour Him!

JUST AS I AM.

An Indian and a white man were brought under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after led to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man, for a long time, was under distress of mind, and at times ready to despair; but he was at last brought also to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his red brother, he thus addressed him:—

"How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?"

"O, brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you. There come along a rich Prince. He propose to give you a new coat. You look at your coat, and say, 'I don't know; my coat pretty good. I think it will do a little longer.' He then offer me new coat. I look on my old blanket. I say, 'This good for nothing;' I fling it right away, and accept the beautiful garment. Just so, brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time, you loth to give it up: but I, poor Indian, had none; therefore, I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

WAIT AND SEE THE END.

If our eyes were always open to see the end as well as the beginning of troubles, we should find our experience similar to that of the merchant mentioned below:—

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But, the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off; and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve my property."

It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions: by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

The Monitor.

PANIC, ITS MEANING AND ORIGIN.

Even the dictionaries teach us that it is idle to inquire into the cause of a panic; that is, the immediate cause: the word is used to signify a great and general alarm, without any apparent adequate cause. In the oldest heathen mythology, Pan blew his conch-shell, when the Titans were fighting with the gods. The audacious rebels had stood undaunted against the thunders of Jupiter, but they fled at the blast of this harsh clarion. Having succeeded so well on this occasion, Pan accompanied Bacchus on his expedition to India, where, on a certain occasion, he gave a wild scream, which filled the echoes of the mountains, and put the enemy to flight. These old fables (what foundation of fact they may have had in the experience of infant humanity, who can tell?) struck to the heart of the race, and have given a name to saddest realities in every period of history. Old dynasties have sunk, mighty battles have been lost, revolutions have been commenced by Pan-ic fears. One of the most authentic signs of the last dread consummation is "men's hearts failing them for fear;" and when this takes place, no form of disorganization and ruin is just matter of surprise. The cracking of a seat, or a mischievous cry of fire, will, in an instant, set assembled thousands of intelligent persons frantic with terror, and cause them to trample each other to death, in their insane haste to escape from the building. A great, strong ship strikes an iceberg, and discipline is sometimes instantly subverted, all hope of escape in the life-boats blasted, by the fierce haste with which they are lowered into the sea, and over-crowded in the dismay of the moment, and hundreds of lives lost when all might have been rescued. Almost all the great battles of ancient and modern times, from Pharsalia to Waterloo, have probably been decided at last by panic. Miracles of valour are performed by brave men, blood flows like water; at length a wild cry is heard, on one side or the other, that all is lost; and with that cry, all *is* lost.

DEAD AND DYING NATIONS.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece, and all-conquering Rome; Vandal and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole and Turk, all dead or dying. Why? Destroyed by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquake? Swept away by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these. Not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by poisoned air, or volcanic fires, did they die! They perished by moral degradation; the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance, and effeminacy. When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure, and the means of indulgence in the appetites and passions of our nature, which wear the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the wholesome stimulus of effort, idleness opens the flood-gates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory ingloriously perish.

If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owes it to himself, to his country, and, more than all, to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry, and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and with these, having an eye to the glory of God, this nation of ours will live, with increasing prosperity and renown, until, with one foot on land and another on the sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time no longer!

MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.

A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon — he knows not how soon — to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of their companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with

angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the court of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.

THE PREACHER AND THE HEARER.

"If our Minister would only preach every Sabbath as he did to-day, we should see different scenes in our congregation," said a member at the close of an evening Sabbath service.

In the tone of this remark there was more of kindness than discrimination. How often has the Pastor reason to say, "If my people would only hear every Sabbath as they did to-day, we should soon enjoy a different state of things in our congregation!"

If, after a week of utter engrossment in worldly duties, of the constant whirl of worldly pleasures, of neglect of prayer and of the meetings for social worship, one comes on the Sabbath to the house of God, let not that soul expect much benefit from the services there.

It should be remembered that the themes of the pulpit must include the whole circle of revealed truth; the doctrinal as well as the more thoroughly practical, the terrible as well as the gentle. Nor should it be forgotten that the Preacher is a man of like passions with other men: now burdened with headache; now dragging himself along under depression of spirit; and yet, under all circumstances, necessitated to prepare and deliver the indispensable message.

The Sabbath altar will never blaze as it ought, until Pastor and people *unite* in bringing fuel for its fires.

THE THREE LOOKS.

The old man looks down, and thinks of the past. The young man looks up, and thinks of the future. The child looks everywhere, and thinks of nothing.

The Portfolio.

THE EMPTY CUP.

If you were to see a man endeavouring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others of finer understandings ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed than the object of their contempt? Now this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness. Give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a greater variety of empty cups; for search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing here to be found that is nobler or greater than high eating and drinking,—than rich dress and human applause,—unless you look for it in the wisdom and laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creature, and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy.—*Bogatzky.*

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

There is hardly any one whose *example* may not have *some* weight with some one. There is no one who may not

on some particular occasion check, in some degree, profaneness or other corrupt language, intemperance, dishonesty, and other sins; or who may not encourage or direct at least some young persons in the love and fear of God. And certainly there is no one, however humble or obscure, who may not pray heartily in secret for his neighbour, or whose prayers may not be accepted by his "Father who seeth in secret."

"ALL YOUR NEED."

Why, asks an old author, was the "Bread of life" hungry, but that He might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of peace could bring the God of peace and the peace of God to poor sinners.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

In the Apostle Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, he speaks of being in a remarkable "strait betwixt two:" between his desire to live, and his desire to die. Yet life here and life hereafter had each the same charm, and from the same cause, according to his apprehension. To live was Christ, and to depart was to be with Christ.

The poet of Methodism has well expressed this in four simple lines,—

> "Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
> Constitute my bliss below;
> Thee to see, and Thee to love,
> Constitute my bliss above."

Happy the soul which has so learned the excellence of the Saviour, and tasted His graciousness, that all its hopes and wishes are comprehended in communion with Him.

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.

Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is He not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save all us poor sinners?"

She was lying on a hard bed in the dreary infirmary-ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry, "You know Him, then, and love Him?"

"Yes, I do know Him, and love Him; His presence makes a heaven of this room."

"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the Queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health, and strength, to enjoy it all, I would not take them if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying: what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."—*Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."*

HOW TO PRAY.

When you send your letters, — so Matthew Henry calls our prayers,—be sure and direct them to the care of the Redeemer; and then they'll never miscarry.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

The blood of Jesus should be the constant object of our faith. The blood was kept constantly before the eye of the Israelite in the days of old. Morning by morning, and evening by evening, besides all the other sacrifices that were brought to the Priests, blood was shed. They could never enter their tabernacle or temple, but they saw blood. Just so the blood of Jesus should be kept constantly before our eye. That blood is our atonement. By that blood our peace is preserved. We were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; and in our daily walk with God it is the blood of Jesus alone that cleanseth us from all sin. We can only maintain peace of conscience, we can only approach God with boldness, we can only conquer Satan, as we keep the eye steadily fixed on the blood. We are in a world where sin and Satan are busy; and it is only by looking away from self, sin, and Satan, to the blood of Jesus, that we can obtain pardon, realize our acceptance with God, or place our foot on the head of the old serpent. If

we lose sight of the blood but one hour, we either fall into sin, or enter into temptation, or become entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Faith in the blood of Jesus can only preserve us. Christ alone, as having died for our sins, as risen for our justification, and as now pleading for us in heaven, must be the daily, hourly, object of our faith. Precious blood of Jesus, may my eye be fixed on it, when assaulted by Satan, when reduced by sickness, and when sinking into the arms of death!

COME NOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." "Come *now*;" you have sinned long enough: why should you harden your hearts by longer delay? Come *now*; no season can be better. If ye tarry till you are better, ye will never come at all. Come *now*; you may never have another warning; the heart may never be so tender as it is to-day. Come *now*; no other eyes may ever weep over you; no other heart may ever agonize for your salvation. Come *now, now, now*; for to-morrow you may never know in this world. Death may have sealed your fate, and the once filthy may be made filthy still. Come *now*; for to-morrow thy heart may become harder than stone, and God may give thee up. Come *now*; it is God's time; to-morrow is the devil's time. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation, when your fathers tempted Me, and proved Me, in the wilderness, and saw My works." Come *now*. Why delay to be happy? Would you put off your wedding-day? Will you postpone the hour when you are pardoned and delivered? Come *now*; the bowels of Jehovah yearn for you. The eye of your Father sees you afar off, and He runs to meet you. Come *now*; the church is praying for you; these are revival-times; Ministers are more than ever in earnest. Come *now*. Is heaven a trifle, that thou must needs lose it? What! is the wrath of God, which abideth on thee, no reason why thou shouldst labour to escape? What! is not a perfect pardon worth the having? Is the precious blood of Christ worthless? Is it nothing to thee that the Saviour should die? Man, art thou a fool? Art thou mad? If thou must needs play the fool, go and sport with thy gold and silver, but not with thy soul. Dress thyself like a madman, wear a mask, paint thy cheeks, walk through the street in shame, and make a mockery of thyself, if thou must needs play the fool; but why cast thy soul into hell for a joke. Why lose thy eternal interests for a little ease? Be wise, man.

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Rev. Dr. Hannah's impressive sermon on the occasion of the lamented death of Mr. Farmer, with the singularly beautiful memorials of his life, illness, and death, which accompanied that sermon, is now published, and is sure to command a wide circulation.—A valuable addition has been made to Methodist Missionary literature in the *History of the Ojebway Indians*, by the late Rev. Peter Jones, or Kahkewaquonaby, as he was known by his Indian name.—Mr. John Gadsby's *Wanderings in the East*, in 1846—47, 1850—53, in two volumes, has reached the twelfth thousand. It contains illustrations of 2,000 passages of Scripture, and will amply repay perusal.—Mr. John Paget, barrister, has recently published *The New Examen; or, an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History*. This volume is the substance of several papers contributed, by Mr. Paget, to "Blackwood," impugning the opinions and statements of the brilliant historian on some disputed points in his history. His charges are five in number: three relate to Macaulay's estimates of the characters of Marlborough, Dundee, and William Penn; the other two refer to his endeavour to free William III. from the charge of having sanctioned the massacre of Glencoe, and to the account which he gives of the condition of the

Highlands at the commencement of the last century. Mr. Paget will, perhaps, be deemed by many most successful in his defence of Marlborough and Claverhouse.—Mr. James Spedding, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the latest editor of Bacon's works, announces the first and second volumes of the *Life and Letters of the great Lord Chancellor*. It will include all his occasional works; namely, letters, speeches, tracts, state-papers, devices, private memoranda, and all authentic writings, not already included in his works proper.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. Cook, of Kirby, in the Bungay Circuit, died May 22d, 1858. She was converted to God nearly ten years before her death. A sermon preached by the Rev. W. Edwards, soon after he came to the Circuit, from Christ's reply to the Syrophenician woman, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt," (Matt. xv. 28,) was the means of her conversion. She joined the Wesleyan Society at Kirby, and remained a member till her death. She met with many trials in her domestic circle; but none caused her to deviate from the path of rectitude. Most willingly and affectionately she always performed relative duties to her parents, her husband, and her children. She contributed liberally in aid of the Gospel, and frequently entertained the Preachers at her own house, who always spoke of her with much respect. She never grew weary in well-doing, never declined in her Christian regards to the Lord's people; was diligent in the use of the means of grace, and happy in the enjoyment of Christian privileges; exercising great patience under suffering circumstances, and perfectly resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. She loved her Saviour. On one occasion, on her Pastor visiting her, she was found in tears. He asked the cause. She replied, "Mine are tears of gratitude. God provides for my temporal wants; but what has He done for me in the gift of His Son!" and they wept together. As she came to the close of life, she felt the sting of death removed, and her soul ready to depart. When very weak, and not able to rise from her bed, she was greatly tempted by the enemy of souls; but in prayer she found deliverance, and never was so exercised again. The Lord bruised Satan under her feet, and kept her soul in peace and safety till she entered paradise. A little before her departure, she found the sacrament of the Lord's Supper truly solemn and profitable. She greatly enjoyed the prayers and conversation of pious friends. With great composure she spoke of death as though she was going to sleep; and of heaven as her everlasting home. She died in the Lord, aged thirty-three, and now rests with Christ.

Miss Knight was born at New-Lenton, in the Nottingham-North Circuit, August 27th, 1833. By her parents she was solemnly and prayerfully dedicated to God in the holy sacrament of baptism, and while yet young was sent to the Wesleyan Sunday-school. Here she attended as a scholar until she became a teacher. Early in the year 1845, under the constraining influences of the Holy Ghost, she was led to give her heart to God, and herself to His people. She continued a devoted, consistent, and useful member of the Methodist Society, until gathered to the church above. When referring to her conversion, she would remark, "I did not desire to be saved so much from a fear of going to hell, as from a wish to *love Jesus*;" and, from that time to the close of life, the name of Jesus was always precious and reviving. Often would she exclaim,—

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

In the agitation of 1849, when the Sunday-scholars at Lenton were all taken away, Miss Knight retained confidence in, and attachment to, Methodism; and she, with others like-minded, recommenced the Sunday-school with two or three children, and had the happiness of living

to see the good cause in a healthier and happier state than at any former period.

From very early life she was a warm friend of the great Missionary work. The money she received from friends when a child, she loved to devote to the support of this good cause. For several years she was a zealous Missionary collector; and one of her last requests to her dear mother was, that, for "this year at least, her annual subscription might be paid." In the spring of 1858 she was seized with the illness which in the end brought her to the grave; and for some time she was very desirous to recover: but when the fact was made known to her, that in this respect there was no hope, by the grace of God she was enabled to say, "Father, Thy will be done." She looked forward to the time of her departure with cheerful anticipations of "victory through the blood of the Lamb." The Bible and the Hymn-Book were now more than ever prized.

During the last week of her life she was remarkably happy; her joy was unspeakable, and full of the hope of glory. On the Thursday she was visited by the Curate of the parish, and one of the Local Preachers, to whom she expressed her gratitude for their kindness. On Friday morning, being informed that her end was very near, she exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, O my soul! I have a good hope, through grace.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

Satan is permitted to try me to the last; but I *have* the victory through the blood of the Lamb." After sweetly singing a verse of a favourite hymn, she once more expressed her unshaken confidence in Christ Jesus, and her assured hope of glory; then, raising her dying hand in token of victory, with a smile on her countenance, she closed her eyes, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, October 8th, 1858, aged twenty-five.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Box, James,	Hetton,	Houghton-le-spring,	19	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Davison, Robert,	Lyons,	Houghton-le-spring,	20	March 7th, 1861.
Gast, Sophia,	Digby,	Sleaford,	63	April 19th, 1861.
Green, Mary,	Cromford,	Cromford,	65	May 11th, 1861.
Hall Robert,	Lyons,	Houghton-le-spring,	16	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Hammond, Mr. Richard,	Terrington,	Lynn,	91	Feb. 6th, 1861.
Hoyle, Edward,	Crawshawbooth,	Bacup,	40	April 18th, 1861.
Jennison, Mr.,	Belper,	Belper,	53	May 12th, 1861.
Lack, Mrs.,	Highgate,	Lynn,	89	Feb. 2d, 1861.
Markham, William J.,	Terrington,	Lynn,	17	March 5th, 1861.
Mercy, Mary,	Downham,	Clitheroe,	92	May 5th, 1861.
Millard, Elizabeth,	Leigh,	Shepton-Mallet,	73	May 20th, 1861.
Moon, John,	Holcombe,	Shepton-Mallet,	68	May 13th, 1861.
Morrell, Joseph, sen.,	Pannal,	Otley,	78	April 14th, 1861.
Pearce, William,	Portland,	Portland,	49	March 1st, 1861.
Richardson, Mrs.,	Stokesley,	Stokesley,	75	June 21st, 1861.
Scott, Joseph,	Hetton,	Houghton-le-spring,	50	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Smith, John,	Burley,	Otley,	77	May 19th, 1861.
Suttaby, George,	Martin Fen,	Sleaford,	39	May 1st, 1861.
Suttaby, Thomas,	Cotham,	Nottingham,	45	May 15th, 1861.
Waugh, Miss Elizabth.,	Stokesley,	Stokesley,		May 18th, 1861.

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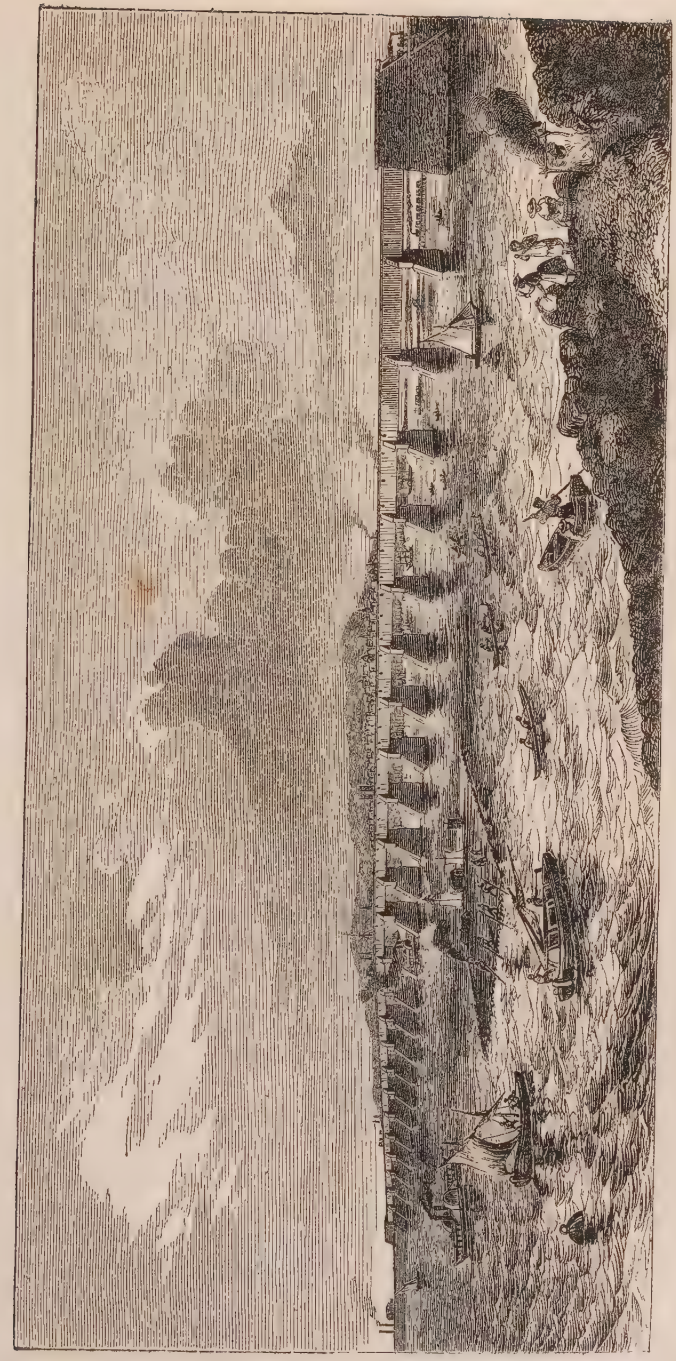

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

Cowper, in the introductory lines of his greatest poem, has playfully narrated the progress of invention in seats, from the three-legged stool to the luxurious sofa, through the various gradations of plain, cain-bottomed, and elbow-chairs, and "soft settle." A similar account might be given, either in poetic numbers or prose dissertation, of the rude and simple origin and progressive development and growth of bridge-architecture. How Cain and Abel crossed the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, we know not. Perhaps they swam the depths, and forded the shallows! At all events, the idea of a bridge is one not difficult of conception. First would come the stepping-stones, (as we have seen ourselves,) where the passenger has to hop dexterously from one to another, with no little risk of missing his footing, and splashing into the stream. Next some village genius would place planks across, from stone to stone, thus producing the first actual bridge, the simple original of all that engineering skill and architectural prowess have since constructed. The next improvement upon the rude original would doubtless be a hand-rail, planned by some embryo Stephenson. These easy erections exhibiting the incipient principles of piers, arches, and battlements, may still be seen, not only in uncivilized countries, but in rural neighbourhoods in our own land.

It is remarkable that the Greeks, so famous for architecture, should have erected few, if any, bridges. The people of Athens, notwithstanding the magnificent temples with which their city was adorned, and the numerous statues which thronged their streets, had yet to wade through the waters of the Cephissus, or cross in a ferry for want of a bridge. Not so with the Romans, who excelled all other nations of antiquity in the construction of the arch. To this people, who early spanned the Tiber, is perhaps due the honour of being the inventors of stone bridges. The making of bridges is very nearly connected with the making of roads; and as the Romans, less maritime than the Greeks, were famous as road-makers, they were likely enough to become famous as bridge-builders.

The oldest bridge in England is said to be the one at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, built A.D. 860. As the arch is Gothic, the ascent is so steep that the bridge can be used only by pedestrians. If the Croyland bridge is the oldest in Great Britain, that of Burton-upon-Trent is the longest, having thirty-four arches, and extending 1545 feet in length. The most important bridge for traffic, not only in England but in the world, is the far-famed London Bridge. Nothing can be more animating than the busy bustling scene presented constantly upon this great thoroughfare. Throughout the live-long day, and far into the night, the streams of passing and re-passing people, and of passing and re-passing vehicles, are unbroken. By nothing can the flow of traffic, copious and incessant, along the bridge be rivalled, except by the flow of waters beneath its arches. The solidity of this admired super-structure, which cost two millions sterling, and was seven years in building, is quite adequate to its requirements. It is upon one of its broken granite arches that Lord Macaulay

places the future polished New-Zealander to sketch the ruins of St. Paul, while the Papacy still flourishes. Shall this prophecy be fulfilled? We can only answer that at present the Papal throne appears much nearer to its fall than London Bridge.

Bridge-architecture has greatly developed since the commencement of the present railway era. Without bridges and viaducts, railways would be comparatively useless, especially in a country so intersected by streams and rivers as England. But the greatest natural difficulties have been surmounted by engineering science; and the rivers of our country,—the Thames, the Tyne, the Tamar,—have been spanned by stupendous erections, over which rushes the railway-train with its crowd of passengers. Even an arm of the sea itself—the Menai Strait—may be crossed in a twinkling by the London tourist *en route* for Dublin.

If we would see the greatest bridge in the world we must go to Canada, to the neighbourhood of Montreal, where the Victoria Bridge crosses the majestic St. Lawrence. This Titanic creation is the newest of the great railway-bridges, having been formally opened for traffic by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to America. The scene was impressive and significant when the stripling heir to the British throne, amid the cheers of excited thousands, took the hammer in his hands, and drove home the last of the two million rivets used in the construction of the gigantic fabric.

Before the erection of the Victoria bridge, the Britannia over the Menai Strait was considered the most stupendous bridge in the world, and the *chef d'œuvre* of the most famous of engineers, Robert Stephenson. And indeed, in some respects, the Welsh erection exceeds the Canadian. The centre pier of the Britannia is 102 feet above high water; whilst that of the Victoria is only 60 feet. The span between the piers of the former is 460 feet; whilst in the case of the latter, the greatest span—that of the central opening—is 330 feet. But, upon the other hand, the Britannia bridge has only two piers; whereas the Victoria has twenty-four. The total length of the bridge over the Menai is 1,513 feet, or, including abutments, 1,841; whilst the length of the bridge over the St. Lawrence is 6,600 feet, or, including abutments, 9,084. The Britannia contains 1,300,000 cubic feet of masonry; and the Victoria 3,000,000. Both bridges are of the tubular kind. Of this order of bridge-architecture Mr. Stephenson may be considered the founder. The first bridge which he constructed in this style was at Conway, in Wales. Then followed the Britannia; and lastly, the greatest achievement of his engineering skill, the Victoria bridge, a transatlantic triumph.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE SCHOOL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Blessed be disappointment!" said we to ourselves one evening, as we sat at the table of a distinguished civilian. He was one of the honoured of the land. A goodly group of "olive branches" were gathered around

him. The sweet-voiced wife at the head of the table had, in her early days, been affianced to a youth of great wealth and promise, but, on the appointed day of their marriage, he disappeared, under circumstances of peculiar baseness. What a disappointment to expectant friends and ambitious kinsfolk! But the true-hearted girl swallowed her tears of mortification, and in fitting time gave her hand to a worthier man, and in a humbler position in life. She lived to see her renegade lover reel into the grave of the profligate. How little did she know what an escape God had opened to her through the dark door of disappointment!

We might multiply instances of a like character from daily observation. A man hurries breathless to the wharf in order to reach a departing steamer. He is a few minutes too late! The plank is drawn; and as he watches the stately vessel plough her way off through the blue waters, she seems to be ploughing through his very heart. "How provoking!" he exclaims to the half-smiling, half-pitying bystanders. He goes home sulky; he retires sulky to his bed, and wakes up to read in the morning paper that "a few hours after leaving port, that steamer took fire, and when last seen was floating on the water a flaming wreck!" He fancies himself clinging in despair to a sinking billet of wood, and his very blood runs cold when he thinks how near he came to being on board that death-freighted vessel. And yet the very next time that man is thrown out by Providence, in some favourite plan, he is slow to apply the lesson of the past, and to thank his heavenly Father for a disappointment.

I do not pretend to be a very apt learner; but many of my best lessons through life have been taught me by the same stern old schoolmaster, *disappointment*. And one lesson I learned was, that *this world was not made only for me*. If it had been, the sun would have shone just when my hay needed it, and the rain would have fallen only when my garden needed to be watered. But God goes on, and orders things as pleaseth Him best, without consulting us. And when our schemes were thwarted, the stern schoolmaster said, "The world was not made for you alone. Don't be selfish. Your loss, perhaps, is another's gain. The rain that spoils your new-mown hay, makes the blade of corn to grow faster in your neighbour's field. The fall in grain that cuts down your profits will help the poor widow in yonder cottage to buy bread cheaper for her orphan babes. So don't be selfish."

On a grand scale we sometimes see this lesson taught. When a great self-seeker once clutched at the empire of the civilized world, stern disappointment met him in his ambitious path, flung a Russian snow-storm in his face, and out of the tiny snow-flakes wove a white shroud in which to wrap the flower of French chivalry! "Go back! go back!" he cried, "all Europe was not made for you." The lesson the proud usurper would not learn at Aspern, was taught him in blood and agony at Borodino, and on the frozen banks of the Dnieper. So, too, have we been taught in the defeat of our humbler schemes, and in the failure of our humbler plans: "Don't be selfish; God did not make this world all for you." This lesson is worth all it costs us.

A second lesson which disappointment has taught us is that our losses are not only gains to others, but very often the richest gain to ourselves. In our short-sighted ignorance we had "devised a way," and set our hearts upon it. Had we been allowed to pursue it, we must have been led by it to ruin. God could not have sent a greater judgment on us than simply to have let us have our own way. In a thousand instances we have seen this made true both in things temporal and in things spiritual. A merchant is thwarted in some enterprise in such a manner as to excite his bitterest mortification; but the omniscient One knows full well that he has been saved from a much sorer sorrow. Pecuniary failures have made many a man of business rich in the priceless treasure of a Christian's hope. It was a dark door which disappointment thus opened, but it has led thousands into the pathway of heaven.

Perhaps these lines may reach some one who can recall the remembrance of some earthly idol, which once held too high a place in the temple of her affections. Her life was bound up in the life of the boy. She worshipped him more than she worshipped her Saviour. At length the trial came. In terror and dismay she saw the colour fading out from that cheek of roses. Fainter and fainter fell each sweet "good night" from his faltering tongue. In her agony she oft cried out, "O God, let me not see the death of the child!" And when at last that loved lip was motionless, her grief burst out in David's passionate wail, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" At length the first agony has wept itself out. She has come to herself. Above all, she has come to her Saviour; and, as she beholds how ungrateful was her idolatry, how her best affections had been stolen from Christ, and how frail a reed she was leaning on, her trembling soul looks back with wonder to see from what a posture of guilt and peril she has been delivered. It is not therefore only the melancholy pleasure of knowing that her fair child is now blooming in the world of light, which alone sustains her, but the sense of rescue from a state of fearful forgetfulness of Christ and of duty. She is done with idols. She never again will let any earthly object have that central place in her heart which a crucified Saviour earned for Himself and Himself alone.

The record-book of every Christian life has some such pages as these. Tears have blurred and blotted the page at the time. But as you turn over to that page now, and read it in the light of experience, you can write across it,—"Thank God for these losses: they were my eternal gain. Thank God for bereavements: they have saved my soul from being bereaved of a hope of heaven!" "There," said a young man once, as he pointed to a diseased limb that was destroying his life; "there it is, and a precious treasure it has been to me. It saved me from the follies of youth; it brought me to this room, and made me cleave to God. I think it has brought me now almost to my Father's house on high."

Good reader, if you and I ever reach that Father's house, we will look back, and see that the sharp-tongued, rough-visaged teacher, *disappointment*, was one of the instruments employed to bring us thither. He

often took us by thorny paths. He often stripped us of our overload of worldly goods; but that was only to make us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He often led us into the valley of the death-shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly to us as when read by the light of faith in that very valley. The cross of Christ was the point toward which he oftenest made us look, and the favourite passage he gave us for our encouragement was, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

THE HOLY LAND.

STANLEY gives a most picturesque description of the very remarkable scenery of Palestine. It is most peculiar; different in many respects from our fancy of it, yet not less wonderful for this very reason.

From almost every point in the country its whole breadth is visible, from the long wall of the Moab hills on the east, to the Mediterranean Sea on the west:—

"Two voices are there; one of the sea,
One of the mountains;"

and the close proximity of each—the deep purple shade of the one, and the glittering waters of the other—makes it always possible for one or other of those two voices to be heard now, as they were by the Psalmist of old. "The strength of the hills is His also. The sea is His, and He made it."

"I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations and countries that are round about her." Palestine was then the vanguard of the eastern, and, therefore, of the civilized world; and stood midway between the two great seats of ancient empire, Babylon and Egypt. It was on the high road from one to the other of these mighty powers, the prize for which they contended, the battle-field on which they fought, the high bridge over which they ascended and descended respectively into the deep basins of the Nile and Euphrates. The battle in which the latest hero of the Jewish monarchy perished, was to check the advance of an Egyptian King on his way to contest the empire of the then known world with the King of Assyria, at Carchemish. The whole history of Palestine, between the return from the captivity and the Christian era, is a contest between "the Kings of the North, and the Kings of the South," the descendants of Seleucus, and the descendants of Ptolemy, for the possession of the country. And when at last the West begins to rise as a new power in the horizon, Palestine, as the nearest point of contact between the two worlds, becomes the scene of the chief conflicts of Rome with Asia. There is no other country in the world which could exhibit the same confluence of associations, as that which is awakened by the rocks which overhang the crystal stream of the Dog river, where it rushes through the ravines of Lebanon into the Mediterranean sea; where side by side are to be seen the hieroglyphics of the great Rameses, the cuneiform characters of Sennacherib, and the Latin inscriptions of the Emperor Antoninus.

We have in the sacred history the life of a Bedouin tribe, of an agricultural people, of seafaring cities; the extremes of barbarism and civilization; the aspects of plain and of mountain; of a tropical, of an eastern, and almost of a northern climate. In Egypt there is continual contact of desert and cultivated land; in Greece there is a constant intermixture of the views of sea and land; in the ascent and descent of the great mountains of South America there is an interchange of the torrid and the arctic zones; in England there is an alternation of

wild hills and valleys, with rich fields and plains. But in Palestine all these are combined. The Patriarchs could here gradually exchange the nomadic life for the pastoral, and then for the agricultural, passing almost insensibly from one to the other, as the desert melts imperceptibly into the hills of Palestine. Ishmael and Esau could again wander back into the sandy waste which lay at their very door. The scape-goat could still be sent from the temple-courts into the uninhabited wilderness. John, and a greater than John, could return in a day's journey from the busiest haunts of men into the solitude beyond the Jordan. The sacred poetry which was to be the delight and support of the human mind and the human soul in all the regions of the world, embraced within its range the natural features of almost every country. The venerable poet of our own mountain-regions used to dwell with genuine emotion on the pleasure he felt in the reflection that the Psalmist and Prophets dwelt in a mountainous country: the devotions of our great maritime empire find a natural expression in the numerous allusions, which no inland situation could have permitted, to the roar of the Mediterranean sea, breaking over the rocks of Acre and of Tyre. There was the earthquake, and, possibly, the volcano. There was the hurricane, with its thick darkness, and the long continuous roll of the oriental thunderstorm. Palestine is not merely a mountainous country, but a mass of mountains.

Than the approach to Palestine (from the desert) nothing can be more gradual. There is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other, which cannot be described. It was like the striking passage in Thalaba describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. Most striking anywhere would have been this protracted approach to land, after that wide desert sea; these seeds and plants, as it were, drifting to meet us.

Rounded hills, chiefly grey in colour; grey partly from the limestone of which they are formed, partly from the tufts of grey shrub with which their sides are thinly dotted, and from the prevalence of the olive; their sides formed into concentric rings of rock; valleys, or rather the meetings of these grey slopes with the beds of dry watercourses at their feet,—long streets of bare rock laid like flagstones, side by side along the soil,—these are the chief features of the greater part of the scenery of the historical parts of Palestine. In the spring, the hills and valleys are covered with their grass and aromatic shrubs. But they also glow with what is peculiar to Palestine,—a profusion of wild flowers, daisies, the white flower called the star of Bethlehem; but especially with a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds,—chiefly anemones, wild tulips, and poppies. Of all the ordinary aspects of the country, this blaze of scarlet colour is perhaps the most peculiar; and to those who first enter the Holy Land, it is no wonder it has suggested the touching and significant name of "the Saviour's blood-drops."

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

A few years ago, while travelling on a railway in Germany, says a recent writer, an incident occurred which at the time made a deep impression on my mind. The remembrance of it will remain fresh and vivid to my dying day. I was seated in a third-class carriage, which was filled with Germans. A feeling of loneliness and isolation for awhile oppressed me. I tried to amuse myself by listening to the animated conversation of those who sat near me, the language being not quite unfamiliar to my ear. I found that the principal topic that occupied the busy

talkers was the "Evangelical Alliance," which had met in the city of Berlin. The papers that had been read, and the addresses that had been delivered, during the several days of meeting, had evidently awakened a deep interest in the minds of all. The fact that the King and Queen of Prussia had attended some of the meetings of "the Alliance," and had also shown much personal kindness to its members, by inviting them to the palace of Potsdam, could not fail to add to the *éclat* of the proceedings, and draw public attention more directly toward them.

Amid the general noise of many voices, and the smoke from many cigars, my attention was specially directed to two men, in a corner of the compartment I occupied, sitting *vis-à-vis*, engaged in the most earnest conversation on a subject which evidently was deeply interesting to both of them. I listened attentively, and heard that the theme was Christ. I instantly leaned forward, to catch, if possible, every word. I discovered that the principal speaker, an elderly gentleman, was narrating a remarkable change that his views had undergone, in consequence of an address which he had heard at one of the meetings of "the Alliance." From this conversation I learned that, up to the time of his hearing that address, he had always regarded himself a sound and honest Christian. He had been regular in his attendance at church, and had paid all respect to the ordinances of religion. He had maintained an outwardly decent and respectable character, and would have taken it highly amiss if anyone had suggested doubts about the genuineness of his claim to be regarded as a true Christian. He told his companion how entirely that good opinion he had formerly entertained of himself had been dissipated by the truths he had heard expounded in Berlin. They had forced him to the sorrowful conclusion that all his former good opinions of himself, and of his relation to Christianity, were wholly a delusion.

"But now," said he, and his beaming eye and quivering voice betokened the warmth of his emotion, "now I have discovered what it is to be a Christian." Opening his New Testament at the place, he read, with distinctness, and with an emphasis which showed that he understood and felt what he read, these words of the Apostle, in the fine old translation of Luther: "*Ich bin mit Christo gekreuziget: Ich lebe aber; doch nun nicht Ich, sondern Christus lebt in mir.*" "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20.) "The man who can say that," he continued, "is a Christian." He expatiated with great earnestness and warmth on the vast importance of the truth which he had discovered, explaining to his willing hearer all the precious things which lay hid in this, to him, most marvellous text. The warmth and impressive seriousness of his manner, when, in the course of his remarks, he again and again exclaimed, laying at the same time his hand on his heart, "*Nicht Ich, sondern Christus lebt in mir,*" ("Not I, but Christ liveth in me,") deeply moved me, and I could not help saying within myself: "If this stranger has made a great discovery as to the Christian character, so, too, have I." Familiar with the words he quoted and commented upon, they never appeared to me before so full of meaning, so luminous. The text came upon me with all the freshness and power of a new discovery. No commentary ever written, no critical exposition, however learned, could exhibit it with so much power as did the simple, fervent utterance of my fellow-traveller.

Reader, it is my most fervent prayer that you may be able to enter with me, in some measure, into the deep significance of these words, "I live;

yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is true, as the venerable, warm-hearted German so earnestly pressed upon his companion, that it is not outward conduct that constitutes a Christian. You may attend with regularity and all assiduity to the external forms of a religious life, but, ah! something greater, better far, than this is needed, ere you can attain to the blessedness and the dignity of the true Christian. You must have Christ *living* and reigning in your heart; you must become so entirely identified with Him that He will be as the very soul of your soul. Your thoughts, feelings, desires, hopes, must be all as if they had originated with Christ; as if Christ within you were thinking, feeling, desiring, hoping, and not yourself.

"Not I." Is self, in all its forms, crucified and slain? Through a living faith in Christ, are you so one with Him that your heart beats in unison with His? Do you realize the import of His gracious words, "Because I live, ye shall live also?" If so, then you are united to Him as the branch to the vine, and you will assuredly be found bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, to the praise of His glory.

CHILDREN IN HISTORY.

THREE kinds of footprints have been left upon the sands of time,—the print of man's heavier foot; the print of woman's foot, deeper because of the babe she bore in her arm; the print of childhood's foot, lightest and least, yet distinct. Earth saw no children in her primeval estate. Paradise restored shall be full of them; paradise lost had none. In the paradise of home how often have children broken the spell of the serpent, and made the seducer powerless! Many a man and woman have been saved by them from the pathway of ruin; many are now in heaven who but for their children would have been lost for ever.

Through all the trials and wanderings of the people of God, in their joys and in their perils, in their captivity, and in their return, children were with them. When the Redemption for which all history had been preparing began its consummation, it began in the form of a child. All Prophets had spoken of that Holy Child; and the goodly fellowship closed with the mysterious witness given by the unborn Prophet, the second Elijah. The first Adam was formed a man; the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, came as a babe. The Sovereign of the universe took on Him our nature, passed through childhood, laying in it the foundation of His work. When He was breathing His earliest breath, the innocents of Bethlehem, the unconscious proto-martyrs of the new dispensation, shed their blood for Him who came to die for them,—van of the noble army of the martyrs of Christ,—types of His innocent suffering and guiltless death. Dying in His place, shadowing as it were His vicarious sacrifice, they were the first messengers from earth to tell in heaven that the great battle of the Lord, which is to be won by yielding life, not by taking it, the battle in which death is not loss, but victory, had began. They were the earliest to help in filling up the full measure of the sufferings of the Saviour, who is to suffer in His loved ones as well as in His own person; they were the earliest to share in the consummation of the Saviour's glory, who is to be glorified in His redeemed ones, as well as in Himself. When Jesus came to Jerusalem on His last journey, children shouted "Hosanna." And the song of children to their Saviour then begun never ceased. In the catacombs,—those long mines beneath the city of Rome, in which are hidden treasures more precious than gold, jewels which the resurrection-morn shall bring forth to shine for ever,—in those catacombs are inscriptions which tell that

the ashes hidden in some of their crypts are those of children who died because they would not deny Jesus. Their little bones yet remain to witness to the early years in which they passed through martyrdom to heaven.

Christ has never moved through our world without being followed by children. The fathers of the churches took with them their children wherever persecution drove any of them, and the blood of their young feet was shed on the thorns of the pathway through the wilderness. Whatever these pioneers of the faith through all ages succeeded in making their children, determined the failure or success of their most deeply-laid plans. No matter how vigorous they were as sowers, unless they trained their children so that they became reapers and gleaners, the harvest was lost. But the harvest of Divinely-directed plans was not lost; for the children of the saints proved equal to the portions of responsibility their God gave them. Inimitably appropriate was our Saviour's quotation of the eighth Psalm. It seems as if the Holy Spirit had left the words there for the occasion on which He quoted them: "When the Chief Priests and Scribes saw the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" Yes, God has done it through all time. What the children of earth are, earth will be. We are to recognise this great fact. We are not as a mere commonplace of declamation to accept the proposition that the children of this fair land are to decide its future. It must be to us a solemn fact; we must bow before the awful responsibility it involves; we must meet it. The wickedness of the adult part of our nation cannot destroy it, if generations of holy children are to succeed them; and no virtues of an adult generation can save our land, if godless children are to follow that generation and undo all its work. Our cry must be, "Give God the children;" give them to us for Him, and He will train them, and we will co-work with Him in training them into a glorious army, before which His foes and those of our land shall be swept away, and righteousness, and peace, and joy shall fill it from sea to sea.

Christianity is to possess the world. If it does so, it must make the children its own. It is in this view that the home-training of families, and the Christian education of the youth in our masses, are all-important.

AN OLD GERMAN PEASANT.

Some years ago, says one, I made the acquaintance of an old peasant, in a little German village where I for some time resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, "The love of God." This old man was well worthy of it; for, if ever heart was filled with love to God, and all God's creatures, it was his. He was never able to leave his little room during the cold winter months; but, when the summer came, I often met him wandering about, glad to breathe God's fresh air, and to drop his "little words in season" here and there, as he had ever been accustomed to do.

Like most of the villagers, he possessed two or three large apple and pear trees on the road-side. In that part of Germany where he dwelt, the peasants drink a good deal of cider, and many of the roads have a line of fruit-trees running along either side. His were near the village; and in the late summer he got some one to put up a little wooden shed below them, where he could rest, and be sheltered from the sun; and from time to time

he amused himself by collecting the fallen fruit, and heaping it up in a corner of the shed. Once, when walking, I came up to him as he was stooping to pick up a fallen apple. "Don't you weary, Gottlieb," I asked, "stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the road-side?" "No, no, Miss," he answered, smiling and offering me a handful of fine ripe pears; "I don't weary: I'm just waiting, waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! O Miss, you are young yet, and perhaps just in blossom: turn well round to the Sun of righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for His service." Another time he said, standing up, and pointing along the road, "That seems a straight road, but I can't see the end of it: but the road to heaven is a straighter road than that; and, blessed be God, I can see the end clearly. But perhaps God just lets you see a little bit of the way at a time. O, then, Miss, walk straight in that little bit with His help; and, as you go along, you will see it better and better, till the bright end at last comes in view."

That was the last time I saw him: soon after he reached the bright end his childlike faith spoke of so trustingly. Memory often fails to retain more eloquent reasoning, and more cultivated illustration; but simple words like old Gottlieb's cling to the mind with a firmer hold, and sink into the heart with a deeper impression.

THE MYSTERIES OF REDEMPTION.

Both on account of our littleness and of our sinfulness, it is not easy for us to have just ideas about God's actual designs towards us. We are very little creatures in His sight. Annihilate us, and it could make very little difference to Him. We are as unworthy as we are insignificant before Him. Yet we have wants, we have amazing wants. There is an indescribable depth in the agonies which sometimes make our hearts bleed even here: and when our thought takes its journey to the world to come, along a pathway of *thorns and thistles*, down into the valley of death, and away beyond the resurrection of the dead into the abysses of eternity, still as much beyond thought as ever; the idea of our destiny, our eternal want, presses upon the spirit within us, as if it would crush us into nothing! What friend shall help us? Human sympathy can do much for us, we admit; it is precious to us, very precious: but we require something more. Human sympathy cannot reach our deepest want of spirit even now, and cannot reach our spirits at all after our breath stops. We need God's sympathy. We need God to love us, and be kind to us, and let us lean on Him now, when our footsteps stagger upon the dark mountains of death, and when we take the spirit-journey into an awful eternity! Nothing but God will do for us. We want the Friend who knows the secret chambers of our heart, and who owns eternity. But how shall we get Him? how shall we be assured of Him? It will be an amazing stoop of His infinity, if He cares much for me! I am a worm of the dust, a vile worm, a sinner. It must be an eternal marvel, if the infinite and eternal Monarch, holy and august as He is, will extend His actual and everlasting kindness toward me! And I will not believe it unless He approaches me in some mode as wonderful as is my wonderful need; in some amazing mode to correspond with such an amazing and wonderful condescension to His guilty and dying worm. He has done so, in this amazing redemption; He has precisely done so. The magnitude of His grace corresponds with the magnitude of my needs. Christ's worthiness becomes my worthiness. The necessities of my immortal spirit, which I am called on

to wonder at more than to explain, perfectly accord with the economy of redemption, which amazes me; comforts me, because it amazes me. *The kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man hath appeared.* Christ is the mysterious demonstration. Begone, my fears! Lie still, my throbbing heart! Hope, hope, my immortal spirit! God does love me! God does care for me! The wonders of His mode of showing it correspond with the wonder that He should care for me at all; that the Infinite One should stoop to His worm; that eternal holiness should be pacified towards guilt. Here, then, I can trust. Here I can live, here I can die, here I can cast my mysterious and mysteriously *wanting* soul into the arms of God; and whatever it may want on earth or in the spirit-land, the majesty of Christ accords with the magnitude of its distressful necessities. "He that spared not his own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all," would not be the premises of an argument broad enough for the conclusion, "How shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" were there not in the gift such a majesty as must be a mystery to us. But there is. Blessed be God, there is! Beyond Christ, I cannot want anything. The mode of the Gospel assorts with my creature-littleness and guilt, and with the wonder of God's needed care for me. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

THE SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

One day, says a writer in the "British Messenger," in one of the frontier towns of France, a regiment was setting out for the seat of war in Italy. A young soldier was bidding farewell to his friends, in high spirits, full of military ardour and youthful hope. Almost at the last moment, he was met by a colporteur of the Bible Society. The good man addressed him in a few but earnest words. He spoke of the dangers to which he seemed so thoughlessly hurrying; of the immortal soul which might so soon be called into an eternal world; of the one only and all-sufficient Saviour. "If you do not know Him already," he said, "here, in this little volume, is the record which He has given of Himself. Take this book, my dear young friend, read it, and I shall pray that God may bless it to you." The youth readily accepted the gift; and, the signal for departure just then sounding, they parted, to meet no more in this world.

Five or six months after, the brief though bloody campaign being over, the regiment was ordered back to France. The young soldier had escaped all the dangers of the battle-field, but his days were numbered. Immediately after reaching the garrison town, he was attacked by severe illness, sent into hospital, and, after a short time of suffering, died.

Nothing is told of his last hours: there were probably no Christians at hand, to speak of hope or consolation to the departing spirit. But, as soon as all was over, the regimental surgeon was called upon to see the body, and give a formal medical certificate in regard to the cause of death. As the attendants were stripping the corpse in his presence, one of them exclaimed, "O, what a strange thing! see, our comrade has carried a little book on his heart!" A small volume was handed to the surgeon, who looked at it with evident emotion, and then left the room.

He was not a religious man; but not long afterwards, he sought an interview with a Christian of his acquaintance, and spoke to him with unusual earnestness. He related the incident connected with the soldier's death, and said, "I cannot tell you how much finding this book, the New Testament, on the corpse of that young man, has impressed my mind. A copy of the same was given to myself,

before we left for Italy. And when I saw how carefully his had been preserved, and from the ink and pencil-marks in all directions how diligently it had been studied, I could not but ask myself, What use have *I* made of the Gospel, placed in my hands under similar circumstances? Had I, like him, been on a bed of death, what answer could I have given to the Judge of all, on His saying to me, 'I sought thee, when thou soughtest Me not; I called thee by My word, and thou hast despised the call?'" There is every reason to believe, we are told, that these impressions have since deepened into conviction; and that the surgeon has not only read his own New Testament, but received its truths to the salvation of his soul.

THE PREACHER.

THERE was a lady of my acquaintance, who, though a kind neighbour, an affectionate wife and mother, and an amiable woman, yet was in the habit of reading fictions and other stories on the Sabbath, and, though attentive to her worldly concerns, yet was careless and negligent in respect to the best interest of her soul. Her little boy, three or four years old, had obtained a little book, and often came to his mother wishing her to read at some place he would point out. One Sabbath morning, as she was about to begin as usual her day's employment, he came to her with his finger upon some lines of poetry, which he wished her to read. The words were these:—

"A Sabbath well spent
Gives a week of content,
And strength for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gain'd,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

It proved a word in season, and deeply impressed her mind; so much so, that she could not shake it off. And she soon became, as it is hoped, a disciple of Christ. And soon after she, with her husband and his brother, all fruits of that little sermon, united with the people of God. If my readers will commit that verse to memory, and watch the hand of Providence, they will find that it is true to the letter. I have been in the habit of doing so for years; and am confident that, in reality, nothing is ever gained by desecrating the Sabbath.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

HANS was a cripple. He was so weak and small, his body so twisted and deformed, that it was a wonder he should have outlived his first year. Most people thought it would have been better that Hans should have died. Hans himself, at the age of fourteen, utterly unable to labour, and totally dependent on the exertions of a widowed mother, was much of the same opinion; but the widow-mother loved her boy, and busied herself cheerfully to make his wretched life more happy.

For Hans was very wretched. He could do nothing,—could not work like other boys, nor play like them; and when, as the rumours spread that the French were coming, and that Napoleon, the great conqueror, would seize upon the village, and the men and boys, rich and poor, rude and refined, were all enrolled as soldiers, poor Hans was more miserable than before.

Hans's mother tried to make him look more cheerfully on his dark fate. "Were you strong and able," said she, "you would have to leave me, Hans, and go a soldiering like the rest; and what should I do then?"

"Ah, mother!" he answered, "'tis little good I am to you or any one. Better I were dead."

"Nay," said the widow, "depend on it, Hans, there is truth in the old proverb, 'God has His plan for every man.' You will have your work to do, my boy, in time."

He smiled upon her very pleasantly,

and said, "Would to God the time were come, mother!"

Well, the active preparations made by the Swiss for resistance to the French troops seemed to have changed the purpose of Napoleon. The intention of invasion was either given up, or its execution delayed; and after a few months the danger was supposed to be over, and people were beginning to settle down to their old occupations.

One night Hans dreamed that the French were coming. He woke up suddenly, and felt so much excited, so hot and fevered, that he slipped out of bed, dressed himself, and, quitting the cottage, walked slowly up the hill, on the top of which a beacon or signal was placed, to be used in case of emergency. It was a pile of dry wood, soaked with turpentine, and covered with tar. When Hans arrived at the beacon, he found that there was no one there to kindle the fire in case of danger; and, while he was thinking about this strange carelessness, he heard, or fancied that he heard, the same sounds which had disturbed his sleep,—the tramp of many feet rapidly advancing. Hans listened attentively. He was convinced that troops were coming; and, while he hesitated what to do, he saw two soldiers rise out of the long grass and wave a white handkerchief from the brow of the hill. Hans hesitated no longer: he saw the danger; he felt sure that the French were coming, and that, unless the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed, the invaders would make an easy conquest. Without thinking of the risk he ran, Hans seized the tinder, which was hidden, with a flint and steel and matches, in the hollow of a tree, struck a light, and flung a blazing brand into the pile. In a moment a bright clear flame, a pyramid of fire, shot up into the air. Hans endeavoured to escape without attracting the notice of the soldiers; but one of them saw him, fired, and lodged a bullet in his shoulder. And very soon the whole country was aroused. From hill to hill the fire-signal was transmitted; the roll of the drum was heard, the volunteer troops were hastily assembled, and the invading army was compelled to retreat.

But who lighted the first signal?—that was the question everybody wanted to know; and the answer was soon given. Poor Hans, faint and bleeding, was found on the road. He was carried to his home; and when he was able to tell what had occurred, the people found out that Hans the cripple had saved them.

So great honour was awarded to Hans, who was taken into favour by the chief people of the place, and who was henceforth a hero. He saw grateful mothers embrace his mother, he felt the warm pressure of manly hands, he heard his own name mentioned with respect and honour, and found out that he was really good for something.

THE NEEDLE AND THE THREAD

"MAMMA!" said a little girl, watching her mother's busy fingers, "which is really most useful, the needle or the thread?" You smile at such a question; and so did the mother, as she replied that "one would be of no use without the other, in sewing." But, at the same, she thought how often a strife had been raised upon the same point, among those who depend upon each other as much as do the needle and the thread. The rich and the poor, the statesman and the merchant, the man who works with his hands and he who works with his brain, could neither of them do without the other. And so it is in the church: each has his own place and work, however small or humble he may be. I read, not long since, of a poor old coloured woman, who had for years been confined to a bed

of suffering. She was visited by a good rich man, who said to her, "Betty, does it not seem to you very strange that God should keep you here so long, when you can do nothing in the world?" "Ah! Massa," said the good old woman, "you no understand! Heavenly Father have something for me to do. You can give a great deal of money, Massa B——; but it not do the church so much good, without poor old Betty's prayers!" And old Betty was right. It is just as St. Paul said, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee! nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you!" Let us each be content with the place and the work which God has given us; and never despise anyone whom we think to be in a lower station, or to have fewer gifts, than ourselves. He may, by making the best use of those gifts, be far more useful in the world than we!

THE TWO CHARITIES.

SATAN would have us to be very charitable to men's opinions. We are fallible creatures, he suggests. We all fall into many errors. We must not condemn men on account of their differing from us in opinion. All this is true; but it is one thing to condemn men for differing in opinion from us, and another to disapprove and testify against their rejecting the truth of God. Satan would fain conceal this distinction. He would have us think that a man is no more to blame for believing that the word of God is a lie, than for differing from us in regard to any secular matter.

Satan's favourite maxim is, that it is no matter what a man believes, if his practice is only right. He would have us believe that there is little or no connexion between belief and practice. He would fain conceal the truth that a man's practice cannot be right unless his principles are right. It may be so in the material, but not in the spiritual, world. A man may unwittingly obey a law of nature, but he cannot unwittingly obey a moral law. The conscious intention to obey is an essential element in obedience. External conformity is not obedience. To do the truth, one must know the truth.

The New Testament charity, which rejoices in the truth, is glorious. Satan's charity, which pleads for and palliates error, is the opposite of glorious.

"PARDON AND GRACE."

"WHEN I first entered the Christian life," said Mr. Wilberforce, shortly before his death, "my prayer was for pardon and grace. And now that I am near the end of my course, I find that all my petitions, all the wants of my soul, may still be comprehended in those two requests, pardon and grace."

Here are the universal and perpetual desires of the renewed soul. When David said, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep, seek Thy servant," he prayed for pardon and grace.

When the penitent and returning church prays, "Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously," (Hosea xiv.,) what is it but a prayer for pardon and grace?

When Paul sends us to "the throne of grace," (Heb. iv.,) to "obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," pardon and grace form the whole burden of the supplications he enjoins on us.

When God promises, in His last covenant, "I will be merciful unto their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more;" and, "I will put My law in their minds, and write it in their hearts;" pardon and grace comprehend the whole boundless grant of Divine compassion and goodness.

Our Servants.

METTLE.

As an example of what is meant by "mettle," let the description of a "war-horse," in Job xxxix., be read. That is a sketch of this animal harnessed for actual fight. "His neck is clothed with thunder; he paweth in the valley; he rejoiceth in his strength; he swalloweth the ground with rage; he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting." What mettle!

But look at the brother of this steed, who is trained for the draught, and is yoked in a team of four; or, it may be, has the whole work to do himself in a single-horsed vehicle. See how he sets himself for the start, how his neck presses upon his collar, while his four feet strain against the ground. The dead-weight of a load will not stir: it has found, as it would seem to hope, a resting-place in the hollow rut, and defies the horse's strength. Look, look, how that neck and shoulder now address themselves to work; how "all-fours" paw and smite the ground; the driver needs no whip, he calls upon his willing servant for one pull more; again the chains rattle, the harness holds good, the dead-weight feels at last it must shift, and (says the horse) "It both must and shall shift:" so, with a groan, the load for ever leaves its place. Now that is *mettle*.

Pass into an adjoining meadow. It is hay-time. Six mowers have taken the cutting of the grass, at a certain sum per acre. At first they find it both easy and profitable, the grass being a light crop at the field-side. Further in, the grass stands thicker and thicker: portions of it are *laid* by its own weight and heavy rains. The mowers find their work heavy, and their bargain worse. Will they give it up? No: "*A bargain is a bargain*," says the adage. Now, hearken to the keen bite of the whetstone on the shining scythes! the lightning gleams upon the steel: the stone is slung across the mowers' loins: all six bend forward to their toil, while the short-lived herb and flowers are unsuspicious of their doom in an instant more, "whisk" comes the remorseless stroke: again, again, yet again, returns that stroke: resolution bares every arm, girds every limb; the way widens, the swath lengthens. Another whet: keener and quicker goes the whetstone, faster falls the grass. "The work is taken, and it must and shall be done this day," says every man. Hour after hour the labourers throw their weight and strength upon their blades, till the field is won, and the swaths lie along the ground; and the mower, like "the swinkt hedger," rests, and "in the sweat of his face eats bread." This, too, is *mettle*.

Once more. In the great campaign of 1812, Napoleon Buonaparte the First led a vast army, five hundred thousand men, into Russia, intending to possess himself of Moscow, their capital, and to lay the empire at his feet. For some time the Russians cunningly declined giving him battle, preferring to retreat before the French, so as to draw them further and further from their stores and magazines. At length the Russians became impatient, and, like the American Federal army of the present summer, insisted on fighting a pitched battle, contrary to the judgment of their most sagacious commander, General De Barclay, on the Field of Borodino. One incident in that battle will illustrate what we mean by *mettle*. The Rusians had formed a double battery at a point which commanded a wide space of the French position; they mounted it with many formidable guns; they manned the battery with a powerful force of their bravest veterans. The guns poured a hurricane of deadly shot among the enemy, whom it mowed down by hundreds. The French were successful in other parts of the field; but so long as the double battery played upon them, the Russians would keep the field. Marshal Ney, the French commander, resolved to end the matter, by taking this battery by assault. Accordingly, he chose a large force of picked soldiers as a storming-party, whom

he sent forward before the eyes and amid the cheers of their envious comrades. They rushed upon the battery, and attacked it with great bravery; but the veterans were ready for them, and successfully repulsed them. The French force retired, leaving many dead and wounded behind them. But they "formed up," and returned to the attack with enthusiasm; again the steady arm of the veterans laid numbers low, and repulsed them *a second time*. The French retired a second time; but, though checked, they were not beaten. Resolved on the taking of that battery, they "formed up" again, attacked it at the point of the bayonet with enthusiasm; but still the sturdy resistance of those veterans could not be broken, and the French were defeated *a third time*. Many were the fallen on both sides; frightful was the carnage made by those terrible guns from the battery. Yet again did those brave French rally; and with still higher resolution, and amid louder cheers, did they a fourth time return to the attack. Tremendous was the conflict of that moment; the reserves looked in breathless amazement on that scene of mortal strife: once more the enthusiasm of the Gaul succumbs to the firmness of the Russian, and for *the fourth time* the French are compelled to retreat over heaps of dead and dying men. Undaunted, they will try again. They "form up," and advance once more. The guns pour a tempest of destruction upon the attacking force, but still it is undismayed. The devoted band rushes with the utmost celerity upon the battery. It is now, "Victory, or death!" At last Russian firmness retires before French impetuosity; and, at *the fifth time*, victory crowned the eagles of France.

And who and what were that attacking band? *They were but youths of nineteen years old!* but of whom Marshal Ney, the brave, has said, "*None but lads could have done that!*" and he ever afterwards maintained that "there is nothing like *lads* for storming batteries!" Now that *was* mettle!

Mettle is just what a multitude of our honest servants want to make them all one could desire. We do not mean by "mettle" anything like boisterousness, or pertness, or self-will. "Mettle" is quite consistent with meekness; with teachableness and quietness; but it is sharp, quick, courageous, persevering.

Servants who must needs be *rung-up* in a morning want *mettle;* or else they would get up in good time by themselves. Those who crawl about like people walking in their sleep want *mettle*. Others who can eat well and sleep well, but take alarm at work, and whose favourite utterance is, "I can't; I really haven't time;—we ought to have another servant; at least, a weekly charwoman,"—want mettle.

Without mettle a speaker is dull, and his audience asleep: (many speakers know the secret of getting people to sleep:) without mettle, a singer is tiresome; a musician moves no passion; a man on foot has no elasticity; on horseback he is "dead-weight." *With* mettle work is pleasant, toil is full of reward; dirt flies away; difficulties vanish; impossibilities are done; health is found without seeking for it: "the yoke is easy: the burden is light."

P. H.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXII.

"*And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts.*" (Mal. i. 8.)

When God was served with legal sacrifices, such was the miserable and wretched disposition of some men's minds, that the best of everything they had being culled out for themselves, if there were in their flocks any poor starved or diseased thing not worth the keeping, they thought it good enough for the altar of God; pretending (as wise hypocrites do when they rob God to enrich themselves) that the fatness of calves doth benefit Him nothing: to us the best things are most

profitable; to Him all is one if the mind of the offerer be good, which is the only thing He respecteth. In reproof of which their devout fraud, the Prophet Malachi allegeth that gifts are offered unto God not as supplies of His want indeed, but yet as testimonies of that affection wherewith we acknowledge and honour His greatness. For which cause, since the greater they are whom we honour, the more regard we have to the quality and choice of those presents which we bring them for honour's sake, it must needs follow that if we dare not disgrace our worldly superiors with offering unto them such refuse as we bring unto God Himself, we show plainly that our acknowledgment of His greatness is but feigned; in heart we fear Him not so much as we dread them. Offer it now unto thy Prince. "Will he be content, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts." "Cursed be the deceiver, which hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing: for I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. i. 14.) Should we hereupon frame a rule what form of speech or behaviour soever is fit for suitors in a Prince's court, the same and no other beseemeth us in our prayers to Almighty God?—*Hooker's Works*, vol. ii., pp. 193, 194. *Edit.* 1836.

No. CXIII.

"Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour." (John xii. 27.)

His purpose herein was most effectually to propose to the view of the whole world two contrary objects, the like whereunto in force and efficacy were never presented in that manner to any but only to the soul of Christ. There was presented before His eyes in that fearful hour, on the one side, God's heavy indignation and wrath towards mankind as yet unappeased; death as yet in full strength; hell as yet never mastered by any that came within the confines and bounds thereof; somewhat also, peradventure, more than is either possible or needful for the wit of man to find out; finally, Himself, flesh and blood, left alone to enter into conflict with all these: on the other side, a world to be saved by one; a pacification of wrath through the dignity of that sacrifice which should be offered; a conquest over death through the power of that Deity, which would not suffer the tabernacle thereof to see corruption; and an utter disappointment of all the forces of infernal powers, through the purity of that soul which they should have in their bands, and not be able to touch. Let no man marvel that in this case the soul of Christ was much *troubled*. For what could such apprehensions breed but (as their nature is) inexplicable mind, desires abhorring what they embrace, and embracing what they abhor? In which agony how should the tongue go about to express what the soul endured? When the griefs of Job were exceeding great, his words accordingly to open them were many; howbeit, still unto his seeming they were undiscovered. "Though my talk," saith Job, "be this day in bitterness, yet my plague is greater than my groaning." (Job xxiii. 2.) But here to what purpose should words serve, when nature hath more to declare than groans and strong cries, more than streams of bloody sweats, more than His doubled and tripled prayers can express, who thrice putting forth His hand to receive that cup, besides which there was no other cause of His coming into the world, He thrice pulleth it back again, and as often, with tears of blood, craveth, "If it be possible, O Father:" or if not, "even what Thine own good pleasure is," for whose sake the passion that hath in it a bitter and a bloody conflict, even with wrath, and death, and hell, is most welcome.—*Ibid.*, pp. 264—266.

Religion and Morals.

THE IDEA OF STEWARDSHIP.

The true idea of Christianity,—the idea of St. Paul, "to whom to live was Christ,"—the idea of a greater than St.

Paul, "whose meat it was to do His Father's will,"—is the *continual* devotion of self to God's service; the going out of self indeed, and ordering the whole life with supreme reference to God's glory. It is the martyr-spirit, which, even now, holds itself willing to "endure hardness." It is the making the religious duties as much a part of the life as the food we eat, or the air we breathe.

With such an idea of life, the nature and scope of our stewardship becomes greatly enlarged. It is not narrowed down to a mere giving of money to objects of benevolence, or to the performance of any new round of duties; but it extends throughout the whole circle of our lives.

Stewardship demands the right use of our property, and this demand is intensified by the power which property has obtained. As the world has progressed from barbarism, the power of money has advanced with it. In ancient times, indeed almost down to the present, the sword has been the great force which has ruled the world. The ambition of Emperors and Kings was the motive that led to the conquest of states, the overthrow of dynasties, the gaining of new territory. But now, trade rules the world, and kingdoms are made or overthrown as trade may be advanced or hindered. There is danger here. Venice was a nation of merchants. To further the ends of trade, she "wrote her history in the white scrolls of the sea-surges, and worded it in their thunder;" but the waves are now undermining her palaces, and the Lion of St. Mark has been stripped of his power. Her trade was not consecrated to anything nobler than her own aggrandizement, and it has proved her destruction. In Christianity the responsibility of the consecration of property to the Lord rests upon the individual. Each Christian ought to consider that he has a duty to perform; and as far as in him lies he must do his whole share. The opportunities are numerous. The Gospel must be preached to the neglected masses in our own land. All forms of beneficence and Christian enterprise at our own doors are to be carried on; and the Macedonian cry never more loudly than at this moment comes sounding from across the sea, "Come over, and help us." Our money must be held as a sacred trust from God.

Of each individual, stewardship demands the conscientious use of time. When we consider the shortness of life, the amount even of that short space that must necessarily be lost to any activity, we are warned, as by the very voice of God, "to do with our might what our hands find to do." But how few, even of those who profess the name of Christ, endeavour to make their whole life a time of service faithfully rendered to Him who is marking the moments with their pulse-beats! In the devotion of *all* one's time to God, it is not meant, of course, to intimate that no time may be rightly devoted to recreation and amusement. He greatly errs in his estimation of the true demands of the Christian life who imagines service to God to consist only in a round of formal duties. We are of complex natures, and our spirits are chained down to clay. "Our flesh is weak," and demands repose. Our minds cannot always be active, or they would snap like the over-tense bow-string. God intended that we should enjoy the beauties of the earth, and the society of our fellows. But while this may be done, the other must not be left undone. After all, ours is a life of work. The more heartily and conscientiously the business of our life is performed, the more do we enter into the spirit of Him who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." And we cannot work to the most advantage, we cannot enter into the spirit of our work, unless we make it a part of our business to use our time as under the eye of the Master; without haste, from day to day going steadily forward in everything to which our duty calls us. A biographer once said of an eminent man, "that his house seemed to him the home of industrious peace." Well for us if it may be said that our lives are lives of "industrious peace."

Stewardship demands of us, as we have opportunity, the cultivation of our talents. No matter in what direction they may lead us, so it be honourable, their culture should be a great object of our lives. Have we talents in a literary way? use them for God's glory, striving to improve

them both in their character and in their achievements. Have we talents which make us skilful in business transactions? use them, consecrating them to Him who has given them, enlarging their sphere as we may. No matter if in any direction our talents be but moderate. God gave them, and we can make them available in His service. "Patient continuance in well doing," even with but small abilities, has had more power, both in the world and in the church, than the most splendid genius. The triumphs of the church, indeed, have all been triumphs of patience. Above all, abilities of "growing in grace," which we may regard in the light of talents, are to be most diligently cultivated, in humble reliance upon the Spirit of God. So shall we receive the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The motive to all this is in the words of the Apostle: "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." D.

The Household.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is, to a woman, at once the happiest and saddest event of her life: it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements; everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled; and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate,—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke: every former tie is loosened; the spring of every action is changed; and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her, buoyed up by the confidence of requited love: she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come.

Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes; who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyments and watchful protection of home; who can, cowardlike, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline, in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their place; for on him is the responsibility of her errors; on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

Some few years since an East-India trader was attacked while trading in the Indian Ocean by a piratical schooner; and, the attack being sudden and unlooked for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The Captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict; and the rest, being gagged and heavily ironed, were laid in the pirate's boat for removal to their own vessel, and the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion-way, they heard a soft voice, evidently engaged in supplication; and the Chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the voice proceeded. Bending low, to avoid observation, he peeped into a door that stood ajar; and there knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy at

her side, one arm clasped caressingly around the child, and the other raised in earnest supplication. "O God of all mercy," said the beseeching voice, as the face of tearful agony met the pirate's view, "save the life of my child, if such be Thy holy will; but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife, than fall a *living* prey into such hands, to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be Thy decree; but, O, let him not live to dishonour Thee, and perish eternally." The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his own emotions. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him, and God's Spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his heart, that, instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees and cried out for mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship, returned with his men to their own. Shortly afterwards he surrendered himself to the British East-India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for past crimes, that before his trial came on he was attacked with fever, which in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt; and he expired humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with Him. Thus were his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as we may trust, even at the eleventh hour. What a heritage for good are the prayers of a Christian mother!

THE INFLUENCE OF AFRICAN WOMEN.

The adventurous African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, states, in a recent letter, that he has found nothing more remarkable among the highly-intelligent tribes of the Upper Zambesa, than the respect universally accorded to women by them. Many of the tribes are governed by a female Chief. "If you demand anything of a man," remarks the intrepid traveller, "he replies, 'I will talk to my wife about it.' If the woman consents, your demand is granted; if she refuses, you will receive a negative reply. Women vote in all the public assemblies. Among the Bechuanas and Kaffirs, the men swear by their father; but among the veritable Africans, occupying the centre of the continent, they always swear by their mother. If a young man falls in love with a maiden of another village, he leaves his own and takes up his dwelling in hers. He is obliged to provide, in part, for the maintenance of his mother-in-law, and to assume a respectful attitude, a sort of semi-kneeling, in her presence. I was so much astonished at all these marks of respect for women, that I inquired of the Portuguese if such had always been the habits of the country. They assured me that such had always been the case."

WELL-GOVERNED CHILDREN.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of experience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please,—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them; to loiter in woods full of wild beasts and deadly herbs,—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are yet only in the preface, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong;

if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters, they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard, unsympathizing manner; the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken.

Poetry.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Fill'd with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home!—go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home 's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

THE GATHERING HOME.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one;
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river-side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one;
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go
One by one.

Religion in Heart and Life.

JOHN FREDERICK NARDIN.

John Frederick Nardin, Minister at Hericourt, embraced every opportunity to make inroads upon Satan's kingdom, and to implant the knowledge of God and Christ in the hearts of his hearers. He soon became an eye-sore to many of them, as well as to some of his colleagues. Finding they could not assail the righteous man in any other way, they traduced him as an enthusiast, pietist, and heretic. There were those who purposely listened

to his discourses in order to extract matter of accusation from them; and when they conceived they had succeeded in stringing a number of sentences together, they lodged complaint against him, as a heretic who was undeserving of the protection enjoyed by Protestants in France. In consequence hereof, January 29th, 1717, he was summoned before the Intendant of the Duchy of Bourgogne, Hector de Geurchois, at Besançon. With cheerful confidence he obeyed the summons, and was surprised to learn that he was charged with having advanced doctrines that were at variance with the Protestant religion, and that he held meetings which could not be tolerated in a well-regulated State.

Nardin replied, he believed he could confidently appeal to his parishioners to testify that he had preached pure and sound doctrine.

"You are mistaken," replied the Intendant: "your parishioners are the very people that have accused you."

"If it be so," said Nardin, "then I cannot account for it in any other way but that some must have come forward as my accusers, in whose judgment I inveighed too zealously against the views predominating in my parish, and spoke too much about Christ, who has thus far been an unknown Saviour to them. But if this be accounted a crime, that I convince men of sin, and introduce them to the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, I will cheerfully consent to be the victim of my perseverance in this doctrine."

The Intendant, being more and more convinced of the upright character of the prisoner, finally said: "If that be the whole of your crime, then you are innocent. Your doctrine appears the more sound and precious to me, because it teaches exactly what our own most pious and zealous Ministers inculcate. I clearly see you have enemies, whom your doctrine troubles, and your example confounds. Be upon your guard; and for the rest, rely upon my protection, so long as you undertake nothing that militates against the religion and interest of my lord, the King."

Nardin then returned to his parish, grieved, indeed, that there should be such people among his flock who could accuse him so unjustly, but also happy and thankful for having discovered so much justice and kindness in a Roman Catholic Judge. He was soon favoured in seeing an entire change wrought in some of his adversaries. His immediate superiors, who before had sided with his opponents, now satisfied themselves of his innocence, pronounced him free of all charges, and reinstated him in his office. In the following year he was promoted to the deanery of Blamont. Soon after, the Intendant of Besançon came thither, and desired an interview with him. Nardin, waiting upon him, was received by him in a very polite manner, and he said, "Well, Mr. Nardin, now you see yourself avenged. You can now enjoy the satisfaction of observing how your two adversaries, that laboured to bring about your ruin in the prison at Fort Grifon, are now themselves shut up in it, while you, in the meantime, were declared innocent."

The fact was, that about that time the two men who had been most active in plotting his ruin, had for some time been under arrest at Besançon; the one for having carried on an unlawful traffic, and the other for having infringed upon certain rights which the Roman Catholics claimed as theirs. Nardin, however, felt but little pleasure in this kind of triumph of his innocence; and answered, with a loving heart and gentle voice: "May it please your Honour, my religion does not permit me to rejoice over the misfortunes of my enemies. I pity them, and wish that a more prudent deportment may in future save them from future penalties."

Some time after, this Intendant again came to Blamont, a town, the citizens of which were one half Papists, and the other half Protestants, and where a vacant office pertaining to the latter was to be filled. Many applicants were anxiously coveting this office. Nardin, whom the Intendant saw proper to consult, recommended to his notice the son of one of his most violent persecutors. "What!" cried the Intendant, "don't you remember any more the injury which his father did to you?" Nardin replied: "May it please your Honour, it is but reasonable

I should have learned from my Master to requite evil with good, and to pray for my persecutors. Besides, as guilty as the father may be, yet the son is not to bear the iniquity of the father." "Well," said the Intendant, "I will accept your recommendation; but if ever the adder bites, remember, you were determined to cherish it in your bosom."

The applicant, having by these means obtained the office, he thanked the Intendant, and offered him a present in token of his gratitude. He, however, declined it, saying: "Not I, but Nardin is entitled to the present. Do you take it to him; for to him alone you are indebted for the acquisition of this office."

Natural History.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

Everybody is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjab; but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful number of human beings, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In the two past years, no less than 899 children were killed, principally by wolves, as will be seen by the subjoined abstract:—1859. Killed, 6 men, 1 woman, and 467 children,—474; injured, 33 men, 3 women, and 83 children,—119: total, 593. 1860. Killed, 9 men, 4 women, and 432 children,—445; injured, 24 men, and 31 children,—55: total, 500. The greatest destruction of life occurs in the Umritsir division, where 347 were killed during 1859, and 299 in 1860. In the Goojranwalla district 77, and in Umballa district 18, children, were killed in 1859, and 23 and 70, respectively, last year. These figures are perfectly astounding, and lead to the suspicion that the credit of this exceeding great slaughter is not altogether due to the animals to whom it is ascribed, notwithstanding the Commissioner of Umritsir, in reporting the slaughter by wild beasts of 160 male and 181 female infants in his division, says, "It is satisfactory that none of the children are of the race notoriously addicted to infanticide."

The number of wild animals destroyed is not so considerable as one would expect, seeing that Government has paid in two years 14,386 rupees as rewards for the destruction of 4,225, which includes a large proportion of cubs. The total number of each description of animals killed, stands thus: In 1859, tigers, 12; leopards, 192; bears, 187; wolves, 1,174; and hyenas, 2: total, 1,567. In 1860, tigers, 35; leopards, 163; bears, 350; wolves, 2,080; and hyenas, 30: total, 2,658. The wolves, we understand, do the greatest mischief. In the Lahore district 132 of them were slain last year, and no person hurt; while in Sealkote only 28 were destroyed, notwithstanding 135 children were killed in the district. Similar results are exhibited elsewhere; as, for instance, the comparison between the wolves and children in the Hissar division is as one child killed to 82 wolves. In the Cis-Sutlej states, and the Umritsir division, the average is two children to about three wolves. Trans-Sutlej, one child to three wolves. Lahore and Ferozepore, 232 wolves, no children. Goojranwalla, in the same division, 1 to 4; that is, 101 wolves, 23 children. In Mooltan division, 622 wolves were destroyed, and only 1 child: all of which indicate that where the beasts are systematically hunted down, the destruction of human life is least. The greatest number of tigers were killed last year at Umballa, namely, 13; and at Kangra the most leopards, 80. Bears also are found principally at Kangra, as, out of the 350 killed throughout the Punjab, 306 fell in this district. Wolves abound everywhere apparently; though, judging from the number killed, they should be scarcest at Peshawur. The wolf is probably the most cruel and most cowardly animal in existence, and a blundering, stupid beast, devoid of the cunning which many wild animals display. He does not sneak up

to his prey like the tiger or fox, and attempt to conceal himself up to the moment of his spring, but advances openly at a deliberate pace, until he arrives close to the object he has in view; when, if he experiences the least resistance, (a blow on the head, for instance, or a thump from a man's fist,) he will immediately show his teeth, and snarl, but at the same time turn tail, and be off without inflicting injury.

HABITS OF AFRICAN ANTS.

Du Chaillu, in his recent work, says of these ants:—I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line,—a line about two inches broad, and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are only used in the heat of the day, or during a storm.

When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life; and after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles; and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the Negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march, the whole of the insect world flies before them; and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly, the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

The Negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

FROGS FOR MARKET.

Miss Johnson gives an account of the frog trade in Switzerland:—"There are one or two articles of commerce in Switzerland which we are sure no Englishman ever thought of 'trading in,' and yet which might perhaps be made profitable. Roman Catholics not being allowed to eat meat on Fridays, and various other days in the year, and Papists being many in the land, all kinds of fish are in great demand. Frogs and snails belong to the genus fish, and are collected in great numbers. Snails are fattened in gardens on certain kinds of leaves; and one may hear the chattering of their teeth as they eat in passing by. From Zurich they are exported to Italy in the autumn. It is only frogs' legs that are eaten; and formerly they used to catch them, and cut off

their legs, leaving the animal to die a painful and cruel death. In a period of four years the cloister Rheinau disposed of forty thousand snails, and thirty-six thousand pairs of frogs' legs."

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to "settled fair." But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be "settled fair" when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.

The Monitor.

EFFECTS OF SICKNESS.

Many of our greatest geniuses have been persons of some remarkable physical weakness at some period of their lives. Kirke White always was feeble; Coleridge was nearly all his life; Walter Scott, as a boy; and both he and Lord Byron had one, if indeed the latter had not two deformed feet. Robert Hall was a martyr to a series of complicated disorders through life, a diseased spine making him suffer the agonies of a thousand deaths. It would seem, then, that suffering gives a peculiar sensitiveness to the whole nervous system, or is in some way connected with it, and that it is in this acute and sensitive state of mind that all the highest works and efforts of genius are produced. In private life, as in public, the same thing is observable. Who cannot call to mind some member of a family always ailing, always sick, and yet the most exemplary and influential member of the family-circle? In the country such a child will grow up with tastes so pure and simple, habits so neat and refined, and affections so elevated, as to give all the highest results of a most finished education without going through any of the fashionable forms of city-instruction. She may be the weakest of the whole, and yet her words of love and gentleness light up the entire family-circle, and rule, and regulate, and refine the whole. Or in the humble walks of city-life, one such weak and sickly child may contrive to establish habits of neatness, and cleanliness, and refinement, in an attic or in a cottage, as much so as if she dwelt in a palace. If she dies, her memory is fragrant; the whole family-circle, perhaps the neighbourhood, are really elevated by the memory of the plans and habits she first established, and of the atmosphere she breathed. But if she recover, then she carries up into life and vigour the neatness, order, and quiet elevation first conceived through the refining processes of suffering and of sorrow.

Our best writers, our most ingenious inventors, our most acute metaphysicians, clearest thinkers and ablest discoverers, can generally trace some sharpening of the intellect and refining of the nervous system to a sickness or enfeeblement at

some period or other of life. And thus it is that the sickness which weakens and wearies for the time, and incapacitates for exertion afterward, capacitates for a tenfold and higher excellence and usefulness. So long as the depressing effects of sickness lasted, it was wasting and hindering; but these soon pass away, and leave a permanent elevation and improvement on every side.

Nearly all sorrow has in it the same tendency. While it lasts, it depresses action, crushes hope, and destroys energy; but it renders the sensitive more acute, the sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of drought, the best lands would soon degenerate; but these seasons cause the lands to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, also those mineral manures that restore and fertilize the soil above. It is thus with sickness and sorrow: once surmounted, they fertilize the character, and develop from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

"HE BREATHES."

A LABOURER fell from the top of a building on which he was working, and was taken up insensible. For a time it was supposed he was dead. At length one, whose powers of observation were peculiarly nice, remarked, "He breathes." It was true that the lungs had begun to perform, in a very feeble manner indeed, their office. His friends were thus encouraged to make renewed efforts for his full resuscitation.

There are Christians who fall from their steadfastness, and seem to be dead to all spiritual life. In such, those who watch for the slightest indication of spiritual life may see something to encourage effort. They follow the example of Him who never quenches the smoking flax. Instead of leaving them to perish, they strive to bring them back to life. God looks with approbation on such labours, and will bestow upon them a large reward.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE NATURE OF PREACHING.

PREACHING, says the Rev. Daniel Moore, is the grand ordinance of the New-Testament dispensation. It is the weapon which the great Captain of salvation has entrusted to His church, whether for the conversion of sinners, or the edification of His own elect.

Discussions upon the comparative importance of public prayer and the preaching of the word, are but solemn trifling. Both are important; both are essential; and we have no right to ask which of them is more important. What should we think of the wisdom of men who met gravely to discuss the question whether meat or drink were the more necessary? Especially if, in the heat of argument, the disputants were heard to affirm, on one side, that with abundance of food all fluids were needless; or, on the other, that copious draughts alone, if the stream were only pure, superseded the want of any kind of food? From such grave triflers we make no apology for turning aside without waiting to listen to their idle talk.

Nor is it of much real importance to fix all the exact meanings the words will bear in which preaching is spoken of in the New Testament. All agree that it is the delivery of the Gospel message to mankind. The Preacher is a herald; he goes with a message from his King; sometimes to the enemy's camp, sometimes into the forum amongst peaceable citizens. Sometimes the message demands publicity; it must be spoken on the house-top: sometimes it is expedient to whisper it in the ear. All these are questions of time, place, and circumstances; but the only question of real importance, after all, is this: Has the message been delivered in the most effectual manner? If so, whether it were done publicly, or from house to

house, it was undoubtedly that kind of preaching of the word which our Lord intended. His commission has been fulfilled, and the dew of His blessing may be expected to descend.

The history of preaching would form, in proper hands, a volume of great worth. It has never yet been executed; for it requires great labour, as well as spiritual qualifications of the highest kind, and a mind capable of appreciating true eloquence, and discerning the tinsel rhetoric which often usurps its place. Some preparations have, it has been understood, been made at times by men well qualified for the task; but they have desisted and left it unfinished, and the work has yet to be accomplished.

The New Testament abounds with intimations sufficiently distinct as to the *nature of preaching*, whether public or private. Perhaps the Sermon on the Mount may not have been meant for imitation. The method and the circumstances were peculiar, such as cannot return; but the address in the synagogue at Nazareth was delivered under circumstances such as occur every Lord's day amongst ourselves. A congregation assembles for Divine worship; a passage from the Book of the Law is read; the Preacher takes it for his text, and delivers an address or sermon which was no doubt intended, not only to benefit the hearers, but to serve as a model for Preachers to the end of time. We cannot but be struck with the manner in which perfect wisdom here accommodates itself to man's capacity, and thus, as it were, meets human wisdom when at its highest stretch. The perfection of the rhetorical art is taught in the few "gracious words" which then proceeded from the Saviour's lips. We have, first, *an introduction of the subject*, and one which, familiar as it has now become, must at that moment have surprised and arrested the attention of every hearer: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Secondly, the Lord proceeds *to obviate objections;* and in doing so, He first vindicates His own mission by several distinct arguments: as that "no Prophet is accepted in his own country;" a truth which it seems had passed into a proverb, and which, therefore, none of His hearers would contradict; then, that His mission was in accordance with God's conduct as revealed in their own Scriptures; and, therefore, thirdly, that His refusal to gratify them with a miracle afforded no ground of objection to His claims. And all along there was an under-current of *application to the conscience*, not reserved till the conclusion, but running through the whole. Self-righteousness was the one besetting sin of the hearers, and our Lord selected His instances so as to probe them to the quick. He had wrought amazing miracles in Capernaum; He had rendered Galilee illustrious by His presence; but He had hitherto neglected Nazareth, His birthplace. Would He not now retrieve the reputation of His native town, and signalize His visit to Nazareth with mighty works, which should cast those of Capernaum into the shade? By no means: His kingdom did not thus come by observation; He had a right to claim in Nazareth, from the holiness of His well-known life, an attention and respect which Capernaum was not prepared to render. And, besides, His Father's method had been, to give signal instances of miraculous intervention, not to those most highly favoured with previous opportunities of knowledge, but to the despised sinners of the Gentiles. So Elijah was sent to a Sidonian widow, though there were many widows in Israel; and Elisha to Naaman the Syrian leper, though many a son of Abraham suffered from the same complaint. We should have been satisfied that the Lord's address must have been a perfect model, had we possessed no means of forming a judgment upon it; but these means are placed within our reach, and invite our devout attention; and we may now venture, without irreverence, to say that we possess in the sermon of Nazareth, the scheme and outline of a heart-searching sermon. Like that of Stephen, it appears to have been cut short abruptly by the ungovernable rage of the hearers, who felt that every word exposed their pride and their hypocrisy.

St. Paul's sermon at Athens is the most complete study we have of a Christian oration from the lips of an

Apostle. Whether it was the result of previous thought and preparation, or whether the Apostle cast himself upon God, and spoke unprepared words as the Spirit gave him utterance, the speech itself is equally important to us; and it is a model to all Preachers. Here there is: first, an exordium, delicate and appropriate, taken from the events of the hour and the surrounding scene. Secondly, and naturally arising out of this, a statement of all the great primary truths on which heathenism doubted, and of which men baptized into the name of Christ, and professing to be His Ministers, begin to doubt once more,—the unity of God, the spirituality of the Divine nature, and, consequently, the sin and folly of idol-worship; creation the work of God; the whole human race the family of God; a superintending Providence; a future judgment; Christ Jesus the ordained of God, proven such already by the fact of His resurrection from the dead. The scheme is complete: though again the speaker was cut short by the impatience of an angry congregation; and we are left to imagine how the Apostle might have closed. How solemn, how respectful, how full of unaffected love, would have been the peroration of such a discourse! We can hardly believe that Athens would endorse the Corinthian indictment, and say that Paul's presence was mean, and his speech contemptible.

From the Reformation to the present time, the history of preaching, treated in the smallest compass, would fill a large volume. And it would show that the best times, both for Church and State, have been those in which the pulpit has been most effective. The pulpit has always been the index of national progress as well as of spiritual life; always feeble or vigorous, as the age has been manly or effeminate, and as constitutional liberty has receded or advanced. Spiritual religion has never been known to flourish under tame pulpit-ministrations, when sacred eloquence decayed. We are not even disposed to except the stormy period in the seventeenth century, when the pulpit was made the "drum ecclesiastic." These were, at least, days of great national vigour, and of religious energy and life. The principles of good government, and the conditions within which it can exist, were not yet known; and the Clergy for a time shared the enthusiasm, sometimes the madness, of the people. But, upon the whole, their influence was good; and we must not suppose that, even in the worst days, raving fanatics, like Hugh Peters, were to be found in many parishes. Such a history as we contemplate would prove again that revivals of pure religion have invariably begun from the pulpit; or, at least, been sustained, their zeal directed, and their false enthusiasm chastened by the preaching of the word. In short, if there are some painful instances in which Scriptural and able Preachers, wise and holy men, have seen little fruit of their labours, there are absolutely none in which the piety of churches or congregations has borne up, even for ten years together, in the absence of a faithful Preacher. The spirits of God's children droop, and the progress of His work ceases. The tree may not have borne fruit, though planted in the true vineyard, and watered with the pure word: but when the watering ceased, all the trees alike gave symptoms of distress, while no fresh plants sprung up; the water-courses were dry, and the land was barren.

Anecdotes.

THE VERSE OF A HYMN.

What a dreadful day was the 14th of September, 1796, for the small Hessian town of Lisberg, built on the wooden heights of the Vogelsberg! Between nine and ten o'clock at night, five hundred fugitives of the French army, which had just been defeated by the Archduke Charles, fled through the city, breathing vengeance. They shot the worthy old Pastor of the town, who on his knees begged for mercy; and after they had destroyed, murdered, and plundered for many hours, they set fire to the town at all points, so that fifty-eight dwellings were burned to the ground. On the slope of

the hill, outside the town, there stood a cottage, within which sat a mother at the bed of her sick child. From fear of endangering the life of her darling, she would not, in the cold September day, flee with it into the woods, as most of the inhabitants had done. But now, when the firing and murdering began in the place, and the smoke of the burning houses came down from the hill into the valley, the poor lone woman was fearful unto death; she bolted the door of the cottage, and threw herself on her knees in prayer beside the cradle of her child. Thus she remained a long time, trembling as she listened to the cry of rage of the soldiers, and the agonizing shrieks of their victims, when her door at last was struck by the butt-end of a musket; old and dilapidated as it was, it quickly flew open, and a Frenchman dashed furiously in, pointing his bayonet at the horrified woman. Pale as death, the frightened mother laid her hands over the child, and, with a voice of despair, she prayed aloud the eighth verse of Gerhardt's hymn, beginning, "Now all the woods are resting;" viz,—

"My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe shelter'd by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O! let him never harm me;
But still Thine angels round me sing."

Suddenly the soldier lowered his deadly weapon, stepped to the cradle, and laid his rough hand softly on the child's head; his lips moved as if in prayer, and heavy tear-drops fell over his bearded face; then he gave his hand to the mother, and went away in silence. But when, after some time, she arose from her knees, and looked out of the little window, behold! there stood the Frenchman, his musket in his arm, under a pear-tree opposite the house-door. He had made himself the sentinel to protect the house and its inmates from all insult or harm. At last, when the whole troop, laden with booty, marched off, he left his post, with a greater treasure in his heart than his comrades in their sacks.

THE WOUNDED HIGHLAND CHIEF.

It is related of a certain Chief of the M'Gregors, a Highland clan who had warmly espoused the cause of the exiled Stuarts, that when advancing under the banners of Charles Edward against the English troops at Preston-Pans, in 1745, he was struck to the ground by two balls from the enemy. The M'Gregor clan, seeing their loved Chieftain fall, began to waver; when the wounded Captain instantly raised himself upon his elbow, and, as the blood streamed from his wounds, exclaimed aloud: "I am not dead, my children: I am looking at you, to see if you do your duty."

Young Christians, you who are just buckling on the armour of the Gospel ministry, as you go forth to battle with the hosts of darkness, if ever your hearts falter or your faith give way, if ever your spiritual adversaries should seem to gain a temporary advantage, remember that the Master whom you serve, and who is at once "your Saviour and your Captain," is not dead, but alive; and that, from His throne on high, "He is looking at you, to see if you do your duty."

The Portfolio.

WHICH WAY DOES THE TREE LEAN?

"If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." (Eccles. xi. 3.) There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans. And the great question which everyone ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this: What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or from Him?—*J. J. Gurney.*

THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is

only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

Memorials of the Departed.

There have been many worthy men in the church of God who have glided noiselessly through life, have attracted but little attention while they lived, and yet have left behind them a character unstained, and an influence for good, by which, "though dead," they "yet speak." We feel when they are gone, that we loved them more than we were aware, and wonder that their varied virtues were not more fully recognised, and more highly prized. Such a man was Mr. Robert Jackson, of Ballymagarney, in the Portadown Circuit, who died January 6th, 1859, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. When but a young man, he was united in marriage with her who is now his sorrowing widow; and both having been soon after converted to God, they determined unitedly to tread the narrow path. This, by Divine grace, they were happily enabled to do. The family-altar was erected; a holy example was shown; and their numerous family were brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And the result of parental faithfulness was most pleasing. Five died, in early life, triumphing in their Saviour. Three are serving their father's God in a distant land. And those who still remain in their native country, happily experience the power of true religion. Our deceased friend was remarkably diligent in business, and was well known for his thorough integrity and uprightness. For many years Mr. Jackson was a Class-Leader in the Wesleyan-Methodist Society; the section of the Christian church which he made his early choice, and to which he was devotedly attached. His course was calm and even; he spoke more by example than by precept. A natural timidity, over which he often mourned, made him less active than some others; but his influence was very helpful to the cause he loved, and his steadiness and consistency made it to be regarded with respect and confidence wherever he was known. His last affliction was tedious and trying; but his patience during it was calculated most happily to exhibit the sustaining power of true religion. And he departed in peaceful triumph, leaving behind him "a good name," which is "rather to be chosen than great riches." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Mr. James Metcalf was born near Barnard-Castle, in 1801. His parents were members of the Methodist Society. His father died when he was only ten years of age. He received his first religious impressions from his mother; and, in after-days, he often recalled her prayers to his mind, when far from home, and far from God, which produced convictions in his mind of his sinful state; but these he stifled, resolving at some future time to be a Christian. He was married in his twenty-seventh year to her who now survives and mourns for him, as her faithful and affectionate husband. At one time he was accustomed to attend, with his wife, a meeting for worship held by the Independents, in the neighbourhood near where he lived. One Sabbath he was betrayed into going to the meeting in the evening in a state of intoxication; but this was his last violated Sabbath, and he never after was intoxicated; and long and bitterly did he lament going to the house of prayer under the influence of drink. A few days after this he was visited with severe affliction; and, at the same time, with powerful conviction of sin. The remembrance of his sins, and his mother's prayers, caused him to sustain a heavy burden; he was almost in despair. In this state he warned his children not to follow his evil example, for he had neglected his mother's counsel, and was about to die and go to hell. He was very anxious for religious persons to visit and pray with him; and, as he slowly recovered from his affliction, his spiritual distress increased. One night he rose from his

bed, and, kneeling, offered up strong cries and tears for mercy. On rising, he exclaimed, "I can go to bed happy now:" he had found pardon and peace. On his recovery, he dedicated himself to God. The change was great and decided; and, like Joshua, he resolved, "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." He made no compromise with sin, but gave up everything that bore the appearance of evil. Almost his first act was to burn two packs of cards, which had been used in his favourite pastime. He commenced family-worship morning and evening. He soon joined the Wesleyan Society; and though the sanctuary was four miles distant, neither distance, weather, nor business hindered him from attending the means of grace; inviting all he met with to accompany him. His conversation was with grace, seasoned with salt. When in company, if the conversation was worldly, or on subjects he disapproved, he would remain silent, or take his Bible and read. If the conversation was unprofitable, when journeying with others to the house of the Lord, he would commence singing a hymn. He was faithful in reproving sin. He was consistent in his profession, upright in his dealings, and zealous for the Lord of Hosts. A year before his death he was attacked with cancer in the throat, which occasioned intense suffering; but this was borne with exemplary patience. Only once was he heard to murmur; and then he exclaimed, "The Lord pardon me! He sweat drops of blood for me." When visited by kind friends, he thought it strange they should pity him. Hearing one say, "Poor James!" he said, "Poor James is happy." To another he said, "Tell them at Gainford, James is on the Rock." "My Jesus is mine, and I am His; I have given Him my heart." A few months before his death, he lost a beloved daughter. He had told her he should soon follow; and, in allusion to this, he said to his wife, "Mary is in heaven; I am going. Mind and prove faithful, and no doubt we shall all meet there." The conversion of his wife and three children were the result of his example and instrumentality. The nature of his complaint rendered it almost impossible for him to converse the last few days; and, after intense suffering, he calmly breathed his last. After nineteen years faithfully following Christ on earth, his happy and sanctified spirit was removed to be with Christ in heaven, January 13th, 1859.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Gibbs, Sarah,	Portland,	Portland,	85	Aug. 2d, 1861.
Guy, William,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	25	Jan. 25th, 1861.
Lamb, Mrs. G.,	Loddon,	Bungay,	58	April 22d, 1861.
Marwood, John,	Portland,	Portland,	60	July 7th, 1861.
Maud, John,	Howden,	Howden,	43	Aug. 2d, 1861.
Olivey, Catharine,	Trewithian,	St. Mawes,	65	April 21st, 1861.
Scarf, Mrs. Susanna,	Little Waldingfield,	Bury St. Edmund's,	54	July 9th, 1861.
Smeth, Elizabeth,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	55	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Steele, Mrs. Ann,	Cockermouth,	Cockermouth,	82	Aug. 12th, 1861.
Tattersall, Martha,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	65	July 25th, 1861.
Warnes, Mary Eliza,	Rumburgh,	Bungay,	30	June 5th, 1861.
Wilkinson, Christiana,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	59	June 26th, 1861.

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THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

WINTER VIEW.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

(*Concluded from page* 291.)

The engineering difficulties with which Mr. Stephenson had to contend were of a very formidable character, and such as were unknown to English topography and climate. Indeed at first the idea of bridging the St. Lawrence was laughed at as a wild dream of the imagination. The first who advocated its practicability in the columns of the Canadian press, and at the Board of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway Company, was the Hon. John Young, of Montreal. His views were confirmed by Mr. Morton, C. E., who surveyed the site of the bridge, and by Mr. Keeper, another engineer of colonial experience and celebrity. In 1852 the project was seriously entertained by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, who engaged Robert Stephenson as chief engineer, and under him Mr. Ross. One great difficulty in the way of its construction was the width, depth, and volume of the St. Lawrence. "I had been here twenty years before," said Stephenson, at a banquet in Montreal, "and the St. Lawrence seemed to me like a sea, and I certainly never thought of bridging it." But the great difficulty to be met in the construction of the bridge arose from the periodical "packing and shoring" of the ice. In no part of the course of the St. Lawrence is this process so grandly and powerfully displayed, as in the neighbourhood of Montreal. There the masses of ice, accumulated to a prodigious extent, are propelled by the violence of the current with a force apparently irresistible. Occasionally the ice has been pushed up the banks of the river, invading fields and gardens, piling itself up by the sides of houses, and breaking in at the windows of the upper stories, and even sometimes when it has struck buildings at a certain angle, and with a certain force, turning them over "like a house of cards." For the protection of Montreal a "revetment-wall," of cut-limestone, has been built to the height of twenty-three feet above the level of the river. These mighty and dangerous forces had to be taken into account in the construction of the piers of the Victoria Bridge; and, accordingly, "each pier is furnished with a solid cut-water, or ice-breaker, which forms a portion of the pier itself. They are of a wedge form, and slope from their foundations upwards, terminating in an angle thirty feet above the summer level of the river."

The contractors for this stupendous work were the celebrated firm of Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts. In executing it they had to use all manner of colossal machinery;—"coffer-dams;" "floating-dams;" "centrifugal pumps," capable of throwing 800 gallons a minute; "compound derricks," capable of "handling" stones eleven tons in weight; "steam-travellers," and "portable furnaces." With these, and other great mechanical forces, they successfully wrought out the grand idea of Stephenson, by rearing up the magnificent Victoria Bridge.

The first stone of the first pier was laid in 1854, and the bridge was formally opened by the Prince of Wales in 1860; exactly a century after Canada had come into the possession of the British crown. In the year 1759 the gallant Wolfe captured Quebec, and fell fighting at the head of his

army. The year following the whole of Canada was surrendered to the British. It was well for the material as for the religious interests of the country that this transfer was accomplished. The French have miserably failed in the work of colonization when compared with the more energetic and enterprising English. To this day the contrast between the French *habitans* of Lower Canada, and the British colonists by whom they are surrounded, is most striking. The former are mostly uneducated and Priest-ridden, inert, and rooted immovably to their original settlements; whilst the latter, with the vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race, are forming new settlements, felling forests, building cities, and moving the whole colony with active industry and indomitable enterprise. To this class of the people of Canada, aided by the genius, skill, and capital of the mother country, the colony is indebted for the magnificent Victoria Bridge. Had its erection depended upon the Canadians of French descent, it would, doubtless, have remained to this day as unsubstantial as a poet's dream.

The effect of this bridge upon the commercial prosperity of Canada must be greatly beneficial. The system of railways, laid down in this prosperous colony, needed for their perfect efficiency that the St. Lawrence should be bridged. Until this was accomplished the great chain was broken; but now the connecting link is supplied, and means of transit, direct and uninterrupted, are supplied to the open sea, and thence to England and the world. Thus also intercourse is established between British America and the United States, to their mutual advantage. Without the Grand Trunk Railway and the Victoria Bridge, Canada possessed, as the gift of nature, the river St. Lawrence, with all its commerical capabilities. This majestic stream, descending from the far-off sources of the Kaministiquia and St. Louis, and passing through Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods, rolls into the great inland sea, Lake Superior, and thence into Lakes Michigan and Huron; after rushing through Lake St. Clair, it traverses Lake Erie, from which it is precipitated over the falls of Niagara into Lake Ontario. Leaving this last of the lakes, it rolls on with greatly increased volume; and, spreading into a magnificent estuary, it finds its way by the circling shores of the "Thousand Islands" to the all-absorbing sea! This extended river-thread, beaded with beautiful lakes, affords inestimable advantages and facilities for trade, and makes the St. Lawrence the great commercial artery of North America. One great disadvantage it had, severely felt in an age of mercantile despatch and competition. In a country of great extremes of temperature, where in winter the thermometer is sometimes 40° below zero, its waters are periodically fast-bound in frost, to the complete, and occasionally protracted, interruption of its navigation. This great commercial disadvantage is now remedied by the establishment of railways, and the erection of the Victoria Bridge. Canada is no longer isolated during six months of the year; but is in a position to compete with her energetic neighbours, the people of the United States, all the year round.

It appears, then, that we of the present can build as well as the

ancients. Our architecture, moreover, is more utilitarian in its design than theirs. The Victoria Bridge, unlike the Colossus of Rhodes, answers some practical end. The Brunels and the Stephensons of England, employed by joint-stock companies looking for dividends, have upreared buildings more serviceable to society than the pyramid-builders of Egypt with the rich exchequer of the Pharaohs at their back. Or if in any instance utility has been unrealized,—as in the case of the Thames Tunnel,—it has been through a miscalculation of the end. The ancient Romans, it is true, in the erection of aqueducts, had a beneficial end in view; although, if they had had a better knowledge of hydrostatics, that might have been accomplished by easier and less expensive means. In the matter of importance, the *Pont du Gard*—the most gigantic relic which time has spared of the engineering skill of the Romans—can scarcely compare with the Crumlin Viaduct in Wales, or the High-Level Bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The Victoria Bridge was called upon soon after its completion to make some return for the £1,400,000 which Peto, Brassey, and Betts received for its construction. Accordingly, during the first five nights after it had been opened for traffic, there passed over it 162 cars, containing 11,723 barrels of flour, 1,552 barrels of pork, 140 bales of cotton, and 110 tons of general goods. From east to west there passed 130 cars, containing 534 tons of general goods, 170 tons of iron, and 39,000 feet of "lumber." This is significant enough. "Here we have evidence," says a leading newspaper, "that the corn-growers, the provision-merchants, and the cotton-planters of the United States, are ready and eager to avail themselves of this opening for traffic. On the other hand, and on the Canadian side, all persons engaged in the timber and iron trades, and, as we may presume, the general merchants in the mother country, are nothing loth to meet the producers of the Union half-way."

Whilst the Victoria Bridge is intensely utilitarian in its object, it is no less a curiosity and a wonder. It is rather remarkable that the St. Lawrence, already famous for the greatest waterfall, the huge Niagara, should now be celebrated for the most magnificent bridge. Thus that majestic river can now present to the tourist the greatest wonder in nature, and the greatest triumph in art.

Great as are the works of man, what are they when compared with the works of God presented in nature, or wrought by miracle? When He would bring His people into the promised land, He needed none of the appliances of human science; no pontoon, or Britannia or Victoria bridges. When the feet of the Priests touched the Jordan, "the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap: . . . . and those that came down toward the sea, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho!" So was it forty years previously at the Red Sea. "What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?"

T. M'C.

THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE.

1 Kings xxi. 1—25.

Much as people commonly pride themselves in the possession of any worldly property, it often happens that, instead of a blessing, it is altogether a curse. It involves so many anxieties, it occasions so much feverish excitement, and the heart is so apt to be set upon it, that it almost invariably hinders the higher and permanent interests of the possessor; while in multitudes of cases it wholly engrosses the time and energies which are supremely due to God, the soul, and eternity. And, even without reference to these paramount considerations, a "possession" in the "good things" of this world, instead of promoting the owner's comfort, may destroy it, by awakening solicitudes that sleep not, and fears which are never laid. If his property be large, he will be envied by the indigent many; and if small, it may still provoke the cupidity of the grasping few. It offers, in either case, a lure to the midnight ruffian,—the thief, or the assassin; and it will be eyed by another class of robbers, who, by craft, deceit, or law, perverted from its purpose, may attempt to seize it by the light of day. On these and other grounds, many a man of property would be far happier without it. It was so in the case of Naboth. It does not appear that he had more than one small vineyard, which he inherited from his fathers. It lay contiguous to a palace; and commanded a fair view of that costly pile, and of the well-kept grounds around it. He probably prided himself in this circumstance, and derived pecuniary profit from it. The court and the aristocracy would offer a full demand and remunerative prices for its produce. But, as the sequel shows, it proved a snare, in which his life was taken. He little thought, as he paced his vineyard, and looked occasionally over the hedge into the royal pleasure-grounds, that the eyes of him who owned that rich demesne sometimes peered over the same enclosure, and envied his little all.

Ahab, the worst of the Kings of Israel, had recently returned from Aphek, flushed with the glory of two decisive victories over Benhadad and thirty-two confederate Kings. He had just been reprimanded by a Prophet, in God's name, for abusing the advantages he had won in the battle-field. He had gone into his house, "heavy and displeased" with God, the Prophet, and everyone but himself; and while one day walking in the palace-grounds, in that unhappy mood, he cast again an evil eye upon the vineyard of his neighbour. He did not want it for a "vineyard;" but it would make a convenient kitchen-garden, of which he thought he had greater need. He went and sought out Naboth, or summoned him into his presence, saying, "Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs." In making this proposal, he violated at once the tenth commandment, and one of the peculiar laws of Israel, which prohibited the estrangement of anyone's inheritance. God had said, "The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is Mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me." "The inheritance of the children

of Israel shall not remove from tribe to tribe." Nothing could be clearer than the law relating to this subject. An inheritance might, in necessitous cases, be rented out or mortgaged; but in every case it was to revert to the original owner, or his heir, at the next jubilee. Naboth, therefore, however willing to gratify the King, was shut up to this only answer, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

This gives us the highest view of the integrity and piety of Naboth. He might have made what worldlings call an advantageous bargain; for Ahab, in his eagerness to possess the vineyard, would have gone to almost any price. But, though placed by his proposal in a great strait, he did not hesitate a moment betwixt right and wrong. Conscience immediately carries the question against worldly policy. He cannot gratify the King without grieving God. He may not part with his inheritance in the promised land, lest he should thereby forfeit his interest in that better land which Canaan did but typify. His answer is that of one who feels that, come what may, he must obey God rather than man; and sooner than sin, will suffer. A better King than Ahab would have recognised and rewarded his magnanimity. Had he taken him up to ride with him in his chariot, the Prince would have been honoured by the presence of the plebeian. But Ahab had no mind to distinguish merit, no heart to acknowledge goodness. He resents the refusal of his subject as a gross affront. He goes again into his house "heavy and displeased." He did not, as we might have thought, order Naboth's instant apprehension. Though sold to work evil, he had not sufficient energy of purpose to display the cherished wickedness of his heart in decisive action.

> "He lived a coward in his own esteem,
> Letting, 'I dare not,' wait upon, 'I would.'"

There was, nevertheless, a profundity of pride, and hate, and meanness in him, which seethed and, no doubt, boiled over in passionate expressions of rage and disappointment, making him more like a maniac than a monarch; till, on returning from Jezreel to Samaria, his head-quarters, in a fit of childish sullenness, he threw himself "upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread."

What a lesson is here read to us on the subject of covetousness! We know from Ahab's high position as head of the state, that all his real wants were abundantly provided for; yet such was the depravity of his heart, that plenty itself was not plentiful enough for him, nor luxury sufficiently luxurious. He made for himself an imaginary want, to gratify which he was prepared to blast for ever the joy of a poor man's cottage. Let no one think himself beyond the reach of danger from this quarter; and let few consider themselves guiltless of this sin. Martin Luther did not hesitate to say, that "he never had any covetousness in him, ever since he was born;" but the experience of all mankind beside must lead us to suspect that, for once at least, he overweened in his opinion of himself. It is a sin not merely of individuals, but of the race.

It is one of the many ingredients in that cup of corruption which is handed down from Adam to all his seed, and of which we are all partakers. Of the ancient Jews it was said, "From the least of them even to the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness." "They sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." They "joined house to house, and laid field to field, until there was no place." They "enlarged their desires as hell." They were "as death, and could not be satisfied." And as we have heard so have we seen. Who regards what he has as sufficient? Who has no desires for something more? Avarice is insatiable. The more it eats, the more it hungers. If a man has one house, he covets two, then ten, then twenty. If possessed of a thousand pounds, he desires ten, then fifty, then a hundred thousand. If he has a palace, a kingdom, and a royal revenue, he still may pine for a kitchen-garden. One has riches but not rank, and sighs for a high-sounding title. Another has rank but not riches, and longs for deeper coffers, and for broader acres. Others are disquieted for the want of some dress, some ornament, some amusement, some appointment or post of honour. They do not need it, and yet they pine for it with all the force of an ungovernable passion. If the object is beyond their reach, they are dispirited and low, like Ahab; and say, in their despondency, "And I, what have I more?" "What good shall my life do me?" "Give it, give it, or else I die." Or perhaps, this baneful passion is associated with an indomitable self-will, and leads them to lengths more fearful. Their sullenness rises into rage. They brood over their disappointment till they hate whatever opposes. They plot to carry their purpose, regardless of right and reason. They harbour dark thoughts of revenge. They neither fear God nor regard man. Indescribably happier than any of these is the man to whom "Christ is all," and though he may truly say,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain."

Naboth refused to treat with Ahab for the transfer of his humble patrimony. It had come down to him intact through twenty generations. It was sacred from the memory of his fathers, who had paced its walks, and made up its hedges, and tilled its soil, and gleaned its grapes before him. Besides, it was secured to his own posterity by a solemn law of the theocracy. He could not, therefore, and he would not, sell it. But Ahab was "heavy and displeased." So inordinate was his desire for this one thing, that it poisoned his enjoyment of all things else. He had so pampered his guilty passion, that it was now triumphantly ascendant. He was wholly under its power, like a man in the grasp of a giant. It had fully engrossed his being, and completely paralysed his powers of resistance. Because he might not walk at his will in Naboth's vineyard,

he neglected his rich estates. So mortified was he by the refusal of his subject, and that a subject should teach him law, that he could not face his friends for very shame. Because denied the "herbs" he hoped to gather from his neighbour's garden, he loathed the luxuries of the palace-table.

A mind like that of Ahab is always peculiarly open to suggestions of evil; and when it is in the mood in which we here find that miserable monarch, the tempter commands an influence which is truly terrible. He who tempted Eve to tempt Adam, now tempts Jezebel to tempt Ahab. He well knew from that first fact in the history of human frailty, how effectually "a help meet" may help him to hinder her husband's virtue, and to accomplish his destruction. Of all his agencies, since the world began, few have been so disastrously successful as wilful, intriguing women. Adam, but for Eve, might have continued to abstain from the forbidden fruit. But for Rebekah, Jacob would not have deceived his dying father, and stolen his brother's blessing. If Samson had not

> "—divulged the secret gift of God
> To a deceitful woman,"

he would not have fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Herod would not have beheaded John the Baptist but for his unlawful wife, Herodias. And had not Jezebel "stirred up" Ahab, he would not have dared to countenance the horrible crimes which followed. She came to him where he lay, and taunted him with his cowardice, and suggested a feasible plot; and thus

> "Screw'd up his courage to the sticking-place."

But for this, he might have gone to a quiet grave, unstained with the guilt of blood. "But Jezebel his wife came to him, and said unto him, Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?" Ahab's answer to this question is another proof of his utter, ingrained meanness. He whines like a corrected schoolboy, and misstates the case maliciously. "Because I spake unto Naboth the Jezreelite, and said unto him, Give me thy vineyard for money; or else, if it please thee, I will give thee another vineyard for it: and he answered, I will not give thee my vineyard." He represents his own part in the business as all that was fair and honourable; and that of Naboth, as all that was vulgar and contumacious. But such is the way of the wicked. They wrested the words of David; and they are always ready to pervert and misconstrue the clearest, kindest, and most courteous language of the righteous who oppose them in their course of evil, or forewarn them of their danger. Jezebel, instead of temperately remonstrating with the unreasoning rage of Ahab, blows the coals of his desires, and pours oil into the flame. She gives way to a headlong passion. She despises her pusillanimous husband. She is not so much indignant that a subject should insult his sovereign, as that the sovereign should so demean himself. "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel?" she exclaims. "Art thou or is Naboth king?

Has he thus offended, and does he yet survive? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard." There was no imbecility or want of decision about Jezebel. Like others of her sex of superior will and energy, she was virtually king and queen, lord and lady at one time.

How commanding, for good or evil, is the influence of a wife! If she possesses her unquestionable right, the undivided love and the unrestricted confidence of her husband, it must inevitably be great; and it may be capable of indefinite expansion. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." So the wise man said, and none of his saws are wiser; provided, always, that she is selected from among the virtuous. If the husband be a man of a turbulent spirit, her quietness may calm him; if covetous, she may open his soul to charity; if extravagant, she may restrain him; if malignant, she may pour water into the fire, and prevent the flames from breaking forth; if apt to misunderstand his neighbours, she may make abundant excuses for them, and preserve their harmony unbroken. Verily, he that findeth such a wife "findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." But none will say that Delilah, and Herodias, and Jezebel were "good things." When anyone makes choice of a vicious woman for the companion of his bosom, he finds a curse, and not a blessing. She will embitter and darken his days in this world; and, in all likelihood, she will make his future condemnation and misery sure. When that which in itself is supremely amiable is utterly perverted from its proper purpose, it becomes supremely odious. And when woman, who was designed to be man's chief created blessing, becomes "his counsellor to do wickedly," and fearlessly leads the way, she fully vindicates the poet's paradox,—

"A shameless woman is the worst of men;"

and proves an unmingled bane. Should the husband of such a wife be pious, under her influence he may become profane; if generous, she may make him miserly; if peaceable and unsuspecting, she may ruffle and enrage him, and involve him in constant quarrels. She may change a very Barnabas into "a son of Belial," who cannot be spoken to. Where the husband and the wife are alike unprincipled, they will feed the vanity and inflame the passions of each other. They will make extravagance more excessive; covetousness more stingy; indifference more stolid; malice more malignant; and vice, in general, still more vicious. A sinner, by marrying a sinner, becomes fourfold strong in sin; and a believer, by marrying an unbeliever, steps presumptuously on a road which will probably lead him back to the regions of unbelief. The case of Ahab is a standing warning against all such alliances. Youthful reader! behold his grim memorial, and commit to memory his inspired epitaph:—"There was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."

To carry out her plot, Jezebel wrote letters, in Ahab's name, to the rulers of Jezreel, informing them that Naboth was a dangerous neigh-

bour; directing them to proclaim a fast, to avert some judgment which, she intimated, threatened their city, in consequence of his crimes; and requiring them to bribe false witnesses, and to condemn and execute him without hearing him in his own defence. And what a view it gives us of the depravity of the times, when we read that such an order, by such a body of men, was literally executed! Doeg butchered in cold blood for Saul, and Jeffreys for James of England; and other tyrannical princes have not lacked instruments to accomplish their bloody pleasure: but Jezebel found "the elders and the nobles" of Jezreel all men after her own heart, and ready to her purpose. Fasting is an immemorial sign of sorrow on account of sin, and Jezebel meant it so; but the proclamation of this fast was the broadest, blackest blasphemy. Its apparent object was to impress the people with the atrocious Ahab's new-found zeal for God; but it was really to fabricate a pretence for robbery and murder. A righteous man must be put to death "for righteousness' sake!" And such scenes have been enacted since. The crucifixion of Jesus, the stoning of Stephen, the Popish persecutions, and many an act of violence in some Reformed churches, will at once be thought of. But let us not neglect to look nearer home. He who wears the mask of right, the more successfully to do wrong; he who avails himself of the protection of some more than questionable law, to evade the payment of an honest debt; he who cloaks himself with religion for any selfish ends; he who, pretending great zeal for God, or for any particular virtue, gives way to evil-surmising, evil-speaking, and all uncharitableness,—all these, though they may profess to be serving Christ, are only leaning on His arm, while they "bow down in the house of Rimmon," and "worship there." All these are the fellow-sinners of Jezebel and Ahab.

The news of Naboth's execution speedily flies to Samaria; and Jezebel, exulting in the success of her diabolical project, repairs with the horrid comfort to the bedside of her dejected husband. "Arise," said she, "take possession of the vineyard; for Naboth is not alive, but dead." Overjoyed with the intelligence, Ahab addresses himself to the journey, goes down in state, (2 Kings ix. 25, 26,) and takes possession. He lingers long in the coveted enclosure, and feels with joy that at last it is his own for ever. He hears not the innocent blood which reeks in the morning sun, and cries aloud for vengeance. He admires the fruits and flowers, without observing that they hang their heads, as if mourning for their master. He forgets that Naboth was, that God is, and that the future will be. But suddenly he hears the sound of approaching footsteps. He lifts his eyes, and sees through the quivering vine-leaves a man in a hairy garment, with a girdle of leather about his loins. A simple, humble, powerless man he seems; but a guilty conscience is its own accuser; and Ahab would sooner confront again the two-and-thirty confederate Kings on the field of Aphek, than encounter that piercing eye. "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" he exclaims; and stern and terrible is the answer: "I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the

sight of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." "Of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel;" and of their whole male posterity, "Him that dieth of Ahab in the city the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat."

"Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth." God does not commonly deal with men in this life according to their deserts. Might triumphs over right; cunning carries it against conscience; the good are starved by the greedy; the righteous are punished for the wicked; the judge upon the bench is sometimes a greater wretch than the prisoner at the bar; and numbers who join the crowd around the place of execution are far less fit to live than he who ignominiously dies. These things may not remain for ever. It shall, one day, be well with *all* the righteous, and ill with *all* the wicked. The pious poor have often been chased to death for refusing to defile their consciences; but there, with them the tragedy was over; and O how glorious the sequel of their story! They have now a "portion" on which no Ahab can fasten an evil eye, and of which no Jezebel can ever dispossess them. And all "who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality," shall inherit "eternal life."

> "Death cannot come
> To him untimely who is fit to die:
> The less of this poor world, the more of heaven!"

"But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath." In due time dogs licked up the blood of Ahab, and ate the flesh of Jezebel, and vengeance overtook all their accursed seed. And as surely as a man makes God his enemy, "God will pour out the fury of His wrath upon him." A day approaches when vice will have its full deserts. The guilty shall be covered with shame; the unjust judge shall himself be judged; and "tribulation and anguish" will be the eternal portion of "every soul of man that doeth evil."

Bodmin. S. W.

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, the Christian poet and country Pastor of most saintly memory, was born in the castle of Montgomery, in Wales, in the year 1593. He was of illustrious descent. His mother, beautiful, wise, and good, was left a widow with seven sons and three daughters, to whose training she devoted herself. She is said to have acted with such tenderness towards her children, that they feared her displeasure more than her correction. For twelve years her son George was educated under her own eye, and he ever through life had great reverence and love for her. He was sent to Westminster school, and his great progress in learning won for him the high esteem of his tutors, while his winning manners endeared him to his companions. From boyhood his life is said to have been "a ministration of purity and peace." His mother felt great anxiety, on his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, that his

simplicity and excellence should remain unspoiled, and earnestly did she beseech the Master of the College to have a watchful eye upon him; a trust he faithfully fulfilled. The poetic genius of her son was early developed. We find him at the age of seventeen thus writing to his mother with some verses: "For my own part, my meaning is, in these sonnets, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." His charming biographer, Izaak Walton, says, that in the morning of his short day of life he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, especially to his brethren of the clergy. He took high honours, and from Bachelor of Arts rose to be the University Orator. He was now twenty-five years of age, a highly accomplished scholar and linguist.

If he had a failing in the eyes of his tutors, it appears to have been a pride of birth and character, and a taste for costly attire. He was a great lover of music, and a proficient in it; this was his diversion in intervals of study: it appears to have had through life a sanctifying rather than a dissipating influence upon him. He used to say "That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raise his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven." He was greatly tempted to exceed his income in the purchase of books, yet he appears never to have incurred debt. In the "Church Porch," a poem full of quaint and pithy counsel, he writes,—

"By no means run in debt, take thine own measure;
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year
Cannot on forty; he 's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear."

On his appointment as Orator, he had an early occasion of distinguishing himself. King James sent a copy of his works to the Universities. The letter of acknowledgment of the honour from Cambridge was written by Herbert: it was in such admirable Latin, and so commended itself to the taste of the King, that he asked of the Earl of Pembroke, his kinsman, that he might know and love the writer, for he took him to be the gem of the University. He grew rapidly in the royal favour, and was much at Court. He also formed a friendship with the great Lord Bacon, and other distinguished characters. It will be no matter of surprise, with his taste for seeking his associates among his superiors in rank and learning, that he was dazzled for a time with Court-life, and tempted to seek promotion. His mother's earnest desire was that he should not leave the College unless to become a Minister of Christ,—her highest ambition for him. Walton refers to this period as one of great temptation and conflict to the young man of genius and courtly manners, who might reasonably hope to become Secretary of State as his predecessors had been: he also acknowledges the hand of God, who, by the death of the King, brought him to a pause, which ended in his entire consecration to God. He came to the resolve to enter the Church; and on being remonstrated with by a Court-friend not so to abase himself, he thus grandly replies: "It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth: and though the iniquity of the late times have made Clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of Priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to the glory of that God that gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian."

There is a letter addressed to his mother, in her last sickness, of great beauty and Christian power, which our readers will find in a subsequent page. She did not live to see his marriage and appointment to the living of Bemerton. Of this marriage Walton writes, "The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each others' mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition between them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with each other's desires." The idea of entering on the care of souls produced in him, he himself said, "such spiritual conflicts, as none can think but those who have endured them." On his induction, on being left alone to toll the bell, the prevailing custom of those times, he stayed so long, that a friend peeped in at a window and observed him lying prostrate on the ground in devotion. He said after, that he then laid down rules for his future life, and vowed before God to keep them. To impress on his mind the duties of his holy calling, he wrote a series of papers, collected after his death, and entitled, "The Country Parson."

A beautiful record of his sayings on his entrance on his living is preserved, when he contrasts the gilded pleasures of the world with that service which is fulness of joy, and dedicates himself to be a holy example of Christ's Ministers in an age when practical godliness was but little esteemed. He thus concludes, "I beseech God that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor. And I am so proud of His service, that I will always observe and obey, and do His will." He was thirty-six years old at this time, and but three years of life remained to him; a life, says Walton, "so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend it." His style was somewhat florid and oratorical, as all who know his poems will admit; and occasionally this defect depreciates their rich rare piety and originality. After the first sermon after this fashion, he makes a resolve to preach and teach in plain language. He was accustomed to catechise the congregation on the afternoon of Sunday, and to preach twice. He led a very holy life, and used to command his household after him in the fear of God. Twice in the day, he would toll his bell for worship in the adjoining chapel, to assemble his family; and both gentry and ploughmen would hearken to the call, and join the service. In holy ministrations, and in acts of unbounded beneficence, in which he was heartily joined by his wife, he passed his happy and blessed, but, alas! brief term of service, for "Jesus, his Master;" as he was wont ever to speak of Him, a model of the purest and highest order for Christ's Ministers. He was strict in keeping fasts and festivals, without any superstitious feeling. For the poor and aged he testified sweet sympathy; to the rich and noble he was faithful in counsel, and was beloved of all.

Herbert was never of a strong constitution; and he died of rapid decline, in the fortieth year of his age. Walton's account of his last days is very beautiful. The last Sabbath he passed on earth he requested to have his lute, on which he played, and sang a verse from his own poem, entitled "Sunday."

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King:
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

To a friend, he remarked, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful

God but sin and misery: but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter." He passed victoriously through a last conflict with the powers of darkness "by the merits of his Master, Jesus," and passed calmly away, to use his own words, "to dwell in the New Jerusalem; to dwell there with men made perfect; to dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour, Jesus."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.)

HERE is the nature of the Lord's Supper. It is not a *sacrifice*. The Romanists teach that it is; and hence they must have an altar in churches, and they must call their Ministers Priests. Now Christ, our sacrifice, is already offered for us; He, too, is our High Priest; and so we have no need of an altar, nor of Priests. An altar is for sacrifice, and it is the business of Priests to offer sacrifices: but we have none but spiritual sacrifices to offer,—the sacrifices of broken and contrite hearts, fervent prayers, holy praises, and devoted efforts in the cause of Christ, and to offer these all Christians are Priests. Hence this sacrament is not a sacrifice; there is no blood shed here; it is but a commemoration of the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice and oblation of Jesus, beside which there is no more offering for sin. Neither is this sacrament a *covenant*, except in a secondary sense. In it we do renew our covenant engagements, and renewedly declare our purpose to be wholly the Lord's. But this is not the chief design of the institution. It is a commemorative service. It is observed in remembrance of Christ. By it His death is shown forth; and this is done by appropriate and appointed emblems, bread and wine—bread broken, wine poured out—which are to be eaten and drunken by all the communicants, to show that we must receive Christ, and believe in Him, in order to be benefitted by Him. Then while you eat and drink remember your Lord; look through these emblems to His body broken, and His blood shed; and remember that although He is not corporeally present in these emblems, yet He is really, though spiritually, present. Realize His presence; look to Him with the eye of faith, and endeavour to draw from Him all that spiritual strength and nourishment which your soul needs, and without which your grace must languish and die.

There is nothing saving in itself in this sacrament. It does not change the heart; it does not purchase heaven; nor, of itself, can it fit us for heaven. Nay, we may so partake of it as to bring judgment upon ourselves, and be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. It is to be used as a means of grace, and is alike the privilege and the duty of all Christians to partake of it. That it is a privilege, the Christian feels; that it is a duty, the Scriptures teach, for Christ has commanded it.

VINEGAR AND HONEY.

STRANGE words sometimes express strange characteristics. Men are not constituted alike. They do not look alike, think alike, talk alike, act alike, even though they may be alike good at heart. Each is identified by his own peculiarities. We are no more mentally than physically the same.

Some men seem to have a temperament prevailingly sour, while others seem to be as uniformly sweet and loving. There is a more strange and perhaps more universal mingling of vinegar and honey in associated, active life, than in the condiments of the best furnished tables. Our churches partake

of it. A good man used often to say, "Brother C—— does not understand that he can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar." And yet this brother C—— had a great many very good things about him. He often spoke and prayed in the social meeting, and had a very easy command of language. So did Brother B—— speak, and perhaps with equal fluency. The tendencies of the former were to seize upon some defect in Christians, or some want of consistency in the brotherhood and sisterhood too, and deal out severe rebukes, and quote, if not the imprecations, the condemnations of the Scriptures against all that walked disorderly in the church. His manner was that of one finding fault, if not scolding. His face and looks would wear a frown rather than a cheerful expression. He could plan better than execute; drive better than lead; usually said "Go," seldom "Come." But Brother B—— was as uniformly on the other extreme. He could always see some good in others which encouraged him, and rarely had denunciations for any where he did not put himself into the "same condemnation" with them. His manner was cordial. His expression of face was generally winning. If he could *lead* on to action for Christ, he was ready for it. He would not say "Go," do this or that; but always "Come," and he meant it. He could execute better than plan; could keep *himself* at work better than keep others.

The one of these good brethren had a redundance of "vinegar," the other of "honey," in his constitution, and so in his Christian character. If they could have equally divided their excess, each with the other, they might have been improved: certainly one of them would have lost nothing by a large abatement of acidity from his religious temperament. And these statements furnish a text for a short sermon.

1. Men can be more easily drawn than driven to Christ. Denunciations, terrors, threatenings, have their place, but are to be used by sinning mortals who would save other sinners, with great tenderness and love. "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." It is the goodness of the Lord that leadeth to repentance. It is love that wins to love. "Honey" is better than vinegar in this service.

2. Men having naturally a temperament like Brother C——, ought to be, may be, doubtless are, aware of it. And if so, they can by due care introduce some more genial elements, and thus add great value and force to their influence. Their positiveness, when mingled with love, is a power for good. Their zeal, which now seems like madness, when mellowed with the tenderness of the Cross, would make their appeals and their influence irresistible. If such, with these tonings down, will lead off in Christian action, they would deter none, but rather draw a host after them.

3. Men having a preponderance of the "honey" in their constitution may need more of other qualities, while they should scrupulously guard and keep this. A single article of food, as a permanent diet, is deleterious, and may be destructive to life. So a single element in Christian character may be cherished to the injury of the character as a whole. Let there be symmetry. Let every grace be cherished and cultivated. Let every power be developed and employed, and our whole being be brought under the power of the Gospel. So it may be. But if we must have one extreme or the other, give us the "honey" rather than the "vinegar." The sweet attracts, while the sour repels.

Religion in Heart and Life.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES;

OR, AN APPRENTICE'S MORAL POWER.

THE superior claims of *moral* to *intellectual* power, require enforcing on the young men of the present day. In our Universities and seminaries of learning, in the pulpit, and on the platform, intellect, like a presiding deity, sways the sceptre, and receives homage. Every age has had its great intellects. Antiquity exhibits an illustrious constellation possessing an energy the universe could not crush, and against the flight of whose magnificent genius no barrier could be placed. In more modern times, the names of Bacon, Baile, Leibnitz, Locke, Byron, and Hume are representatives of mental power. They have proclaimed the wonders of science, the principles of philosophy, and the harmonies subsisting among God's works. Genius is an adaptation to special work; talent is large mental capacity. To the mere possessor of neither do the elements of virtue attach. Far beyond the ability of man is it to claim either the one or the other. Mental capacity is settled at birth; and amid all the evolutions of terrestrial affairs,

> "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

In that Book which is a revelation of God's mind in human language, it is clear as the light that God attaches *primary* importance to moral power. Were the globe carrying in its orbit a race of pure intelligences, to whom creation appeared as a mirror reflecting the glories of its Maker, intellect might be regarded under a different aspect to that in which it presents itself to man in his deteriorated condition. Mental power, grasping the material works of Deity in their laws and relationships, is impotent to raise man from impurity to sanctity, from misery to happiness. We find, therefore, that from the time when Noah preached righteousness, to the days of the heroic Apostle, the great benefactors of mankind have been chiefly remarkable for their moral qualities. So it ever will be. Not in the possession, but in the use, of talents is true excellence. The brilliant genius of Byron, and the universal talent of Hume, were powerless to make their possessors happy.

> "Not in mental, but in moral worth,
> God excellence placed; and only to the good,
> To virtue, granted happiness alone."

The present age has its dangers. The efforts of science, and the fascinations of a cheap and sparkling literature, the attractions of Mechanics' Institutes, and of Young Men's Christian Associations, tend, perhaps, insensibly to divert the mind from the study and practice of moral excellence. Ambition fires the soul to climb the dazzling heights where fortune's sons have stood, and the wail of a dying world is unheard amidst the loud shouts of "excelsior." But the church in its various sections has been gathered, and heaven peopled, by the earnest labours of hearts beating high with a moral force; and when time's history shall close, and the destinies of mankind are sealed, the creations of genius, and the efforts of philosophy, will be forgotten; while "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

About two years since, one of God's noble ones, the Rev. John Angell James passed off the stage of action to realize the reward of holy toil in heaven. His Life, published during the present year,* is strikingly calculated to regulate the ambition, fire the zeal, and encourag the devotion of young men. The example of one whose career during a lengthened period has been a beautiful exhibition of manly piety, practical sense, and godly labour, is mighty in its

* *Life and Letters of John Angell James including an unfinished Autobiography.* Edited by R. W. Dale, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861.

influence amidst the excitements of the lecture or reading room, and the temptations and cares of business. Born of humble parents, at the small town of Blandford Forum, in Dorsetshire, he spent his earlier years as an apprentice to a draper at Poole. In the history of most young men are certain turning-points, crises of being, which frequently fix the destiny for ever. Let the reader of this page ask himself if, in days long passed, or now passing, seasons cannot be referred to calling for special courage, and upon the improvement of which the future position and character depended. At such times one act of resolution for God overcomes a thousand difficulties, and originates events big with unending results. An illustration is seen in the early history of John Angell James. A youth was engaged as an additional apprentice, who had been religiously trained, and who maintained his respect for the forms of religion. The apprentices all slept in the same room; and the first night this youth "*knelt down by his bedside, and prayed in silence.*" Here was a moral act with power in it; and fifty years afterwards Mr. James, who from that moment felt the impression of eternal things, wrote: "I mention this fact not merely because of its influence upon my future history, but as showing the importance of letting our light so shine before others, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven. We should never be ashamed of our religion, nor of the performance of its duties. It is of very great disadvantage to young men going out into the world to be lodged in the same chamber with others. It requires much moral courage, more than most possess, to pray amidst the gazing eyes and scornful looks of irreligious companions. I shall ever have reason to bless God for this act of Charles B——." Brave youth! "That act" of true moral heroism shall be seen in hundreds of renovated homes on earth, and thousands of happy spirits in heaven, first led to the Cross by the ministry and the writings of the Pastor of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham.

The Sunday-school has, from the commencement of its history, proved a nursery for the Christian ministry as well as for the church. Here opportunity is furnished for exercising the talent, the zeal, and the piety of the heart pulsating in the energy of young life; and frequently has the spirit of some future watchman on Zion's walls panted for some wider sphere of toil while fulfilling its blessed duties. Employment in this honourable toil from *pure love of the work, is evidence of a generous and noble nature.* When first God's messengers gathered the ragged and destitute from the courts and alleys of our towns, paid instructers were employed as a necessity of the times; but speedily thousands of devoted sons and daughters of the church, without money and without price, entered into the work. In the Sunday-school, John Angell James felt his happiest delight; and the following record, made by him when in the height of his popularity, and all his honours thick upon him, is rich in lesson to teachers in the present day. "During the latter part of my residence at Poole, the Sunday-school, by the instrumentality of gratuitous teachers, came into pretty general use. An application was made to many of the young people, and to me among the rest, to come forward and assist in this work. I accepted the invitation, and took my place at the head of a class. The work was exceedingly agreeable to me, and I became much attached to my children, and much interested in their welfare. I needed no stimulating addresses from time to time to make me regular and punctual in my attendance; for *the occupation was my delight.* The other teachers were also devoted and in earnest. There was at that time less system in the methods of teaching, and none of the modern excitements of tea-parties, Sunday-school Unions, and teachers' meetings: we loved the employment, and found stimulus and reward enough in the work itself to keep us going on with it."

It is no object of this paper to unfold the life of this good man, but to impress two or three of the facts in his history, illustrative of moral excellence, upon the young people in our congregations and schools. Among the numerous and valuable works of Mr. James, none has produced more felicitous results than his "Sunday-School Teachers' Guide;" a book replete

with wise and elevating instruction. Many of the best volumes of modern times are but an expansion of sermons, lectures, or addresses, delivered on special and interesting occasions. So it was with this. During a brief residence at the Independent College at Gosport, young James exhibited the character of his mind in his devotion to the glorious writers of the Puritan school,—Owen, Bates, Charnock, Howe, and Baxter; together with the foreign Divines,—Turretin, Witsius, Pictel, and Jonathan Edwards.

The young man experiencing his richest delight in the pages of the "Cornhill," or "Temple Bar," will never be great either in thought or action. Twenty-eight years before the birth of James, a small chapel, seating about eight hundred persons, was opened at Carr's-lane, Birmingham; or, as it was originally designated, "God's-Cart lane, from the circumstance of its having contained a small building which was an appurtenance of St. Martin's Church, and in which the carriage or cart was kept that was employed in Popish times for carrying the sacred vessels employed in religious processions of the Host." The church worshipping in this place was occupied by a respectable minority who separated from the old Nonconformist Church, which, having lost its attachment to the faith once delivered unto the saints, invited an Arian Minister, named Howell, to occupy the pulpit. The Carr's-lane Chapel was situated behind a row of small tenements, in the midst of poverty and ignorance, which led a writer of the time to observe in a spirit of levity and vulgar wit: "The residence of Divine light was totally eclipsed by being surrounded with about forty families of paupers, crowded almost within the compass of a giant's span, which amply furnished the congregation with noise, smoke, dirt, and dispute. If the place itself is the road to heaven, the stranger would imagine that the *road to* the place led to something worse." The pulpit had been successively occupied by a Mr. Wilde, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Williams, whose writings tended so much to modify the Calvinism of that day, and by Mr. Brewer, who after a seven years' residence, fell into temptation, and left with about half the church to occupy a building in Livery-street, formerly used as a riding-school. There, by his popular talents and persevering industry, he attracted a considerable congregation. Such was the state of things when the young student at Dr. Bogue's College accepted an invitation to become the Pastor of Carr's-lane Congregational Church, and where for nearly sixty years he became the centre of an influence which the world has felt. A wide and deep gulf separated the two churches till the year 1814, when a deputation visited Birmingham to form a London Auxiliary Missionary Society, and the catholic spirit of Mr. James eagerly embraced the opportunity to bridge over the chasm which had existed between them. The old sore was healed, and all parties were happier for the reconciliation. In the spring of the next year a Sunday-School Union was formed in Birmingham, and Mr. James was appointed to preach the sermon to the assembled children and teachers. The meeting was held in Mr. Brewer's chapel, "and the address delivered on that occasion was printed, and a second edition was soon called for. Upon revising it for the press, its author expanded it into the 'Sunday-School Teachers' Guide.'" From that work thousands have derived instruction and encouragement while grappling with the difficulties associated with Sabbath-school teaching.

With the entire history of Nonconformity in England during the past half century, the name of John Angell James has been intimately identified. During the whole period, by reason of his popular preaching talents, he was sought by all churches, and his practical sense gave him a high position in all the public movements of his own body. The London Missionary Society, and the Congregational Union, were greatly indebted to him during their formation and development. By his writings he has guided many a weary penitent to the Cross, cheered many a trembling believer, and aroused the sluggish energies of many who were halting by the way. His "Anxious Inquirer after Salvation" has been printed in ten different languages; and his "Earnest Ministry," and

"Earnest Church," have acted as a potent stimulus upon both people and their Pastors. His was a moral power; a power replenished by, and employed for, God. His influence will be felt for ever. Generations yet unborn will bless him. Little did Charles B—— imagine, when he bowed the knee before two or three thoughtless apprentices, that he was influencing a heart that would afterwards throb in glorious sympathy with humanity in its longings after happiness. In that one deed of moral courage was a grandeur which angels might leave heaven to witness, and which will be memorable while the cycles of eternity revolve. We want this courage now. Let our young men bear in mind, that not mere mental acquirements, but moral qualities, exerted in the ordinary engagements and temptations of life, will secure the blessing of man on earth, and the commendation of God in heaven. John Angell James lived a life of moral power, and by it "he being dead yet speaketh."

Wolverhampton. J. F. M.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXIV.

"*God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, He will whet His sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready. He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death; He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors.*" (Psal. vii. 11—13.)

The Psalmist representeth God and man as in a state of hostility against each other. The wicked man affronts His holiness, questions His justice, slights His wrath, breaks His laws, wrongeth His people, and saith, Tush, I shall have peace, though I add drunkenness to thirst. God for awhile giveth time and warning; but every moment can break in upon us; for He is able easily to deal with us hand to hand, for He hath a sword; at a distance, for He hath a bow. He is not only able to deal with men, but ready; for He is whetting His sword, and hath bent His bow. The arrow is upon the string, though not as yet shot out of it. What remedy then is there? There is but one exception. "If he turn not." If he be not reduced, and brought home to God, by a timely repentance, he falleth into the hands of the living God. No persons are in so dangerous a state as those that have an offer of peace, and despise it. "Let him take hold of My strength," (Isai. xxvii. 5,) when God is ready to strike. A man that is fallen into the power of his enemy will take hold of his arm. We are always in God's power. His vengeance may surprise us before we are aware. What is our business then, but to be found of Him in peace?—*Manton's Christ's Eternal Existence*, pp. 243, 244. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CXV.

"*Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices.*" (2 Cor. ii. 11.)

What temptation can be named wherein Satan hath not acted as a serpent? Above all instances, let us take into consideration that of Eve, in the first transgression, wherein many things are to be observed: as, 1. That he chose the serpent as his instrument. Though we are ignorant of the depth of his design, yet he had a design in it of subtilty in what he was about to suggest, is plain from the text, "Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field." It had been needless and impertinent to note the serpent's subtilty as Satan's agent, if he had not chosen it as advantageous to his purpose. 2. He set upon the weaker vessel, the woman; and yet such as, once gained, he knew was likely to prevail with the man, which fell out accordingly. 3. Some think he took advantage of her husband's absence; which is probable, if we consider that it is unlikely that Adam should not interpose in the discourse if he had been present. 4. He took advantage of the object. It appears she was within sight

of the tree. "She saw that it was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes." Thus he made the object plead for him. 5. He falls not directly upon what he intended, lest that should have scared her off; but fetcheth a compass, and enters upon the business by an inquiry of the affair, as if he intended no hurt. 6. He so inquires of the matter, "*Hath* God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" as if he made a question of the command: and his words were so ordered that they might cast some doubt hereof into her mind. 7. He, under a pretence of asserting God's liberality, secretly undermines the threatening: as if he had said, "Is it possible that so bountiful a Creator should deny the liberty of eating of any tree? To what purpose was it made, if it might not be tasted?" 8. When he finds that by these arts he has gained a little ground, and brought her to some kind of questioning of the reality of the threatening; for she seems to extenuate it, "Lest we die;" he grows more bold to speak out his mind, and plainly to annihilate the threatening, "Ye shall not die." This he durst not do, till he had gained in her mind a wavering suspicion, that possibly God was not in good earnest in that prohibition. 9. Then he begins to urge the conveniency of the fruit by equivocating upon the name of the tree, which he tells her could make them knowing as gods. 10. He reflects upon God as prohibiting this out of envy and ill-will to them. 11. In all this there is not a word of danger, but impunity and advantage promised. 12. This deadly advice he covers with a pretence of greater kindness and care than God had for them. See in this, as in a clear glass, Satan's way of policy. After this rate he proceeds in all his temptations.—*Gilpin's Treatise on Satan's Temptations*, pp. 68, 69. *Edit.* 1677.

Poetry.

ALL KNOWN TO THEE.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path."

My God whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee "Father," sweet endearing name,
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But, O! this thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear, "I ne'er the prize shall win;"
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefresh'd I wake,
Or in the night but little rest I take;
This brief appeal submissively I make,
All, all is known to Thee.

The' effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me Thy long'd for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all is known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
That seems to' unnerve and incapacitate,
Will aid the cure my hopes and prayers await,
That cure I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of Thy dear love;
The cup Thou wouldst not for our sakes remove,
That cup He drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs; no drop remain'd
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe He drain'd;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contain'd,
All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome,—precious,—can His Spirit make
My bitter cup of suffering for His sake;
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all are known to Thee.

Religion and Morals.

ORANGE-PEEL.

Well, you are right, it is a very small and trifling subject; but I cannot agree with you as to its being a silly thing to write about. Just call with me on my neighbour who is laid up with a broken leg, and is likely to be on his back for some time to come, for old bones do not readily mend. He will give you some good counsel, and warn you that, when—saving your gentility—you eat oranges in the street, you should never drop the rind on the pavement, lest it should give an ugly slip to some one with dim eyes and weak legs, and lay them up, like my bedridden neighbour, with a broken limb.

He never knew who it was that enjoyed the orange that yielded the skin on which he slipped; and that unknown fruit-eater rejoices in oranges yet, quite unconscious how he has helped to break my old friend's leg. What a pity that he should not know!

Softly, gentle reader. You would put upon the hapless wight a punishment perhaps too sore for his fault. I have an idea that, if you and I were to know of all the broken legs we have caused, we should be palsied with dismay: not legs actual perhaps, but legs figurative; people we have made to slip, or even fall, and who go shakily to this very day through some careless and forgotten act of our own.

Pray don't misunderstand me, and tumble over what I say, and look reproachfully at me, and say that I have spitefully thrown and hurt *you*. I do not suppose, most virtuous one, that you go about setting traps for your fellow men, and rejoice in their fall. I will not so much as hint that you may have ever done or said anything that you knew was likely to have a bad effect upon others. No; give me your hand. You and I are not likely to behave so ill. I hope we know better. The things I treat upon, so far from being intentional, were unnoticed, unthought of.

That thirsty man spends a copper at the orange-stall; sucks the orange, and enjoys it; drops the skin, and never thinks of it. He has not sinned in enjoying the fruit; but he had better have thrown the peel into the road: for presently the old man comes, treading slowly and heavily along the pavement; his foot goes on that orange-peel; his weight sways on that foot, and you know the rest.

How bright and happy those children look gathering in the Sunday-school class! The teacher sits down to teach; and the eager loving looks of the scholars show how well she understands her work. The bright eyes of that little lass yonder are drawn from teacher's face to the grand, new flowers in teacher's bonnet. I do not say that the child gets no good from the lesson; but her young humility, not over strong to begin with, has slipped, and goes home limping sadly, and will be lame for years after.

"Well, you see it is my class-night. But I should very much enjoy the evening with you: I think I must come." John, busy putting a new lock on the door, hears this; and somehow in his untrained mind the thoughts tumble about until they form themselves into the bad logic: "Master's a good man, and he doesn't *always* do a thing because it's right, but sometimes because it's pleasantest." Poor John! That bad logic will not help him to pass the public-house on the way home; and when he staggers late through his door, drunk and savage, and the blow falls, and the watching wife falls bleeding on the threshold,—and when the record of the foul outrage is made on high, will the Methodist master be quite clear?

Wrong-headed zeal, seeing my old friend slip on the pavement, cries out, "Stop the sale of oranges! Rather than another should fall thus, I would never eat an orange again as long as I live." Says Prudence, "Enjoy your orange, and welcome; but mind where you throw the peel."

Whatever you do, whatever you take pleasure in, give a thought to those chance-results which you throw away as you pass on. They are paltry trifles, not worth a thought in themselves; but well worth it as to their effect upon others.

But a word to those who slip. My old neighbour could not see clearly, so that all his care did not serve him. There are many who are dim-eyed in matters of example by reason of youth or ignorance. How much, I wonder, of their fault will be laid at the door of those who made them slip?

Yet, if anyone is perverse or reckless enough to step, knowingly, on the slippery danger, their fall serves them right. Let us heed this well, and, in following others, mind how we tread. Nay, we may do some good by pushing stray bits of orange-peel off the pavement, lest others, not seeing them, should slip.

Merciful God! My very blindness gives me to see Thy goodness. If Thou hadst added to this my knowledge, Thou hadst lessened my peace. Thou alone couldst bear to see whereunto all things grow, and any other than Thine infinite mind would be made mad by tracing out all that came of one single act of mine. May the discovery I chance to make, now and then, of little things yielding untoward events, make me so lean on Thy ready help, that I may heed my steps well, not only for my own sake, but for the sake of those that walk the same path, for their good, and for the sake of Him who opened the Path of Life, for His glory. Amen.

Hull. G. S. R.

Letters.

A LETTER OF MR. G. HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER, IN HER SICKNESS.

"MADAM,

"AT my last parting from you, I was the better content because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family; but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our commencement: wherein my absence by how much it naturally augmented suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In the meantime, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys: therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts.

"Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and, I hope, kept heavenly for yourself. But would you divide and choose too? Our College customs allow not that; and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the new Jerusalem.

"For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death; because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family, and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion, and competent maintenance. So that now if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care

of them will justify you both to the world, and to your own conscience: insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away? so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But, perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion. But, O God, how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find 'Blessed be the rich,' or 'Blessed be the noble;' but 'Blessed be the meek,' and 'Blessed be the poor,' and 'Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted.' And, yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared, to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear Madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures, as the very mention of them might beget amazement: but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours (which, praised be God, are less) are not like to continue long. I beseech you let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say, with David, 'That God, who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine.'

"Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul: consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be His competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: 'Cast thy care on the Lord, and He shall nourish thee.' (Psal. lv.) To which join that of Saint Peter, 'Casting all your care on the Lord, for He careth for you!' (1 Peter v. 7.) What an admirable thing is this, that God puts His shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend His service. To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you. Phil. iv. 4. St. Paul saith there, 'Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.' He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, 'What, shall we rejoice in affliction?' 'Yes, I say again, rejoice:' so that it is not left to us to rejoice or not to rejoice; but whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care of us. And it follows in the next verse: 'Let your moderation appear unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing.' What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves, God is at hand to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

"Your most obedient Son,

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"*Trinity College, May 25th*, 1662."

Our Servants.

TRIM: GEAR: FETTLE.

Two persons may each possess a pleasure-boat of the finest sailing qualities; her lines having been carefully drawn in the "Mold-loft;" she may have been built of the cleanest wood; constructed on the best rules for either running before the wind, or for sailing against it, right in "the wind's eye;" her masts set in the right place; her canvas bonnie and handy, like Greaves's boat-craft of Chelsea. Each boat sits cunning, clean, easy, light, like a duck on the water. But, now see them "under sail." The one boat runs capriciously; sometimes her gunwale is down to the water's edge

by press of sail; presently you see her unable to move except as she rolls from side to side with her canvas flapping to and fro: she is set right once more; but still she "dips forward," and sadly wets the pleasure-party on board. Now she must "'bout ship;" for the wind has changed, and she is to make her point of destination by "tacking," and so steal in upon the wind. But still all is discomfort; for, although the admonition be observed,—"Caution: Passengers are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel;" nothing is any better, she is so slow to answer the helm; she kicks and pitches enough to split her to pieces: whilst her companion has run on a "steady way;" swiftly, easily, skimmed the water, and reached her point with comfort. Why? Both boats are alike! Yes, but not so the sailing-masters. The one knows how to *trim* his boat; what ballast he needs, and where to put it; which of his sails to set so as not to gather all his wind upon one spar, but less here, and more there; and how to work his sliding-keel so as to bite the water, and "stay the ship" against the wind. In the case of the other craft, the ballast is just where it should not be; the keel is at random, the canvas never shifted. This man knows nothing of "trim."

"*Gear*," like "*Trim*," is an old-fashioned word, and is applied now-a-days to machinery, tools, trapping; as much as it was wont to mean furniture, dress, harness, riches. Now many of our worthy servants get forward with their business; doing everything well, with comparative ease and despatch, and are never behind time: to look at them is a great pleasure, especially when one knows what it *is to work;* to see them, hand and eye, at one thing at once, then at another, and then at another; all on system, all by forethought, until the point of rest be reached: we observe that they keep all their means "in trim." They know what o'clock it is, not only at meal-times, and at bed-time, but all day long: every hour seems made on purpose for them, and there is an aspect on all they do which is the reflection of their own trim character. The best sailing-master does not excel such servants in the handling of his boat.

But there are some other servants who have every requisite means for excellence, but who sadly disappoint everybody and themselves, and all because their means are never "in gear." A machine may be made on the best principle, and of the best material, but if the several parts of it are not accurately fitted in; that is, if they be a little "out of gear;" or, if "the running-gear," the cranks, the shafting, the straps, be "out of gear," there must be loss, breakage, and all sorts of inconvenience. And so it is in the smaller matters of our house-keeping. If everything is to be fetched afar when wanted immediately; and when the messenger returns, in her haste she has asked for a pound of candles instead of a pound of cheese; another wipes our glasses and plates with a greasy cloth instead of a clean towel; another employs a brass candlestick as a hammer; and snaps the kitchen saw by using it as a chisel; and gaps the best carving-knife by turning it into a hatchet; cleaning one's boots with the black-lead brush; laying hands on anything at all that will serve the turn; until at last they imitate the good woman who, in ignorance of its value, used up her husband's register, by which he might have proved his heirship to a good landed estate, by covering some pots of preserved gooseberry-jam with it. Nobody can calculate the annual loss and inconvenience to families by servants having their means "out of gear."

Then "*Fettle*" is another good old word, signifying *condition, good condition.* A knife is "*in fettle,*" when it is kept clean, bright, and sharp. When workmen keep their tools in fettle, they get most out of them; they do their work in the greatest perfection, and they earn the most money. A good servant will keep everything committed to her care in fettle. The fuel will be dry, prepared, and ready to catch; the flues will draw well, and smoke at the right end; the taps will run when wanted, and only then; the gas will not escape, except in flame; the window will not be smashed for want of pulleys; nor a thief invited for want of a latch; the locks and catches of the doors will be seen after in summer, ready for winter; the door-knob will not outshine its neck, as many do; hinges will be able

to hold themselves and other things together; chairs will not entice the weary to a sudden downfal; he that has plate will see it is not pewter; and everything besides will be kept in good order, and ready for use.

When a groom is careless, it is miserable work. Master cannot ride because the horse is out at grass, and cannot be caught. Mistress, at another time, might drive out, but the wheel-tire is off. Where people keep things in fettle, work is done with great ease, and to great perfection; but where this is neglected, all is shuffle at one time, bustle at another, and loss in the long run. P. H.

Narratives.

WHAT A POOR COLOURED WOMAN DID.

Many living witnesses can be found to verify the following sketch:—

About the year 1774, a poor woman was taken as a slave from Virginia to New-York. On the passage, she gave birth to an infant, whom she named Katy Williams. Katy was, therefore, born a slave, according to the laws which then obtained in that professedly Christian land; and when only four years old she tasted one of the most bitter ingredients in that bitter cup. Her mother was sold to another master, and torn from her sight for ever.

Uneducated and unaided in her parental duties, this poor Christian mother had been faithful to the extent of her abilities, and left upon the mind of her child indelible religious impressions. Katy, in speaking of this cruel separation, many years afterward, said: "Mr. B—— sold my mother, and she was carried away from me; but I remember that before they tore us asunder, she kneeled down, laid her hand upon my head, and gave me to God."

Katy's active mind sought every opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Her mother had taught her much that she herself remembered of the Scriptures. Other persons had taught her the Catechism, and her retentive memory seldom lost what had been committed to it.

In her fifteenth year, the Holy Spirit applied to her conscience and heart the truths of Scripture which she had thus received. But when awakened to a perception of her sinfulness, she felt the need of some kind counsellor.

Neither master nor mistress had ever encouraged her to communicate her thoughts on religious subjects. The Minister on whose services she attended, the Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, was a man of such a commanding figure and bearing as to inspire this poor child of a despised race with fear, rather than confidence, Yet she knew he was a faithful servant of Christ, and that he would care for her soul. She accordingly ventured to call on him. She remarked afterward, "While I was standing at the door, after having rung the bell, my feelings were indescribable. And when the door was opened, and I found myself in the Minister's presence, I trembled from head to foot. One harsh word or look would have crushed me." But this faithful Minister of Christ at once appreciated her solicitude, and in the gentlest manner inquired, "Have you come here to talk with me about your soul?" This kind reception at once relieved and encouraged her to open her whole heart. The interview was blessed of God to her conversion. And from that day her course was remarkably direct and upward. She was, in a word, an earnest, self-denying follower of Christ.

Soon after her conversion she presented herself for admission to the church. There were those, however, who were averse to having one of her colour sit at the same communion-table with others. This was a great grief to the noble Christian heart of the Pastor. But he determined to attack this unhallowed feeling, not with arguments or remonstrances. He chose a more judicious course. He scarcely alluded to it in conversation with his friends; but simply requested Katy to be present in the church when the Lord's Supper should be celebrated.

On the morning of the next Communion Sabbath, Dr. Mason preached with a tenderness and earnestness extraordinary even for him; setting forth the love of Christ, the communion of saints, and the melting, constraining, and uniting power of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. Then proceeding through the remaining preparatory services, he came down from his pulpit, and passing along the aisle to the pew where the trembling Katy sat, took her by the hand, and, leading her forward, said with an almost awful majesty, and, at the same time, most touching and winning tenderness of manner, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; we have all been made to drink into one Spirit. Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all;" and, seating her at the holy table, said again, as he put into her hands the memorials of the Saviour's love, and with a tone and manner that filled every heart with the deepest emotion, "Eat, O friend; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." The scene was a most impressive and affecting one, and most effectually accomplished the end desired.

At the age of eighteen, by the aid of friends, she was made a free woman; and very soon was married, and took the name of Katy Ferguson; which was with a large circle, and for many years, a name of honour.

She soon lost her husband, and her only two children. They that observe the ways of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads, will perceive an obvious connexion between these trials and the sphere of usefulness for which He was fitting her.

She lived in a part of the city where there were many very poor families, and many of both coloured and white children who had none to care for their bodies or souls. Some of these she took to her own home, and taught them to take care of themselves; and for others she found places, where they would be provided for. In this way, during her life, she secured homes for *forty-eight* of these neglected and suffering ones: thus anticipating one of the benevolent movements of our time.

But her concern for the spiritual welfare of those around her was especially manifest, and in most appropriate ways. She invited the children to come into her house every Lord's day, for religious instruction. Feeling her own incompetency to instruct them fully, especially as she was herself unable to read, she obtained the assistance of other Christian people in this work. The well-known Isabella Graham thus aided Katy, by occasionally inviting her little flock to come to her own house.

Thus Katy's labour of love went on for some time, unobserved for the most part, even by Christian people, but not unnoticed by God. He smiled upon her, and, as He often does in the case of humble efforts like hers, made her little school on the Sabbath the beginning of a great and good work in that city. It was about this time that the house of worship in Murray-street, in which Dr. Mason preached, was built. This good man of God had not forgotten Katy, the trembling inquirer. Having heard of her Sabbath assembly of children, he went one day to see what she was doing. As he entered her lowly dwelling, and looked around upon the group of interested, happy-looking faces, he said, with his wonted kindness, "What are you about here, Katy? Keeping school on the Sabbath? We must not leave you to do all this." He immediately conferred with the officers of his church, telling them what he had seen, and advising that others should join Katy in this good work. Soon the lecture-room was opened for the reception and instruction of Katy's charge. This was the beginning of the Sabbath-school in the Murray-street church; and Katy Ferguson, the coloured woman, who had been a slave, is believed to have thus gathered the first Sabbath-school in the city of New-York.

She was probably ignorant of the existence of Robert Raikes, or of the Sabbath-school as it was then known in England. But she had originated one in her humble dwelling, in a character more truly religious, and indicating more un-

mistakably than did the first English Sunday-school, the Missionary design and adaptations of the institution.

But Katy's benevolent heart was not satisfied with this effort for the good of the children. She established, and maintained during the last forty years of her life, a weekly prayer-meeting at her house; and during the last five years previous to her death, when she could not well attend the public services of Divine worship, she made her own house a Bethel on Sabbath afternoons, by gathering in the neglected children of the neighbourhood, with such adults as did not attend worship, and obtaining the aid of some suitable person to lead in the services of prayer and praise.

In the Theological Seminary under Dr. Mason's care, there were some young men who depended on charitable aid to defray the expenses of their course. Before a Society had been heard of, to sustain indigent students in their course of preparation for the ministry, her heart devised that wise and liberal thing. Some are now adorning the pulpit, who owe their ability to prepare for it to her efficient and timely aid.

The cause of Foreign Missions was also dear to Katy. On one occasion, a young man, who was about to sail for Africa as a Missionary, was invited to attend a meeting at her house. Three years afterward, in speaking of this man and his associate Missionaries, she said, "For these three years I have never missed a day, but I have prayed for those dear Missionaries."

The question may occur to some persons, Where did this poor coloured woman procure the means of doing so much good; clothing children, and supporting students of theology? Uneducated as she was, she possessed extraordinary taste and judgment. Of a truly refined nature, she appreciated the beautiful, wherever found. Hence a wedding, or any other festival, in some of the best circles in New-York, could scarcely be considered complete unless Katy had superintended the nicer provisions for the table. She was also uncommonly skilful in the cleansing of laces, and other finer articles of ladies' dresses. This constant demand for her services must, however, be likewise traced, in part, to the great esteem in which she was held, and to the desire to furnish her the means of continuing her useful Christian labours.

She was a cheerful believer; occupied less in complaining of her own deficiences or her troubles, than in commending her Redeemer to others, and in imitating His life of active benevolence.

Thus was this beloved disciple ripening for heaven. And when death, in that fearful disease, the cholera, came for her, she was ready; and calmly expressed her Christian confidence, by saying, "O, what a good thing it is to have a hope in Jesus!" Her last words were, "All is well."

The Portfolio.

FEAR.

Fear, says Bishop Reynolds, produceth servile and unwilling performances, as those fruits which grow in winter, or in cold countries, are sour, unsavoury, and unconcocted; but those which grow in summer, or in hotter countries, by the warmth and influence of the sun, are sweet and wholesome: such is the difference between those fruits of obedience, which fear and which love produceth. The most formal principle of obedience is love; and the first beginnings of love in us unto God, arise from His mercies unto us being thankfully remembered.

There are some affections and motions of the heart that do stop the mouth, are of cold, stupefactive and constringent nature: as the sap stays and hides itself in the root, while it is winter. Such is fear and extremity of grief. "Come," said the Prophet, "let us enter into our defenced cities, and let us be silent: for the Lord our God hath put us to silence." Other affections open the mouth, are of an expansive and dilating nature, know not how to be straitened or suppressed; and of all these, joy and sense of God's mercy can least contain itself in the compass of our narrow breast, but will spread and communicate itself to others,

A goodly heart is, in this, like unto those flowers which shut when the sun sets, when the night comes; and open again when the sun returns and shines upon them. If God withdraw His favour, and send a night of affliction, they shut up themselves and their thoughts in silence; but if He shine again, and shed abroad the light and sense of His love upon them, then their heart and mouth is wide open towards heaven, in lifting up praises unto Him. Hannah prayed silently so long as she was in bitterness of soul, and of a sorrowful spirit; but as soon as God answered her prayers, and filled her heart with joy in Him, presently "her mouth was enlarged" into a song of thanksgiving.

THE DESIRE TO BE REMEMBERED.

The fear of being forgotten is dreadful to a sensitive mind. A few years ago, a mother in one of our towns became conscious that she could not live many months. She knew that all her children, except the youngest, would remember her. That her youngest should forget her, was very trying; and, during the last months of her life, she devoted herself to him in a thousand tender and ingenious assiduities, that she might impress herself on his memory, and link herself with his pleasantest thoughts. Now she made him some garment, now procured for him some elegant and striking toy or picture, now taught him some charming amusement, and now talked to him with beaming face and tearful eyes about Jesus, and heaven, and herself as soon to go thither. It was not merely to "fulfil her covenant obligations" that she was thus earnest, but she was striving to ward off the painful apprehension of being forgotten.

How natural this is! and yet we make our impress on human memory very little more abiding than footprints on the seashore, which are soon washed out. In looking into the history of any neighbourhood, how soon its inhabitants are forgotten.

A few days ago I accompanied a friend to the native place of his grandfather, who had left thence some sixty or seventy-five years ago. He desired to see the place where his grandfather had lived, if it could be found. He had been a builder in considerable business.

Now, it might be supposed that a man of such an occupation, who no doubt had built many houses in the place, would not be forgotten so soon; and yet we inquired in vain for the place where he had lived. Nay, we could not find a man who had heard of him, except the doctor of the place; and he had heard his father, long since dead, once speak of such a man. And thus "his place knew him no more."

And how few there are who are dealt with more tenderly by those who survive them! "All the dead *forgotten* lie;" but in this connexion there is a cheerful thought in these two verses: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and *a book of remembrance was* written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, *The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"

And in this way the friend of God finds his yearnings to be remembered realized. His name is written in the Lord's book of remembrance, his name is engraved on the palms of His hands, and therefore he shall never be forgotten.

Monthly Notes for Readers.

We hail with great delight the first volume of *Dr. Bunting's Sermons*, just issued. It is in every way worthy of that eminently earnest and eloquent preacher. Although beautifully printed, on superfine royal paper, and finished in the most approved modern style, it is published, as is usual with all works issued from the Wesleyan-Methodist Book-room, at a price considerably below that charged by every other respectable publishing house for copyright works. The large sale, however, which the work is sure to command, will no doubt fully justify the

comparatively low price at which it is offered for sale. Such sermons as those on "The Father's Elect Servant;" "Our Saviour made perfect through Sufferings;" and "The Blessings of the Gospel," would be cheap at any price. But our space will not permit us more fully to characterize them. Suffice it to say, that all of them are marked more or less by the forcible and lucid style so characteristic of Dr. Bunting in his meridian day, and by the glorious subject matter of St. Paul's ministry as detailed in Acts xvii. 2, 3, so appropriately affixed as a motto to the volume. We fully believe that nothing would tend more to revive and increase fervent, intelligent, and practical religion among all classes of Christian people than the prayerful perusal of these inestimable sermons; and we are sure that the bestowal of a copy to each Local Preacher in the Body, not procuring it for himself, by any possessing the means, would be a singularly wise and remunerative expenditure of money.

The Wesleyan-Methodist Kalendar, the *Pocket-Diary and Kalendar*, and the *Wesleyan-Methodist Pocket-Book*, for 1862, are now on sale, and contain, as usual, a much larger amount of information than is to be found within the same compass elsewhere. *The List of Scripture Lessons for* 1862, prepared under the direction of the Conference, for the use of Wesleyan-Methodist schools and families, is also ready, and will be found to contain a varied and judicious selection of lessons. *The Wesleyan Sunday-School Teachers' Class-Register for* 1862 is this year issued in an improved form; and, where used, will greatly conduce to the regularity and order of the schools.

New editions have been published of the Rev. David M'Nicoll's edition of *Dr. Clark's Collection of the Promises of Scripture;* the devoted John Hunt's *Life of the Rev. William Cross*, with a short Notice of the early History of the Feejee Missions; the Rev. George Cubitt's beautiful historical narrative of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, entitled, *Granada;* and the Rev. John Hartley's instructive and edifying work for the young, *Hid Treasures.* "Adeline" has added to our store of Reward-Books an exquisitely-told chapter from a life's history, called *Ethel Wilton. The Wreck, the Rescue, and the Massacre;* an Account of the Loss of the Barque "Thomas King," off New-Holland, in 1852; *A Flower from Feejee*, a Memoir of Mary Calvert; and *A Pastor's Visits to an old Hall; or, Scenes of Joy and Sorrow*, have also been re-issued, with several other Reward-Books. The venerable Chairman of the Birmingham District, the Rev. William Naylor, has re-published two able sermons on the important subjects of "Children presented to Christ," and "The Duty of Christians towards their unconverted Relatives." The Rev. Richard Ray has made an elegant addition to the holy records of Methodism, in a biography which he has justly entitled, *The Reward of Piety: a Tribute of Esteem and Affection to the Memory of Mr. James Green, of Bradford, Yorkshire; being a Sketch of his Life.* A new and cheap edition of the well-known and much-esteemed Memoirs of the beloved and venerable Joseph Entwisle, by his Son, is just out.

The Fireside.

THE QUEEN'S STATE CROWN.—Professor Tennant thus describes Her Majesty's imperial crown. It was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls; and the upper part of the band, a row of one hundred and twelve pearls; between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire, (partly drilled,) purchased for the crown by His Majesty King George the Fourth. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires, (three on each side,) between

which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Third, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry the Fifth, at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four, and one hundred and thirty brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses, are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose-diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose-diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose-diamonds and one table-diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred and eight brilliant, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose, diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose-diamond caps, containing twelve rose-diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose-diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, and in the upper, two hundred and forty-four brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose-diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants. Summary of jewels comprised in the crown: 1 large ruby irregularly polished; 1 large broad-spread sapphire; 16 sapphires; 11 emeralds; 4 rubies; 1,363 brilliant diamonds; 1,273 rose-diamonds; 147 table-diamonds; 4 drop-shaped pearls; 273 pearls.

Watch-Papers. — A watchmaker named Adams, who practised his craft some forty years ago in Church-street, Hackney, was fond of putting scraps of poetry in the outer cases of watches sent to him for repair. One of his effusions was nearly to the following effect; but, as I quote from memory, I may not be quite correct:—

"To-morrow! yes, to-morrow! you'll repent
A train of years in vice and folly spent.
To-morrow comes: no penitential sorrow
Appears therein, for still it is to-morrow.
At length to-morrow such a habit gains,
That you'll forget the time that heaven ordains;
And you'll believe that day too soon will be
When more to-morrows you're denied to see."

Words in their First Meaning.—The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first, almost any word, had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated:* dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we identify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*, the falling apart of stones, and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *candid*, white. How beautiful in this connexion as applied to the word candidate, presenting the felt necessity that the candidate for any office should be white, unsoiled in reputation! So the word *husband*, the stay and support, and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his "Points of Husbandry:"

"'The name of husband, what is it to say?
Of wife and of household the band and the stay."

And the word *wife* is like it; it is only another form of the words "weave" and "woof;" and in it we have not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household in one. In the same way *pity* grows into piety.

Memorials of the Departed.

Sarah Ann Wood was born at Booth-Town, in the Halifax Circuit, on the 4th of December, 1830. Her natural disposition was mild and amiable. She became a scholar in a Methodist Sabbath-school when six years of age, and at this early period was frequently the subject of serious thoughts and spiritual desires. A partiality for sacred poetry was early developed, and the hymns of Methodism were often the channel through which Divine influence descended into her soul, and her youthful spirit ascended up to God. To use her own language, she sometimes felt love to Jesus springing up in her heart whilst singing. At the age of fifteen she began to meet in class, and soon experienced a clear sense of God's pardoning mercy. In the use of all the means of grace she now became very diligent, setting a praiseworthy example of punctuality and perseverance. Being appointed to the charge of a class in the Sunday-school, she was careful to attend in time; and in connexion with her duties to those under her care, she made use of earnest prayer for the Divine blessing on her labours. She was exemplary as a Tract-distributer, not contenting herself with only saying, "Exchange this tract, if you please;" but had a word or two always ready, of counsel, or sympathy, or reproof, as she found necessary. In visiting the sick she took great delight, was the first to seize hold of such an opportunity, and had the art of making her visits welcome. In consequence of pre-eminent piety, zeal and usefulness, she was appointed to be a Class-Leader. Her members consisted of several young girls who had for some time been in the select class of the Sunday-school. For these she felt a deep interest, and laboured in prayer, and by advice, that Christ might be found in their hearts; nor were her efforts in vain. Whilst thus engaged in diligent labour to do good, she was suddenly seized with alarming symptoms of disease, which terminated fatally in a fortnight. For about seven days, hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the eighth it became apparent she must die. Of this she was the first to be assured; and calling her parents and sister, she informed them that she was about to leave them. On her mother expressing a strong wish for her recovery, she said, "O mother, stand ready, and I will be looking out for you." To one who inquired if Jesus were precious, she answered, "O, yes! He is a great Rock in a weary land." Being fond of singing, she desired the family to sing,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul;"

and accompanied them with great apparent enjoyment. Two nights before she died, two female friends sat up with her; when the spirit of prayer came down upon her in a remarkable manner, and she pleaded aloud, in all the agony of intense supplication, for her relations, the church, the Sunday-school, and the whole world. Soon after this, she sank into a state of exhaustion, in which she continued the whole of the next day, till she peacefully departed, on the 22d of January, 1859.

Jasper Williams died at St. Ives, Cornwall, on the 31st of January, 1859, aged nineteen years. Bereaved at a very tender age of his parents, he was cast on the care of God-fearing relatives, who "brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" nor does he appear ever to have lost the simplicity of his childhood. For education he was

early placed at the Wesleyan College, in Taunton; and, while there, was noticed for his gentleness of spirit, and harmless behaviour. When little more than fourteen years old he became decidedly religious, and joined himself to the Christian community in which his parents had lived and died. He held fast the beginning of his confidence without wavering to the end; and his diligence in the means of grace, and his scrupulous regard for the claims of the holy Sabbath, were truly exemplary. During his six months' affliction, and especially in the hour of death, he was greatly favoured of God as a witness for the truth: "Great grace was upon him," and his joy was indeed "full of glory." Amidst the most fondly-cherished youthful hopes and prospects, he was more than resigned to the mysterious stroke of a paternal Providence, which so early summoned him away to the tomb and to the eternal world. "His last end" was not only eminently peaceful, but even ecstatic; yet never was faith more penitently humble or self-renouncing, than that by which he rested on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, even when "quite in the verge of heaven," and when faith was all but lost in sight. Some of his last sayings were the following:—"I shall soon stand before yon dazzling throne. I am come to the brink of Jordan, and the waters are dividing for me to pass over." "The time of my affliction has been the happiest six months of my life: it has, indeed, been good for me to be afflicted." "My faith in Jesus is stronger and stronger. I see Him interceding for me in heaven; and the nearer I get to heaven, the more clearly I behold Him. I shall soon see Him eye to eye. He is with me, and will not leave me till I am safe beside the throne." "I am now in Jordan, one foot in the river, and the other firmly placed on the other side. I seem to be both in heaven and on earth. My way up to the throne is made smooth, and clear as glass: my father and mother are both there, and I see my place." As the closing scene drew near, his countenance was lit up with an unearthly radiance; and, moving his hands, as though they had been wings, he said, "The angels are come for me: do you see them? thousands, thousands! O, that dazzling throne!" and then, as though addressing the celestial convoy, he softly whispered, "Coming, coming!" and ceased to breathe.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Brooks, Mrs. L.,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	35	Aug. 11th, 1861.
Broxap, Richard,	Downham,	Clitheroe,	89	July 26th, 1861.
Dawson, Mrs. Rebecca,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	28	Jan. 6th, 1860.
Fuller, Mrs. Hannah,	Bury St. Edmund's,	Bury St. Edmund's,	60	Aug. 29th, 1861.
Hivey, John,	Gt. Horner-street,	Liverpool, North,	54	Aug. 31st, 1861.
Hodgkin, Mrs. Rebecca,	Rothwell,	Kettering,	40	July 20th, 1861.
Jones, Mrs. Maria,	Bury St. Edmund's,	Bury St. Edmund's,	66	Sept. 9th, 1861.
Parkinson, Thomas,	Longholme,	Bacup,	60	Aug. 31st, 1861.
Percy, James,	Scotland-road,	Liverpool, North,	32	Nov. 20th, 1860.
Roper, Virtue,	Diss,	Diss,	73	Sept. 13th, 1861.
Rossell, Miss S. Ann,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	17	June 11th, 1861.
Shepard, Mr. Robert,	Alne,	Easingwold,	76	Aug. 26th, 1861.
Taylor, Miss Mildred,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	51	Nov. 26th, 1860.
Taylor, Mr. Robert,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	88	July 26th, 1861.
Watkins, Elizabeth,	Stroud,	Stroud,	91	Sept. 1st, 1861.
Webb, Catherine,	Middleborough,	Stockton,	53	July 30th, 1861.

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SCARBOROUGH.

This queen of modern watering-places can boast of an ancient history of great interest. Scarburgh, its most ancient name, is of Saxon origin; *Scar* signifying a rock, and *burg* a fortified place. There is no authentic account of its origin, but there is good reason for believing it to have been a Saxon town on a Roman foundation. It appears to have suffered cruelly from the incursions and ravages of the Danes. There is a record of a battle fought at Scardaborga, in which the Danes gained the victory. It was also plundered and burnt in 1066, by Tosti, Count of Northumberland, and the King of Norway, Harold Hadradda. It is described as consisting, at this time, of wooden huts on the shore, sheltered by the cliff, on which the castle was built. The principal articles of commerce were wool and fish.

With the erection of its noble castle Scarborough rises out of obscurity. The castle was built about the year 1136, by William, Earl of Albemarle, subsequently Earl of Yorkshire. He obtained permission for its erection from King Stephen. It has been much praised by ancient historians for its strength and grandeur. In its ruins it is majestic and impressive. It is erected on a grassy plain of several acres, on a lofty promontory, three hundred feet above the level of the sea. A vast sweep of craggy, perpendicular rock renders it inaccessible. The stately tower, which has been the keep, is a Norman building, the walls of which are twelve feet thick.

There appear to have been three stories of very lofty rooms, between twenty and thirty feet high. The possession of such a fortress must have added to the power of its noble founder, who ruled as a prince in those parts. When Henry II. ascended the throne, he wished to reduce the power of the nobles, and commanded several castles to be demolished; but seeing that Scarborough castle was such a defence, he spared it, and greatly improved it in strength and beauty. Roger, Archbishop of York, was appointed Governor; and he was succeeded by several noblemen of distinction.

The castle has been the residence of royalty. Edward I. occupied it for some time. The Duke of Gloucester, before he was King, resided in it with his lady. A fanatical army in the reign of Henry VIII. besieged it; but, although the garrison consisted of very inconsiderable numbers, yet, from the natural strength of the castle, and the bravery of the Governor, it was uninjured. During the Civil Wars, in the reign of Charles I., it was twice besieged and taken by the Parliamentary forces. There are long and interesting records of these times. The greatest hardships were endured by Sir Hugh Cholmley, and his noble lady, who held it for the King; and by the garrison. Its gallant defenders surrendered on honourable conditions after its fortifications were ruined by incessant battering, and the stores exhausted. This was in 1648-9. Many state-prisoners were confined in it. George Fox, the celebrated founder of the sect called "Quakers," or "Friends," was imprisoned in rooms in the castle. He suffered great hardships. His patience and goodness won upon the Governor and garrison, and they became his friends.

The castle is now in ruins. It stands grandly from every point of view, and constitutes the chief object of interest to those who now visit Scarborough for pleasure and for health. The view from the top of the hill is very magnificent.

It is recorded that there were four convents, and six churches of early date, in Scarborough. The parish-church of St. Mary's, in its restored condition, with its adjacent ruins, is the only one remaining. It is a striking feature in the scene, with its solemn congregation of the dead looking down on the modern town of gaiety and fashion.

The natural beauties around Scarborough are of a most attractive kind. Hill, valley, and moorland render the drives delightful. The hill called Oliver's Mount, the original name of which was Weapon-ness, rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. There is no ground, however, for its modern name; there not being any proof, as has been asserted, that Oliver Cromwell ever erected batteries upon it against the castle, or that he ever was at Scarborough. The Mount is a very striking and picturesque object, and from its summit the views are magnificent. The geologist, the botanist, and the conchologist will find the vicinity of Scarborough rich in the objects of their research.

The modern town of Scarborough, with its elegant Cliff Bridge and saloon, its terraces and gardens, commodious and beautiful residences, is too generally known to need description in our pages. From an insigni-

ficant little fishing-town, it has risen to be the most celebrated of northern watering-places. Its present population is 18,337; and the largest probable number of visiters at any one time in the season, is 12,000.

The religious element pervades the town in a remarkable degree. Indeed, it may be truly said, that, in this respect, no other English watering-place can bear a comparison with it. The churches and chapels are crowded with well-dressed, attentive hearers in the winter, as well as in the summer, months. Benevolent Societies, Schools, and Hospitals abound, and are nobly supported. We reserve for a subsequent Number an article on the rise and progress of Methodism in Scarborough.

LIFE AND DEATH.*

The plateau, or high ocean-bed, which stretches across the Atlantic between Great Britain and America, and along which they laid the lines that were to unite two worlds together, and flash our messages over the bed of the sea, is covered, it is said, to some depth, with a fine, impalpable powder. To the naked eye, that powder looks like dust—mere dust, devoid alike of beauty or organization. But beneath the microscope how it changes! There it appears a mighty collection of beautiful shells, once the habitation of creatures exceedingly minute. Their home was in the upper regions of the ocean; and when they died, their shells became their coffins; and, sinking many thousand fathoms down, they found their grave in the ocean-bed. We know that it takes the burial of very many generations to raise the mould in the narrow churchyard. How many ages, then, must have elapsed before the coffins and corpses of creatures so exceedingly small, could have raised the broad bed of ocean! To account for this phenomenon it is necessary to suppose that these creatures are falling in showers, night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest; dropping down into their graves in showers as thick as the drops of summer rain, or the snowflakes of a winter storm. And if so, how great the profusion of life in the vast ocean!

This is one of the last, and not the least interesting, of the evidences that go to prove how this world teems with life. You meet it everywhere. Turn where you may, you meet it. Though not detected by the naked eye, you devour it in every morsel of your food; you inhale it in every breath you draw; you drink it in the cup filled at the purest spring; you bathe in it among the billows of ocean. Nor can you walk wild moor, or shaggy mountain, or flowery meadow, but your foot goes down on life. Life sleeps the winter through in every bud; it opens in every flower; dances and quivers in every leaf; and rises before you in every spike of grass. Where is there not life? More changeful than the fabled Proteus, it assumes innumerable shapes. There it cleaves the air on feathery wing; there it cleaves the deep with fins; there it crawls forth in the slimy worm; there it stands before you in the majesty of the

* Being the Introduction to a Sermon on Rev. xiv. 13, preached by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Oxford-road, Manchester, in 1857.

human form. Here it breathes in vile corruption; and there it plays and dances in the heavenly sunbeam. Where do you not find life? Water cannot drown it. Earth cannot bury it. Open the grave, for a moment, life is there; penetrating the domain of death, it seizes on the lifeless body, and takes possession of the tomb. We can say to it what David said to its dread Giver: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? Thou hast beset me behind and before: Thou compassest my path."

Now, common as life is, death, its counterpart, though less apparent, is not less common. Death is the shadow which life flings upon the ground. Wherever life goes, there travels that dark, unsocial, dumb companion with it. Though not coeval, death is coexistent with life. Wherever you find life in this world, there you find death. It is the fate of all that lives to die. We forget this! Some like to forget it, and try to forget it; and all of us are too prone to forget it. Because death is not beautiful, God has so arranged matters that there is not much evidence of it in this world; nor does He long allow such evidence of it as there is, to deform and disfigure this beautiful creation. You may walk a whole day in this crowded city, nor once meet a nodding hearse, or poverty's plainest funeral. I have walked down a long summer day across moor, mountain, and woodland, nor seen a sign of death. No shriek of pain, no groan of agony, disturbed the melody of nature. Where the cricket chirped among the grass, and the lark sang in the cloud, and the cattle lowed in the pastures, and the silver tenants of the stream leaped and played, and the flowers with their ten thousand golden censers offered up odours of incense to God, and all nature rejoiced and revelled in the possession of life, no withering skeleton crumbled beneath my feet. No sign of death was there. As if God not only has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but no pleasure in death at all, in the death of any creature, He has so arranged matters that all evidences of death are speedily removed. Let bird or beast fall, and curious creatures come creeping forth to do the sexton's office; the denizens of air and earth seize the lifeless body. You say death is quick to seize on life; but life is as quick to seize on death. How does nature cover with a green and flowery shroud all that moulders and decays, changing corruption into beauty, and the lifeless corpse of one creature into the pregnant womb of ten thousand lives! Still, though life is a far more apparent thing than death, death is as common as life. The fate of all your eye looks on is to die. You never see a flower to admire its beauty, but it shall die. In the Crystal Palace there is the noblest specimen of the vegetable world man has looked upon. It was smitten by his hand. It had towered three hundred feet above the ground, and lived more than three times three hundred years; yet, if man's axe had not laid it low, the hand of death would have felled it to the ground. There is not a bird that sings, nor a flower that blooms, nor a thing that lives, but is doomed to die.

And death, the penalty of sin, bitter fruit of man's unsanctified ambition, shall extend to all of us. Ten, twenty, fifty years after this, where shall we be? A few brief years, and not this congregation shall

be changed, but this great city shall have changed all its tenants. There is not a face you meet on your way to church or market, that shall be seen then. The bells shall ring, but they will be rung by other hands, and rung for other worshippers:—pulpits shall be filled by other Preachers, and the pews by other worshippers. We shall go the way of all the living. A few years more, and all the animated forms around me shall lie cold in death, mouldering in the silent grave. What says the Apostle? "Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

A WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER IN JANUARY, 1862.

We urgently call the attention of our devout readers to the proposal made by the "Evangelical Alliance," that a week of special prayer, in public and private, should be observed by all God's people in the beginning of the next year. The circular issued with this view, suggests the time and the topics of this united approach to the throne of grace. They are as follows:—

Sunday, January 5th.—Sermons on the Holy Spirit: His divinity and personality—His offices and operations; prayer for the Lord's blessing upon the services of the week.

Monday, 6th.—Humiliation and Confession of Sin: As individuals, as families, as churches, and as a nation; thanksgiving and praise for recent religious awakenings.

Tuesday, 7th.—Home Objects for Prayer: The conversion of the ungodly; the cessation of intemperance and all immorality; and the spread of vital religion in our families and households, among our rulers, the rich and poor, our soldiers and sailors, the authors of our literature, secular and religious.

Wednesday, 8th.—Foreign Objects for Prayer: The revival of pure Christianity, and the extension of religious liberty in Europe and the lands of the East; the overthrow of every form of anti-Christian error; conversion of the house of Israel; the prevalence of peace among all nations, especially in America; and a yet more abundant blessing upon our brethren and sisters engaged in the work of Missions, Christian education, and literature, in foreign lands.

Thursday, 9th.—The Church of God and the Christian Ministry: The increased spirituality of the church, and its more decided separation from the world; brotherly love, sympathy, and union of labour among the Lord's people; a higher standard of piety and power among Christian Ministers, and all their fellow-labourers; the outpouring of the Spirit upon our universities and colleges, and on the rising Ministry at large; the conversion of the young, and a large blessing upon Sunday and other schools.

Friday, 10th.—The Word of God: That it may be received with increased faith, reverence, and love; that its assailants may be enlightened, and brought into the way of truth; that the power of the Divine Spirit may attend its private study, and its circulation throughout the world.

Saturday, 11th.—The Lord's Day: That its Divine institution may be recognised, and its desecration at home and abroad may cease.

Sunday, 12th.—Sermons on the Signs, Dangers, and Duties of the Present Times: Motives to personal holiness and Christian activity.

GEORGE HERBERT.

(*Concluded from page* 334.)

Those who seek in sacred poetry a handmaid to devotion rather than

the voice of pleasant song, will value George Herbert's poems as a rich and rare treasury of holy aspiration and humble confession. Well and truly did he keep his earliest resolve, that his poetic abilities should "all and ever be consecrated to God's glory." In every poem you are made to feel that the writer had a deep insight into the corruptions of his own heart; and that the chief end of life was to bring an ardent and susceptible mind and heart into absolute subjection to the mind and will of God. The world presented itself in an attractive form, arrayed in fair colours before the eyes of the youthful scholar and courtier; and his poems tell of conflict and of victory, of temptation and of triumph. The manner of their publication, as given by Walton, will best express the intent for which they were written. On his deathbed, he is said thus to have spoken, with sweet humility: "I pray you deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many conflicts that have passed between God and my soul before I could subject my mind to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then if he think it can turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it. For I, and it, are less than the least of God's mercies." It was at once published under the title of "The Temple," and twenty thousand copies were very shortly sold. It was the chosen companion of King Charles in his captivity in Carisbrook Castle. Quaint in expression, and fantastic in conception, after the manner of the times, his poetry will not find favour with every order of mind; but if the casket be too elaborately constructed, and too richly gilded, the treasure within is always of great price.

In illustration, we subjoin his poem entitled "The Pulley":—

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can.
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

"So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature:
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest;
But keep them with repining restlessness.
Let him be sick and weary, that at last,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast."

The volume abounds in poems of this class, some equal, some inferior in merit; but all leading from man direct to God.

The opening poem, of some length, entitled "The Church-Porch," is quite of another order. It is rich in proverbial sayings of truest philosophy, clothed in verse, and verifies aptly two lines in the first stanza:—

"A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

The folly of covetousness is thus rebuked:—

"Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore, give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone."

Speaking warmly of the claims and duties of friendship, he adds the following wise counsel:—

"Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.

Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends,
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's."

The spirit of the following stanza would, if cultivated, turn many a barren Sabbath into a day of profit, if not pleasure:—

"Judge not the Preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

In this age of busy activity, both in the church and the world, there is danger of neglecting the duties of self-examination and meditation, so much insisted upon by our early divines, as essential to perfect the Christian character. Herbert's counsel may serve as an antidote:—

"By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.
"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree."

Herbert has written most forcefully and touchingly on the discipline needed to bring the soul near to God. He details his own inner experience in such poems as "Discipline," "Affliction," &c., with so much life-like power, that one feels, in measure, somewhat of the same influence that arises from a devout study of the Psalms of David.

Perhaps, no one of his poems is so universally known and quoted as "The Elixir," in which he so fully brings forth the meaning of that apostolic injunction, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

George Herbert's poems will never die while Christians live. They are too true, too spiritual, too consoling, not to continue to be beloved of many hearts.

His prose writings are not so well known; but some of his counsels in the "Country Parson," whereby he counselled himself, are very forcible. He thus writes on preaching:—"The country Parson preacheth constantly; the pulpit is his joy and his throne. By many means he procures attention, but the character of his sermon is holiness; he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy."

He has some quaint, pithy remarks on household government:—"The Parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a copy and model for his parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and, accordingly, meets with their vices, or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or day and night he is training her to it. His children he first makes Christians, and then commonwealth's men: the one he owes to his heavenly country, the other to his earthly; having no title to either, except he do good to both. His servants are all religious: and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit; for none are so well served, as by religious servants, both because they do best, and because what they do is blessed and prospers. After religion, he teacheth them that three things make a complete servant: truth, and diligence, and neatness or cleanliness.

"Even the walls of his house are not idle, but something is written or painted there which may excite the reader to a thought of piety; especially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed on a fair tablet as being the rule of a family.

"The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet. His fare is plain and common, but wholesome; what he hath is little, but very good.

"The country Parson is exceeding exact in his life; being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. The Parson's yea is yea, and nay, nay; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation."

He writes on charity in the noblest spirit; of comforting, of reproving, of catechising in God's word: in all things approving himself as a "Minister of God," "by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."

Grace and goodness still find favour. In honour of our poet, a memorial-window has recently been introduced into the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. It represents, Mary at the feet of Jesus, and Martha expostulating; Herbert himself is in the background, among the disciples looking on. Beneath are inscribed the following lines, from one of his poems on affliction:—

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown:
Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage."

CHRIST EVER PRESENT.

"Lo, I am with you!" That farewell saying, says the author of "The Memories of Gennesaret," has lost none of its comfort. "You,"—that little word embraced every one of us! "I am,"—Jesus looked down the vista of eighteen centuries. His eye, perhaps, was on some lone spirit left to the mercy of the storm; and still He says, "O thou of little faith, wherefore art thou cast down?—dry thy tears, dispel thy misgivings. Lo, I am with you."

'Tis a blessed assurance amid much that is changing here! Heart and flesh do faint and fail! Often our cisterns are scarcely filled when they break in pieces; our suns have scarcely climbed the meridian, when they set in weeping clouds; our fondest schemes are blown upon, our most cherished gourds withered. We seat ourselves in our homes, but there are blanks there; vacant seats tell the too truthful tale of severed links, and blighted hopes, and early graves. As age creeps on, we look around us, but the late companions of our pilgrimage are gone; noble forest-trees, one by one, have bowed to the axe; the place that once knew them, honours them no more. But there is One surviving the wreck and ruin of all sublunary joys, changeless among the changeable,—"Lo, I am with you,"—and the "wilderness and the solitary place" are by that presence made glad.

Amid sacred musings over departed friends, when visions of "the loved and lost" come flitting before us like shadows on the wall, how often do we indulge the pleasing imagination of their still mingling with us in mysterious intercourse, their wings of light and smiles of love hovering over us; delighting to frequent with us hallowed haunts, and re-participate with our spirits in hallowed joys. This may, perchance, be but a fond delusion regarding others, but it is sublimely true regarding Jesus. When the gates of morning are opened, swifter than the arrowy light His footstep of love is at our threshold, and His voice of love is heard saying, "Lo, I am with you."

When the glow of health has left our cheek, and the dim night-lamp casts its thickening gleam on our pillow, His unslumbering eye is watching us, and His lips gently whisper, "Lo, I am with you." When amid the awful stillness of the death-

chamber, gazing on the shroud which covers the hope of our hearts and the pride of our lives, O! amid that prostration of earthly hopes, when unable to glance one thought on a dark future; when the stricken spirit, like a wounded bird, lies struggling in the dust, with broken wing and wailing cry, longing only for pinions to fly away from a weary world to the quiet rest of the grave; in that hour of earthly desolation, He, who has the keys of death at His girdle, nay, who has tasted death Himself, and, better still, who hath *conquered* it, draws near in touching tenderness, saying, "Lo, I am with you." I will come in the place of your loved ones. I am with you to cheer you, to comfort you, to support and sustain you. I, who once wept at a grave, am here to weep with you. I will be at your side in all that trying future. I will make My grace sufficient for you, and My promises precious to you, and My love better than all earthly affection. The one is changeable, I am unchangeable; the one must perish, I am the strength of your heart and your portion *for ever!*

PRAY FOR HIM.

You are in a railway-carriage. The train has just left the station, and your journey is begun. On the opposite seat, there, right in front of you, sits a man whose face declares him unhappy. You are wondering whether or not he is a Christian, but have not the courage to ask. In vain you try to enter into conversation with him. After a few remarks about the weather, you both relapse into silence. You are anxious about that man's soul, yet know not what to do. There are those tracts in your pocket, brought on purpose to give away; but you are afraid to offer one. You know the man has a soul, a soul of priceless value. You know that Christ died for him, that God wills his salvation, and that a few words from you may be the means of saving him. Yet you know not what to say, nor how to begin. At the next station he may get out, and the opportunity be lost for ever. What shall you do? Ah! you can *pray for him*. Just now lift up your heart to God on his behalf. Ask God, the Holy Ghost, to awaken him. This may save the man. He may have been preached to and talked to before, but perhaps not prayed for. We repeat the advice. As you sit there, lift up your heart to God, and with the weight of the value of his soul, pressing upon yours, *pray for him*.

There is that worst boy in your Sunday-school class. Every Sabbath that boy tries your patience to the utmost. He gives more trouble than the whole class besides. You have thought to report the case to the Superintendent, and request the boy's dismissal. What to do with him you cannot tell. You have tried severity, but it only hardened him. You have tried kindness, but to all appearance that also has been vain. You are now almost in despair. What more *can* be done? O, teacher, have you prayed for him? Have you laid the whole case before the Lord, and with many earnest cries have prayed Him to soften the lad's heart? Have you done this? If not, you have left unused a most powerful weapon. He may yet be conquered. Prayer brings down the Holy Spirit, and He can melt the hardest heart. Then, teacher, take the case of that bad boy to the throne of grace; and, with an earnestness of entreaty that will not be denied, *pray for him*.

You have a wicked man in your tract-district. When you first called at the house and made known your business, he loaded you with abuse, and threatened to burn the tract you left. He has destroyed several, and your heart always trembles as you approach his door. It may be that you have, at length, ceased to call; and

now, in making your round, you pass him by. O, tract-distributer, pray for that man! Make his case a subject of special pleading with God. 'Tis yet possible to save him. His heart may yet be softened, and prepared to receive the good seed. O, give not up his case as hopeless! Tell the Lord all about him. Ask Him to rescue the sinner from the snare of the devil; and as you walk towards your district, and as you leave tracts at other doors, and specially when before God in your closet, have that man's case before you, and *pray for him.*

You are a parent. God has been gracious to you in saving the souls of your children. Nearly the whole of them have been brought into the way, and are ornaments to their profession. But there is one, it may be the eldest son, who still walks in the way of death. His heart seems set on evil. Your example and teaching have failed to influence him for good, and your greatest trial is that this one will not yield his heart to God. He has caused his mother many a pang, but for that he does not care. And often when his father is bowed in secret, amid his happiest moments of fellowship with God, his heart yearns after the prodigal, and David's cry is his, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!" He seems to defy every attempt to do him good, and, as though resolved to break his mother's heart, runs more and more into the same excess of riot. What shall be done for this prodigal; this speckled sheep in the family? O, pray for him! Father, mother, brothers, sisters, pray for him! You say you have done so; done so for years, and apparently without effect. He *has* been prayed for, prayed for hundreds of times. All this may be true; yet we still say, "Pray for him." O praying parents, God is surely hearing you. The answer will come one day. Your prayers must bring down an influence upon that hard-hearted son. They shall eventually prevail. Only believe. Lay the whole matter before your "Father which is in heaven;" and while your heart is grieved and almost broken on account of the guilt of your son, with all fervour and importunity, *pray for him.*

There lives a miserable man not far from your dwelling, whose oaths cause you much pain. Perhaps he is a drunkard as well. He is seldom to be found sober; but drinking, fighting, blaspheming, he is rapidly destroying his soul. The people think him a very reprobate, and that he is gone too far ever to turn. You dare not speak to him. A word of kind reproof would bring upon your head a whole torrent of abuse. Yet in your heart you pity that poor outcast, and you would give almost anything to save his soul. There is *one* way by which you may possibly reach that man's heart. If every other way is blocked up, you can pray for him. Do this at once. Think of his soul as bought by the blood of Jesus. Think of it as hurrying into hell, where its worm shall never die, and the fire never be quenched. Pray for him; for it may be the first time he has ever been prayed for. Perhaps no pious mother took him early to the throne of grace. Perhaps he had a father who cared not for his son's salvation. It may be that no one has thought or cared to pray for him. But this you can do. Make that man's case your own, and plead for him as though his weight of guilt was your own. God hears prayer, and you may prevail. O, pity that poor, lost man; and, with all the earnestness you possess, *pray for him.*

There is a power, a mighty power, in prayer. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Who can tell *how much?*

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh

findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." (Luke xi. 9, 10.) "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." (1 John v. 14, 15.)

I. E. P.

THE DESPISED BUNDLE OF TRACTS.

He to whom seed, so precious as Divine truth, has been entrusted, should never lay aside the seed-basket, nor stay his hand, whilst strength and daylight are afforded. In places likely and unlikely he ought to scatter the seed plenteously. He must not be too careful in inquiring concerning the nature of the soil, but rather diligently cast in the seed. He must not be discouraged because the tender plant does not immediately appear; nor when, months after the seed has been cast in, there is no appearance of greenness and beauty; nor when hopes raised and cherished have been disappointed. With an ear attentive to the command of the great Master, and an eye fixed on the future harvest-home, he must still cast in the seed. In holy Scripture we are distinctly and frequently taught the importance of this "patient continuance in well doing;" whether we are endeavouring to reach heaven ourselves, or are striving to lead others into that way of holiness which leads to heaven. "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

Whilst Christian believers are directed in holy Scripture to persevere in their efforts to do good, whether they are permitted to discern any beneficial result or not, they are also encouraged by observing how good has, in numberless instances, been effected unperceived by those whose labours were thus blessed. We follow after those who in years gone by laboured in the great harvest-field. As we tread in their footsteps, and endeavour to emulate their zeal, we often behold springing up tender plants which those who cast in the seed were never permitted to look on. All around the footprints of those servants of God there is a greenness and fruitfulness which they did not anticipate. We are reminded how the Lord said to His disciples, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." We are glad to look upon the result of their patient toil; but we ought thereby to be encouraged in our attempt to imitate that patient toil.

Every circumstance is valuable which is calculated to encourage the people of God to persevere in their efforts, when for a time they perceive no immediate results. Numberless circumstances of this kind have been recorded. An additional one may be interesting. A Minister was requested to visit one of the members of the church, who was ill. The invalid had

recently been brought to a saving acquaintance with the Lord Jesus. Under the preaching of the Gospel he had been convinced of his lost condition as a sinner before God, and had become acquainted with the plan of salvation through faith in the precious blood of the Saviour. Whilst engaged in mental prayer as he was walking along the street, he had been enabled to cast himself on the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, and found peace in believing. For a little time he had enjoyed the communion of saints in the class-meeting, and had been seeking to grow in grace. Now the reality of his Christian enjoyment was tested amid great feebleness and pain, and that enjoyment was proved to be real. There was solemn joy within the heart of that sufferer, and a good hope of heaven, when thus reminded of the frailty and uncertainty of earthly life. His wife too was supported by grace Divine. She could not but contrast their present condition and feelings with what they would have been if the grace of God had not been afforded. In that chamber of sorrow and of consolation she related to her Pastor the manner in which the Lord led her to Himself.

"My early years were spent in utter thoughtlessness, and sinful folly. After our marriage I seldom attended any place of worship. We had been married a few years when we came to reside in this town. During the summer season we let some of our apartments to persons visiting the seaside. This furnished an additional pretext for remaining at home during the Sabbath, as I had to cook for the visiters, and attend on them. Lengthened intervals therefore passed in which I never entered any Christian sanctuary, nor felt any disposition to do so. Occasionally I was uneasy, and experienced what I now know were the strivings of the Holy Ghost. But I quenched the influences of the good Spirit. During this period of my life I had a very strong aversion to the Wesleyan Methodists. I could have assigned no reason for my dislike to them, but it was exceedingly powerful. I should have been far slower to believe anything good of a Methodist, and far more ready to believe what was evil concerning him, than respecting any other person. I really knew very little about Methodism, and of course did not go to their chapel, or seek intercourse with themselves. Their profession of godliness excited the enmity of the carnal mind within me.

"Summer was once more closing, as usual, in utter forgetfulness of God. A lady, who had occupied apartments in the house, asked me, when she was leaving, if I would accept a few tracts. Of course, I regarded it as my interest to humour the fancies of my guests; and therefore accepted the tracts with an appearance of thankfulness. I hoped to see her another summer, and to have her recommendation to others. In my heart, however, I disliked her for her gift. So soon as the conveyance bearing her and her luggage had left the door, I pettishly threw the bundle of tracts where they were not likely to be seen very speedily, and exclaimed to myself, 'If she has nothing to give me better than religious books, she may keep her presents for someone else. I do not want them.' For a long time the tracts were no more thought of. The summer-season, with its constant bustle, ended once more. The Sunday was again a day of weariness. I had no inclination to enter the house of God, and knew not how to spend the time pleasantly. At length, one Sunday afternoon, being quite at a loss for employment, I thought of the little books, and determined to examine them. I supposed it possible that something might be found therein which would serve for ridicule, or would otherwise amuse me. The packet was opened, a tract selected,

and I sat down to read. My attention was at once arrested. I felt as I had never done before. My condition as a sinner was revealed to me as in a Divine light. As I read, I began to weep. Though greatly distressed, I felt constrained to read on. I was amazed at the ignorance, and heedlessness, and worldliness I had hitherto manifested. The tears continued to flow fast during the greater part of that memorable afternoon. When my husband returned home, I at once addressed him: 'O, William, what have we been doing all our lives? What can you and I have been thinking about to act in such a manner?' I at once purposed, that, if spared to see another Sabbath, I would go to a place of worship. When the day arrived, I allowed the forenoon to pass away without putting my resolution into practice. My mind was not so distressed as it had been a few days previous. But in the afternoon, when I came to reflect, my convictions returned in all their strength and painfulness. I yielded to the suggestions of the gracious Spirit, and with a prayerful heart prepared to attend public worship. From that time I regularly attended the Wesleyan chapel, hoping to hear what would lead to my salvation. All that was said did but increase my distress. At length I found my way to the prayer-meeting. When there, I could only weep. Though the way of salvation was clearly pointed out, something kept me back from the Saviour. At length, one Monday morning, my husband, for the first time, discovered me on my knees, engaged in secret prayer. I was ashamed to be so found, yet felt that a powerful snare had been thus broken. He regarded me as ill, and wished to stay from business in order to walk with me in the fresh air. I asked him to sit down, whilst I read a few verses of God's word. This he did. We afterwards knelt down, and I endeavoured to pray aloud, but could not. My distress increased. Desirous to aid me, my husband went for two Christian women. One of these hastened to summon one of our Ministers. These prayed for me, and I tried to pray. I discovered afterwards that in the turmoil the fire had gone out, the breakfast-things were unwashed, and on the table. Then, I had but one thought: How shall I obtain mercy? After some time spent in prayer, I felt a little easier, and was left alone. But there was no satisfactory peace. But when alone, attending to my household duties, yet pleading for salvation, the Lord enabled me to cast myself on the Saviour, and I was filled with joy. My bodily strength seemed to be doubled, and I really performed a task with ease which I had long been unequal to. From that time to this, I have been enabled to walk in the light of God's reconciled countenance. I would endeavour to 'sow beside all waters,' knowing that our gracious Lord employed for my salvation the despised bundle of tracts."

B. S.

GENERAL HAVELOCK'S PRAYER-TENT.

MANY people excuse themselves from God's service for want of time. The apprentice does; the school-boy in the hurry of term-time does; the man at his workshop does; the mother with her large family around her does.

General Havelock, that distinguished General in India, whose wisdom and bravery did so much to put a stop to the cruel and bloody mutiny of the Sepoys, never made this excuse to get rid of the service of his heavenly Father. *He* had time, among all the hurry and worry of camp-life, to make the business of religion the *first* business. He *found* time. He did not believe that God ever put men in posts where they could not serve Him. He was a man of prayer, and he found time to pray; not only to pray by

himself, but with his men. Among his camp-baggage was a *praying-tent*, the biggest one he had; and this he used to pitch at the stations, and hold prayer-meetings in it, and read the precious word of God to his soldiers.

He well knew, if there was a class of men in the world that needed the comforts and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And many a poor soldier found how superior was a heavenly service over anything the Queen of England could offer. In the hurried and awful marches which General Havelock and his regiments were forced to make in the late war, he arose two hours before his men, in order to have time to pray. If they were to begin their march at six o'clock in the morning, he was up at four. If the camp were to break up at four, he was up at two. He believed there was time for the business of religion. And the papers tell us there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty, so reliable in those dreadful times, as General Havelock and his praying regiments.

THE POOR RICH MAN.

A DEATHBED makes strange revelations and revolutions. Many a man who has been honoured for sagacity or for success in life, is then discovered to have been guilty of consummate folly, and to be poorer than many beggars. There is a stern moral in the following incident:—

Some years ago you might have noticed, in one of our large cities, a sorrow-stricken young man, with a lady leaning upon his arm, making their way through the crowd and onward, entering a large, handsome house in —— street. They ascend silently to a chamber in the third story, in the north-west corner of the house. The room is spacious and airy, the furniture all rich and elegant; but the room is darkened to the sombreness of twilight, for a sick man lies stretched upon the couch. He is panting for breath, yet he is fully conscious of all that is passing around him.

The young man who has just entered is his eldest son. In that same room are a group of younger children, from Anne, the child of seven, upward to the elder brother. The wife of the sick man, the mother of the children, is well-nigh prostrate in her grief; for it has come upon her in an unexpected moment. Two weeks ago her husband was the strong, active man of business, full of his plans, and prosperous in them all.

These two weeks, how quickly have they been numbered! The slight illness, the feeble, pallor-struck frame, then the deep-seated fever, and the mastery of disease, these have brought the strong one to the gate of the grave, and he tells his family how he has disposed of his property to them.

Henry is to have the house in —— street; the others are to have other houses.

But the father can scarcely proceed. Choking emotion, and his great weakness, have overcome him; he falls back, draws his arms across his eyes, and remains silent. Dear little Anne, his pet, his darling, she comprehends but slightly the meaning of these doings, but her heart is breaking for her father. He is going to die, to leave them; this she knows: but where is he going?

It is not a religious family. They have been kind, amiable, and true to each other; but they have been living for this world. In the bosom of this child, untrammeled thought pierces beyond the present; and, in that deep, sad stillness, with the sick man just about to step into the dark, unknown future, she makes the startling inquiry, "Have you a house, papa, where you are going?"

O, no! the poor man had not a house prepared for him. He had never wanted the Saviour to prepare

a place for him, and nobody in the wide universe could give him a heavenly mansion. Are there not many, very many, in his condition?

Reader, have you a house where you are going?

HIDDEN RANK.

In Hugh Miller's autobiography, there are a few lines in which he describes a worthy old widow, under whose roof he once lodged, and which are full of instruction. He speaks of her as "conscientious and devout, and ever doing her humble work consciously in the eye of the Great Taskmaster; one of a class of persons not at all so numerous in the world as might be desirable, but sufficiently common to render it rather a marvel that some of our modern masters of fiction have never chanced, judging from their writings, to come in contact with any of them. . . She was a humble washerwoman; but I am convinced that in the other world, which she must have entered long ere now, she ranks considerably higher." Ah, depend upon it, there will be many a startling difference between Divine and human judgment.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

When the revelations of eternity shall be made, how wonderful will God's providence seem, in often choosing the weakest instruments to bring about His most glorious works! How often, even in the view of His creatures, does He select "the weak things of the earth to confound the things that are mighty," constraining all to say, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord!" The most precious revivals that have blessed particular churches and communities have often commenced in the midnight prayers and wrestlings of some obscure child of God, whose soul overflowed with love for the Master, and anguish for perishing souls.

So also the great enterprises of the day have risen to their present vast proportions from very small beginnings.

"A pebble in the streamlet sent
Has changed the course of many a river."

An humble Welsh Clergyman was once walking among his flock, when he chanced to meet a little girl. He asked if she could remember his text of the previous Sabbath. She hung her head and wept, telling him she had no Bible in which to find the place. This led to some inquiries, in which the Minister learned that neither her parents nor neighbours owned this precious book. The good man's heart was deeply pained at this sad destitution; and this little conversation led to a meeting in London of a few earnest Christians, who sought to devise some means for supplying the poor in Wales with the Bible. From that small meeting grew the great institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society; an institution which has distributed already more than fifteen millions of copies of the word of God, and which sends forth its hundreds of thousands annually. From this sprang, in turn, other Bible Societies, and their thousand branches. From such a tiny germ originated this gigantic tree, whose leaves of life and healing are sent forth to all the nations of the earth.

In view of such results, how can we look upon a single act of our lives as unimportant? What a solemn responsibility rests upon us, even in our most thoughtless moments! For the daily, hourly actions of our life may be as prolific of evil as of good. Yet what encouragement does it hold forth to even the humblest worker in Christ's vineyard! E. L. M.

Religion and Morals.

THE END OF THE YEAR, AND ITS WATCHNIGHT.

BY THE REV. JOHN REACHER.

HERE again is solemn-voiced December, summoning us to look behind, before. Last of the months of another rapid year, it bids us consider our ways. Although time never tarries, it is very meet and right that we should employ some of its passing hours in reviewing our course. If the merchant does not lose the time which he spends in taking stock; if the mariner does not lose the time which he employs in reckoning his log; so neither does mortal, immortal man, waste the time which he occupies in the careful and penitent examination of his past life, and in ascertaining its bearings on the great hereafter. Serious reflection, and the devout renewal of our covenant with God, are always seasonable,—peculiarly seasonable *now*. And, we may ask, would it not be for the good of his soul, that every Methodist reader of this page should employ many of the leisure moments of this last month of the dying year in such reflection, and in such *private* covenanting with God? This were to engage his heart to approach unto the Lord; and would prepare him to profit by those public solemnities which, among us, mark the coming season. In due course, the watch-night and the covenant services will be held in our various sanctuaries; but, if we would enter into these services aright, we ought beforehand to return unto the Lord with all our hearts, putting away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among us; and so preparing our hearts unto the Lord, to serve Him only. (1 Sam. vii. 3.) With these solemn convocations in prospect, it well becomes us to "remember all the way which the LORD our God has led us," say, this one year, or say, "these forty years, in the wilderness." We shall find much to humble us; much, also, to awaken gratitude.

The blessings of this year: let us recall *them*, and ponder, and be thankful. "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness." "Day by day" our loving God has given us "our daily bread." Nor has He *doled* out to us the mercies of His providence as with a niggard hand. So far from this, He has daily *loaded* us with benefits; yea, loaded us,—for "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto GOD the Lord belong the issues from death." Moreover, God has kept the graces of our souls; He has kept our souls in grace. Now, as twelve months since, He enables us to rejoice in His favour, and to hope for the full and final "salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory." Our way may have been rough and steep, but "Ebenezer; Hitherto hath the LORD helped us." "Having obtained help of God" who alone had help to give; "having obtained help" as each day's need required, —we "continue unto this day," and are *now* many "days' march nearer home." "Who," then, "am I, O Lord GOD, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" We well may marvel. To have been "*brought*" as in the arms of God, and to have been brought *hitherto* —all the way, and even hitherto! "He that hath mercy" on us, hath led us; "even by the springs of water" hath He guided us. Considering these things, "I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the LORD, and the praises of the LORD, according to all that the LORD hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which He hath bestowed on them according to His mercies, and according to the multitude of His loving-kindnesses."

It may be, however, that to some readers the departing year has been one of prolonged and extreme *trouble;*—a year of feeble health, of blighted hopes, of sad bereavement. As it was with Job: "My welfare passeth away as a cloud. And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me." Yet even so, has not the year been one of blessing, of *rare, rich* blessing? Are not our afflictions themselves among the choicest of our mercies? This, we remember, was the reckoning of St. Paul.

(Rom. viii. 18; 2 Cor. iv. 17.) "The sharpest sufferings I endure flow from God's faithful care:" so said the Rev. W. Jay, on his deathbed. And to the same effect are the words of Dr. Payson, uttered in similar circumstances:—"You will one day bless Him for all your sufferings, as I do for mine. I have not suffered one pang too much. God was never more kind than when I thought Him most unkind." Exhausted and struggling for breath, Hewitson remarked, "This is one of the rough places of the road; but then it is the right road." Yes, "it is the right road" after all. God makes no mistakes. "We went through fire and through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Though greatly tried, then, this year, let us not qualify our praises. Rather let us rejoice that God has so much loved us, as to chasten us, and not to spare even for our crying.

Have not others of us this year been *born again?* This, then, is our first really happy December. We have "obtained mercy." God has raised us "out of the pit of corruption," and has "cast all our sins behind His back." Our hearts have found the true rest. Ought not we to devote the remaining days of our birth-year to the delightful and becoming work of praise?

But some *require to weep.* The review of the year is distressing. For while God to us has been true and bountiful, we to Him have been unfilial and unfaithful. The covenant which we made with Him on the first Sabbath of the year, we have forgotten, and we have broken. Prosperity has made us restive, adversity has soured us; and, alike in prosperity and trouble, we have "restrained prayer before God," and have, in heart, "gone away backward." We have neglected the closet, the Bible, the class-meeting, and for this have paid a heavy penalty in the loss of light and power. If our fellow-pilgrims have gone "from strength to strength," we, on the other hand, have gone from strength to weakness, and to greater weakness still. What work for repentance have we made this year! How saddening is the review! Yet it can do us no good to cry out, "My leanness, my leanness," if we do not repair to the Restorer of Israel. "I will arise, and go to my Father." "Let us search and try our ways:"—let us *search* our ways, to know what they are; let us *try* our ways, to know how wrong they are; but let us also "turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens."

* * * * *

But while we thus consider our ways toward God, and God's ways toward us during the waning year, the year makes haste to leave us. "The fugitive moment refuses to stay." And now we repair to the house of God. In that sacred place, and amidst those who, like ourselves, desire to be "found of Him in peace," "we all a solemn vigil keep." Prepared by our previous reflection and close self-communing, we feel that the WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE is an eminent means of grace. We "humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God." We repent of our past sins, and, through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, we find mercy. We "rehearse the righteous acts of the LORD," and join with our fellow-worshippers to "sing of mercy and judgment." Reminded of the rapid haste of probationary time, and of the nearing approach of the great eternity, we pray, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The Preacher bids us consider that "when a few years are come, we shall go the way whence we shall not return;" and, moved by this awakening truth, we mortal men seek refuge in the eternal God, and make HIM "our dwelling-place," who, "in all generations," has put His "everlasting arms" around His trusting ones. As the service proceeds, we recall to memory our beloved friends and brethren who have been summoned home; and by faith we join our hands with theirs, and anticipate the day of glad re-union. We address ourselves to duty, and, amidst the solemn silence of the dying year, we again put our hand to the plough, and resolve to "work while it is day." Moreover, we send forth our thoughts to the coming of the Lord; and, not doubting but that He who saves us now, will more gloriously save us then, our song rises to a triumph, and we cry out, "Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus." . . . The numbered moments glide away. A new year has come. And throughout our Methodism there

rises one clear, loud song, in the old familiar tune,—

"Come, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear."

We offer no apology for the Methodist watchnight service. It needs none. In the first days of Methodism, indeed, this service was misrepresented and reviled by those who sought occasion against us; but the poet of our sanctuary met them with the remarkable question,—

"So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one night for God?"

The Wesleyan watchnight dates from the earliest times of the United Societies. We have this account of its origin by Myles, in his "Chronological History:"—"The custom was begun at Kingswood by the colliers there, who, before their conversion, used to spend every Saturday-night at the ale-house. After they were taught better, they spent that night in prayer. Mr. Wesley, hearing of it, ordered it first to be once a month, at the full of the moon; then once a quarter, and recommended it to all his Societies." In those days abundant unction was wont to descend upon the evening watchers; "for there the Lord commanded the blessing." We quote a few illustrative paragraphs from the Journal and Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley:—

"August 14th, 1741.—Our Kingswood school was crowded with those that came from all parts to the watchnight. I enforced our Lord's words, 'Have faith in God;' and indeed we had. The spirit of faith was poured out. Many were there who could not keep it in, but out of the abundance of their heart their mouth spake. I triumphed till the morning with the voice of joy and thanksgiving among such as keep holiday."

Again: "Last night we kept a triumphant watchnight at the Foundery, and parted soon after ten."

Again: "October 1st, 1756.—We had a most triumphant watchnight [at York]. . . . The enemy did not like our employment, and stirred up his servants without to interrupt us; but our voices prevailed. We sung the 'Hymns in a Tumult' with great calmness and consolation. Mr. W——'s maid was deeply wounded. The shout of a King was in the midst of us; and the people thought it full early to part at eleven."

Blessed be God, from the days of our Methodist elders unto these times, He has continued to bless the solemn watchnight. The thoughtless have been awakened. Penitents have received pardon; believers have been quickened and sanctified; an impulse has been given to the work of God. "The powers of the world to come" have laid arrest on slumbering professors: eternity has been brought nigh. Revivals of religion have commenced; but, indeed, for the full results we must wait till "that day."

It is to be hoped that the watchnight of the approaching 31st will be one of singular saving visitation. And why not? Let "prayer" be "made to God continually." Let each worshipper "prepare his heart to seek the Lord." Let expectation be evoked. Let effort be made to induce the attendance of the careless, and of backsliders. Let the addresses be pointed, close, direct to the heart. Let the Holy Spirit be entreated to crown the last service of this gracious year with special grace. And who can doubt the issue? The Lord will, He surely will, "cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."

With a view to stimulate and sustain hope with regard to the coming watchnight, we would here ask attention to a bright page of Methodist history. We quote from the Rev. W. W. Stamp's valuable "Historical Notices of Wesleyan Methodism in Bradford:"—

"Towards the close of 1805, under the ministration of the Rev. Messrs. Suter and Wilson, Bradford was favoured with one of those extraordinary visitations, which have occasionally marked the progress of our Zion. . . . A more than ordinary influence had for some time accompanied the ministration of the word, and the varied means of grace; so that the Societies generally 'building up' themselves on their 'most holy faith, praying in the holy Ghost,' and keeping themselves 'in the love of God,' were 'looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life;' when, during the

services of the September quarterly watch-night, after several had engaged in exhortation and prayer, pleasing indication was given that the Head of the church, 'the Giver of all grace,' was about to pour—

'All the Spirit of His love.'

Several were that evening in distress for their sins; and whilst one was pleading with God in immediate reference to one of the number,—'Lord! if this man had on his conscience the sins of the whole world, one drop of Thy blood would wash them all away!' a member of Society, who till that moment had been a stranger to the 'sense of sin forgiven,' was happily enabled to trust in Christ, and became the witness of His power to save. So extensively, from that hour, was the flame of heavenly influence diffused, that for several months there was scarcely a sermon preached, or any religious service held, under which some were not convinced of sin, or given to rejoice in God. The doors of the Octagon chapel, for ten or twelve weeks, were scarcely ever closed either by day or night; one party of worshippers frequently waiting *without*, till those within had fulfilled the appointed hour of service. The preaching of the word, during that period, was of necessity, almost laid aside; no sooner, in many instances, was the text announced, than the cries of persons in distress so interrupted the Preacher, that the service of the word was at once exchanged for one of general and earnest intercession. Two zealous men, of established piety, were for some time supported by the Society, in order that they might be constantly employed in exhorting, or praying with those who were in distress, or in holding meetings for prayer in the immediate neighbourhood."

Haste again, ye days of grace! "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together!" O that this *last* month of the year may be to all our churches the *first* of a great revival! O that the watch-night of this year may be like the "triumphant" watchnights of our Israel's youth!

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXVI.

"*What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death.*" (Rom. vi. 21.)

These words present to us an anatomy of sin, in three such parts as will yield us the discovery of it in its three several states: its infancy, its youth, its fullest age. In the act of commission, the immediate consequence, and the last period of it. First, in the act of commission: even *then*, when it pretendeth to be most of all gainful and advantageous, we find it absolutely *unfruitful*. We do but suffer it whilst we enjoy it. What fruit had ye *then*, even *then* when ye committed it? even *then* when ye were the servants and slaves of sin? Secondly, in the immediate consequence, when it should have yielded us some revenue, that might have been answerable to a painful and perhaps a chargeable purchase, it doth unhappily bring us in, not an emptiness only, but *shame* too. What fruit had ye of those things of which ye are *now* ashamed? *now* that your souls are enlightened, and your wills reformed? *now* that you are servants and sons of God? Thirdly, in the close of it: though one would think it sufficient to serve so hard a master as sin, and to receive such severe wages as shame; yet the greatest arrear of punishment is still behind. "For the end of those things is *death*:" not a transitory and temporal, but an abiding and immortal, death.—*Pierce's Sinner Impleaded in his own Court. Introduction, Edit.* 1679.

No. CXVII.

"*Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?*" (Matt. xxvii. 17.)

There we see a formal choice. Christ and Barabbas are put to their option; to

which they answer, not implicitly, but in plain terms: "Not this Man, but Barabbas." Here we see a rejection. They will not have Christ, they are resolved. If we go but a verse or two farther, we shall find that it was an absolute and peremptory rejection: for being asked by Pilate, what evil He had done; they only answered what evil they would have Him suffer. "What evil hath He done?" Why, they say, "Let Him be crucified:" which was as if they should have said, "Our only reason is our resolution. We will not have Him, because we will not. He shall be crucified, because He shall." And here it is worthy of our observation, how Pilate and the Jews do both wrangle into friendship: how contrarily they draw to the very same end. Pilate pronounceth Him just; the Jews will have Him guilty; but both condemn Him to be crucified: they through malice; he through fear. Pilate confesseth his guilt, but would fain be innocent. They pretend to innocence, and yet would very fain be guilty. "I am innocent of the blood of this just person," saith he; and yet they say, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children." So that if any be desirous of finding an absolute reprobation, they must not look for it in God, but in the creatures,—of which these Jews are only given as an example,—who refused their Saviour with an absolute reprobation; and with an absolute election did choose Barabbas in His stead. They had no other reason to reject their Saviour than that He was not Barabbas; nor any motive to choose Barabbas, but that he was not their Saviour.—*Ibid.*, pp. 169, 170.

Narratives.

THE CRIPPLE OF LONDON-WALL.*

SARAH is a true Londoner, and has not even any childish memories of the occasional summer holidays which, now in London, in this age of philanthropy, brighten a poor child's life; work, hard work, and long hours of labour, are her earliest recollections. At her father's death she left a little place of all-work for the family-employment of weaving haircloth, followed from five in the morning till ten at night. She was the eldest of many children, and, after that hour, had to scrub the floor of their room; which, because she did it more thoroughly on Sundays, she made an excuse for not accompanying her mother to a place of worship. She remembers the rattle of the old tin-kettles from their high window-sill, which a watchman pulled by a string, at their request, to wake the weary to their early toil each morning; but she has never in her life seen a hayrick, a wood, or a cornfield. Two years ago, however, one friend brought her a few ears of corn, and another some acorns. The longest journey she has undertaken in one direction has been made to Islington Church, and in the other to St. George's-in-the-Borough, when the sight of the water, in crossing the bridge, made her feel giddy.

To a frame thus nurtured in the city's heart, came cholera in its primary visit to our metropolis. This victim did not die of it, though she never recovered from its collapse, and here she lies ever since. Perhaps we remark to her that she is "all alone."

"Yes," she replies, in a peculiarly sweet and cheerful voice, "I am alone; and yet not alone."

"How is that?"

"I feel that the Lord is constantly with me."

This is verified by such an expression of calm happiness on her countenance as was seen in the faces of many of the converts during the recent revivals in Ulster.

"How long have you lain there?"

"For sixteen years and four months; and for two years and four months I have not been lifted out of my bed to have it made. Yet I have much to praise and bless the Lord for."

* *Life-Work; or, the Link and the Rivet.* By L. N. R. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861. Foolscap 8vo. Pp. 343.

"What is the source of your happiness?"

"The thought that my sins are forgiven; and my dwelling on the great love of Jesus, my Saviour. I am content to lie here as long as it shall please Him that I should stay, and to go whenever He may call me. But, O, how wonderful it seems to me that I should be continued here, while those who are young and active are taken away! Four young persons, who used to call upon me, have been taken home within the last six weeks. I have to thank God that I have reason to believe that one of them was led to Jesus by her visits to me."

"That is truly something to be thankful for."

"Yes; and see how God has left to me the use of one thumb:" and she opens and closes her thumb on her crooked and folded fingers.

"Have you also lost the use of the other hand?"

"Entirely." We see that the left hand is clenched and stiff, utterly useless.

"How is she attended to?" you ask.

"I have two kind neighbours," she says, "who come in by turns to bring me my breakfast, and to set me to rights."

Summer evenings and winter nights! God has cared for poor "Sarah" through them all, for sixteen years, and caused her two neighbours to care for her. The most rigid economy has been necessary; and, however long the dark hours, she never burns a candle, except in illness. If friends drop in upon her, they sometimes bring their own light with them. She says she can think in the dark on the promises of the Lord.

"And you are really never lonely through those many hours," we repeat: "never lonely, and never afraid?"

"No," she replies; "but my kind neighbour, when she was out in her backyard, had a careful thought for me some years ago. 'There lies poor Sarah,' said she; 'there is no light from her small square window, near the head of her bed; she lies all alone, she shall have my clock for company.' So she brought me the clock; and a very great comfort it was to me to hear it tick, and to see how the time went. But afterwards it stopped: we tried to have it mended; but she feared it was a deception, sold to her by an American that went about with such things. Still I liked to look at it for her kindness' sake."

"How long is it since you began to love Jesus?"

"When I lost my poor mother, and had not a friend beside; then I turned to Him, and He 'took me up,' ('When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'—Psalm xxvii. 10,) and He has ever since been 'my Shepherd.' O, how I love His word!"

"Where is your old Bible? the one you had before the Bible Society gave you that large one?"

"A friend took that away, who said he would have it now I had got a new one. But I miss it, somehow; for I had marked it with a pencil everywhere, so that there was no more room to mark; and though its print was small, I lifted its leaves with my fork easier than this big one. I went without butter and sugar, too, to pay a penny a-week to get it."

"You said the Lord was your Shepherd?"

"Yes; that is quite a true name for Jesus. 'I shall not want:' my own life can show *that;* and 'not want any good thing.'"

The string of the loving-kindness of the Lord once touched, note after note prolongs the song of praise.

"God makes people so very kind to her, the longer she lies there the more kind He makes them. For six weeks in succession, last year, half-a-cwt. of coals were sent in to her every Saturday, and she could never discover the donor."

She describes how unexpectedly they came, her surprise at the gift, and how welcome they were.

She has not always lived in this room; a fire broke out in the court where she formerly resided, and her very curtains were in flames, when the neighbours removed her, like a bundle in a blanket, to this safe place. They had put up her bed again for her before night.

Her life was three times threatened by an impatient relative who had the care of her at one period. Sometimes the poor are selfish, and very weary of the existence which is a burden to them. This woman was one morning almost driven to desperation by the low price she had

obtained for shirt-making, and went away declaring, that when she came home, "she would finish" poor Sarah. She went out for cat's-meat, and Sarah lay still, praying. On her return, she sat herself down, bleeding, by the fireplace. She had run a hook into her own foot, and was, for that time, disabled from doing injury to the poor cripple. At another period she declared she would knock her on the head, and rose to do so; but striking the bed-post, in her fury, instead, put her own shoulder out. A third attempt was made, and quite as suddenly defeated by the Providence of God, of which being at last convinced, that person has since become friendly, and old Sarah is not now in her power.

If we inquire into her definite means of support, she replies, "I have 4*s*. 6*d*. a week from the parish: 2*s*. I pay for my room, and 1*s*. to my sister for cleaning it; and then there is washing, coals, and food. One kind friend allows me 6*d*. a month; and sometimes I am on the 'Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society' for five or six weeks: while I am upon it, I have 1*s*. 6*d*. a week." Sarah has two meals a day; and in the evening one cup of tea, but nothing to eat, for she can do as well without it. Friends are kind in taking her occasional nourishment. "Yesterday a lady brought in two such nice chops;"—but it is none the less living by faith, and most truly she can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

We notice something like an old book hanging at the back of her door, and ask her what it is. "O, that is a Missionary-box for the City Mission to the poor people round here." (Well may she think of *Home Missions!*) "My Missionary opens it sometimes, and he finds a great many pence in it. If I cannot give to it myself, my friends put in something for my sake."

O, what joy lights up her face as we speak of the present times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, by the outpouring of His Holy Spirit! "That He should have suffered *her* to live to hear of these days!" she says. She longs, in her helplessness, to be "an ambassador for Christ;" a "worker together with Him," beseeching men that they receive not the grace of God in vain. Perhaps she may speak of God's mercies to a wider circle than she dreams of.

Nothing has been more touching, except the sympathy of the young with her true story, than the voice which has reached us from many a bed of languishing like her own. The recital of her story, as told in the "Book and its Missions," has answered its end, for it has cheered and strengthened many an one set apart to suffer in the higher walks of life. Old Sarah values every mercy in her afflicted lot. The little four-pane window at the head of her bed, throws the light upon her Bible, and makes it easier for her to read; and the window opposite, though it only looks into a small court, "makes it so cheerful." The sunshine, as it lights upon her wall, reminds her of the "Sun of Righteousness;" and the moonbeams, as they stream in and silver the darkness of her evenings, carry her thoughts up to Him who has lighted the darkness of her soul. She "*enjoys* the dark" to think over what she has read in the day, or we have had many an offer of candle or lamp to dissipate it. We have not told her she has been written about. She has a general sense that, somehow or other, by the kindness of many distant friends for whom we ask her to pray, these fresh mercies are bestowed upon her, and the answer she made may go forth to all. We shall never forget the emphasis with which it was uttered. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "UNTO ME," she repeated. "Wonderful! but it is so; for HE says it."

Anecdotes.

FORGETTING THE OFFENCE.

A PERSON came to Mr. Longden, of Sheffield, one day, and said, "I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, Sir," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I

could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "O," said the man, "I really don't know what it is: it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

REBUKE ADMINISTERED.

"VERY salutary impressions," says Mr. Pritchard of Tahiti, "have frequently been produced upon the minds of foreigners by the pious example of the native converts. I was on one occasion dining on board an English ship-of-war with Queen Pomare, other members of the royal family, and several Chiefs. A large table was prepared on the quarter-deck. All being seated, the plates were soon abundantly supplied, but not one of the natives attempted to eat. The Captain was greatly surprised at this, and said to me, 'Mr. Pritchard, I fear we have not provided such food as the natives like: I don't see one of them begin to eat.' I replied, 'You could not have provided anything that the natives would like better: the reason why they do not commence eating is simply this, they are accustomed always to ask a blessing.' Before I could say anything more, the Captain, evidently feeling a little confused, said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pritchard: please to say grace.' I immediately 'said grace,' when the natives soon gave proof that they liked the food which had been provided. One of the officers from the end of the table looked at the Captain very significantly, and said, 'We have got it to-day!' And then, addressing himself to me, he said, 'Mr. Pritchard, you see what a graceless set we are.' All the gentlemen seemed to feel the rebuke thus unintentionally given."

AN ALL-IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION IN MARRIAGE.

WHEN Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated Commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mrs. Mathew in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent Preacher; but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him:" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

Poetry.

THE ELIXIR.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

Religion in Heart and Life.

CONVERSATIONS RESULTING IN CONVERSION.

"Who is to take charge of your Bible-class, Fanny?"

"Indeed, papa, I do not know. I see nothing but difficulties in the way; and yet I believe that God will provide a successor."

"But your stay with us is now so short, that I think some effort should be made to secure a competent person: you leave us next Wednesday, do you not?"

"I expect so, papa: but what can we do, but ask believingly for our heavenly Father to raise up a teacher, and then leave the matter with Him?"

"Could not Emma be persuaded to take it; at least, until some more suitable person appeared?"

"Emma is fully qualified to give the dear girls such teaching as would store their memories with Bible-facts; but what reply could she give, when my prayers are answered for their awakening? How could she show them the way to God through Christ Jesus, when she has yet to learn it herself? No, papa, I will rather leave the class as it is, than 'let the blind lead the blind.' Do not think, I am indifferent about it: my blessed Master knows I am not. I feel that the stone of difficulty is very great; so great, that Almighty power alone can roll it away."

* * * * *

"Is it possible, dear Fanny, that you really leave us on Wednesday, and that this is the last Sabbath we shall spend together for many months?"

"Even so, dear Emma. We shall feel the separation keenly; but I feel certain that I am in the path of duty, and that supports me."

"O, Fanny! what a strange creature you are. If I did not know you, I should think you must be the most miserable being in existence; I mean, judging from the daily dose of self-denial you swallow, to say nothing of duty; duty, all day long; leaving inclination quite out of the question. I see, you are not unhappy; but you are a puzzle to me, or rather, your meek, sunny countenance is. I try, with far greater diligence than you do, to find happiness; indeed, it is my one aim; and you, without even seeming to think of yourself, have happiness to spare for others. Since it is arranged for you to leave us, I do not know how mamma will spare you; and though I will not admit that anyone loves her more than myself, I often grieve her. You so cheer and comfort her, she will greatly miss you."

"It is getting late, dear, and my heart is very full: had we not better go to rest?"

"O, do tell me one thing, dear Fanny. You will perhaps wonder why I am asking you the question, but for days I have so desired to know who is to take charge of your Bible-class."

"Papa asked me that question this morning, and recommended me to ask you to take it."

"What did you reply, Fanny?"

"I told papa, that I could not entrust the charge of precious souls to one who could not show them the way to Jesus, not having come to Him herself."

"You did right, Fanny; and you have shown yourself worthy of the trust given you. But, dearest Fanny, the truth must and shall come out, before I sleep this night. I want to come to Jesus, and to be a soldier of the Cross. I am weary of Satan's services, and of his false promises. I have long wanted to tell you this; but he has hindered me. Do, in the few remaining days you are with us, teach me how to be a Christian of the right sort. I want to take your place, so that our dear parents may feel that, before you are removed, God has given them another lamp in which I hope He will put the oil of His grace, and keep it burning."

"Praise God with me, dear sister. This is what I have long prayed for. I am answered in this, as also in my latest petition, 'Lord, increase my faith.' Surely, I can never doubt again: the answer to believing prayer must come. Believe me, Emma, it is not knowledge you want, but wisdom to use the knowledge you possess: from a child you have been taught the Scriptures. The point now is, Are you willing to accept Christ Jesus our Lord, as both Saviour and King? If He saves, He will reign."

"Yes, Fanny, I hope I am; but do help me. I feel that I want much direction and guidance."

"Not to take the first step: that is very simple. Many miss their way by standing at the strait gate waiting for something to give them a recommendation, or fitness for entering. Now, the truth is, the gate is too strait to admit anything but the naked soul, stripped of the filthy rags of self-righteousness. Leave everything at the gate, and pass in to Jesus, who equips you with everything suited to your journey; armour to fight the three great foes of the narrow path,—the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"I see it all, dear Fanny; and I have long seen what was required of me, if I would be a soldier of the Cross. I have tried to believe that you were wrong, and that God did not demand such a full surrender as you thought necessary. O that I may soon feel happy in the assurance that I am accepted!"

"If you expect happiness you will not be disappointed, my dear sister, provided you seek it in the right way. Instead of spending much time in expectation of an assurance that you are accepted, determine whether or not *you* have accepted the Saviour provided for you. You now see that you cannot save yourself, and that without a Saviour you are for ever lost. Believing as you do, that God, who is rich in mercy, has provided one, it is by putting out the hand of faith, and accepting what has been procured at so much cost, that joy and peace will arise in your heart,—joy at having found what you so much need; and peace, because He maketh peace between you and an offended God."

"Thank you, dear sister, for your patience with me. I see the plan of salvation now, as I never saw it before; but, instead of demanding the joy or peace of an adopted child, so abased do I feel at the sight I now have of my impenitence and long rebellion, that I would say, 'Father, I am not worthy to be called Thy child: make me as one of Thy hired servants.'"

"I will not say one word to keep you from taking the lowest seat in your Father's house; remembering He has said He will especially look to the lowly and contrite."

"Good night, my own dear sister. I will not keep you awake longer, knowing how busily to-morrow must be spent in packing, &c., and the evening with Bertha and her husband."

* * * * *

"Another day has gone, Fanny, leaving but a few hours for us to be together. Thank God that we have, once more before our parting, worshipped in His house. Are the prayer-meetings always as refreshing as the one was to-night?"

"They are always channels from the fountain for thirsty souls: the amount of refreshment we bring from them may generally be measured by the appetite we take with us."

"Well, we went hungering and thirsting too; and, thank God, we are filled. It yet seems strange to me that so much happiness can arise from beholding beauty and loveliness in another. Had you told me what pure joy the love of Christ brings, Fanny, surely I should sooner have abandoned the chase that I have been keeping up after happiness and self-gratification."

"I do not think, Emma, that any amount of talking would have influenced you. Poor prodigals wandering from their Father's house, and vainly trying to satisfy themselves with husks, never think of returning until they come to themselves."

"I dare say you are right; and you will still pray for me, as I know you long have. What shall I do without you, Fanny?"

"Lean upon a stronger arm than mine: for that reason, no doubt, we are separated at the very time we should so cling to each other, if together."

"Yes, Fanny; but I could never have braved Bertha's look of displeasure when I rose to leave the room with you at seven o'clock, (instead of remaining with her whilst you went to the prayer-meeting, as I have usually done,) had you not supported me with your kind encouraging look, which seemed to say, 'He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father, and before His angels.'"

"Yes, Emma. You have now confessed God, not by words, but by deeds, which is far better. Our poor, worldly sister did look astonished; but your having taken this step, the secret is out; she and her husband will now know, that you are deciding to serve God. O that He may, in His mercy, lead her also into the narrow path! This will, perhaps, be the next stone

of difficulty we shall see rolled away. One word before we part, dear Emma, on your intercourse with Bertha. Be kind and loving, but firm in doing what the Bible commands. No compromise, no *trimming* to make Christ's doctrines or precepts suit the palate of the worldly. In their hearts they respect steady adherence to right principles, and despise as cowards all who try to 'serve two masters.'"

"Thank you, my kind and gentle teacher. I shall not forget your advice, nor what has long impressed me, and commanded my admiration,—*your example.*"

* * * * *

N.B.—Ere long, dear reader, the *other* stone of difficulty was, by heavenly help, rolled away. Bertha's worldliness proved unsatisfying; she "came to herself," and in returning to her heavenly Father, He met her when she was yet a great way off, fell upon her neck, and kissed her.

H.

Our Servants.

REVIEW.

We all need review; because our whole conduct is a connexion of one thing with another, not as that of the links of a chain which are made separately first, and afterwards hooked within one another, and welded,—but like the connexion of a plant springing forth from a tiny seed, forming its stem, branches, leaves, blossoms, fruit out of itself; as Moses says in Genesis,—"the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth." The smith's chain may be very strong, and may exhibit good workmanship, but it is dead. The plant is alive; and it is all one from seed to fruit, having seed again within itself. Now, as nobody pretends to remember, all at once, the whole of his conduct, as if he held it up before him,—if he would know it profitably, he must be at the trouble to take hold of some one part of his behaviour; and out of his general habits let him select one action as a specimen, containing an average representation of his character.

Let him look well at that single action, and inquire of himself why it is so imperfect in its execution in manner, time, and fitness? Or how it is that it is found to excel similar actions in some other points? And then let him look at the action next before it, and at the next following it; and let him extend his review a little space higher up and lower down; and let him play fairly by his conscience, bringing it in front, and requiring it to give good judgment. By this means he will probably discern at first only the outside of his character; like a stereoscopic picture, as he steadily gazes, things will get distributed into their right places, and take their proper relation to one another: but by and by he shall see the inside of his character too, his motives, his intentions; and he will learn that conduct is character, and character is himself.

"Better is the end of a thing, than the beginning thereof; and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit." And one way to make the end of a thing better than the beginning, is to be patient in spirit, and wait quietly for the end.

This paper concludes the year, and it may be long before we address another series to our domestic servants. The rule, that "what is well meant should be well taken," is applicable here. It is much more kind to give a friendly admonition, than to join in disparaging remarks. Many and loud are the censures upon the inefficient and the saucy conduct of our servants; and we thought it better to write to them, than to talk against them. In doing so, we may not have used sufficient discrimination. All our servants are not faulty; but many are, and may they amend! Let the wise still learn, and let them teach the foolish. The way to amend the future is to review the past. We shall find that certain actions, like some afflictions that are past, although the pain is forgotten, and the doctor paid, give us periodical spasms, or perhaps depress us continually. Yet

let us not despair: there is still life, and hope too; and we will try to end the old year better than we have lived it.

To assist in this, can we do better than hear Mr. Wesley, in his "Rules of a Helper?"

PONDER.

"BE DILIGENT. NEVER BE UNEMPLOYED A MOMENT. NEVER BE TRIFLINGLY EMPLOYED. NEVER WHILE AWAY TIME: NEITHER SPEND ANY MORE TIME AT ANY PLACE THAN IS STRICTLY NECESSARY.

"BE SERIOUS. AVOID ALL LIGHTNESS, JESTING, AND FOOLISH TALKING.

"BELIEVE EVIL OF NO ONE: UNLESS YOU SEE IT DONE, TAKE HEED HOW YOU CREDIT IT. PUT THE BEST CONSTRUCTION ON EVERYTHING.

"BE ASHAMED OF NOTHING BUT SIN: NOT OF FETCHING WOOD, OR DRAWING WATER; NOT OF CLEANING YOUR OWN SHOES, OR YOUR NEIGHBOURS'.

"BE PUNCTUAL. DO EVERYTHING EXACTLY AT THE TIME; AND, IN GENERAL, DO NOT MEND OUR RULES, BUT KEEP THEM."

Good-bye. P. H.

The Portfolio.

"A RELIGION OF THE FIVE FINGERS."

"WHAT did the German sceptic mean when he said, 'I demand a religion of the five fingers?'" asked Henry.

"He meant that he could not accept a religion which he could not see the reason of as plainly as he could see his hand. Do you see why such a religion could not be from God?"

After a little thinking, Henry said: "We cannot expect to see the reason of all God tells us about Himself. He would not be God, if we could fully comprehend Him."

"The sceptic," I said, "would be puzzled as he studied the very hand so plainly before him: how then could he comprehend God, whose wisdom and power created it? If we understand not the works He places before us, how can we expect to understand His character, thoughts, and purposes?"

"It's like trying to get a gallon into a pint, to try to get God's thoughts into our minds, only more absurd," said Henry.

"Think what the German infidel might have learned of God by studying his hand," I said. "The wisdom of God, even in his hand, is far beyond his comprehension. We cannot explain how our will acts upon the muscles to move our hands, or how they grow, tiny particles being added to tiny particles. And then God's love for man, and care for his comfort, in giving him the most useful hand possible. He has given joints to our fingers, that they may bend; nails to their tips, to protect them, and that we may pick up small things. For this reason, also, the fingers are of unequal length, yet the muscles are so made that when they are bent they are of equal length. Most of the muscles that move the hand are placed in the arm, connecting with the hand by cords, so that we have a small nimble hand, and yet it is very strong. When our nails get broken, unlike the rest of the body, they grow again; and they are broken without pain. Then look, again, at the joints: unlike those we make, while they play easily, they will support themselves at any angle as we bend them.

"'A religion of the five fingers!' If the sceptic had studied his hand, he would have seen proof of God's loving, wonderful work, and that in His works, as in His word, His ways are past finding out. We do not refuse to use our hands because we do not understand them: why should we refuse the religion of the Bible because it tells us some things beyond our comprehension? We reverence God the more, because His workings in our hands are too wonderful for us fully to trace: let us also reverence Him the more because He is so great that we cannot comprehend the fulness of His thoughts. Is

it not wonderful that such a God should stoop to teach me the way of life, and even to die for me? And shall we proudly demand, before we will be saved, that He make us equal to Himself, that we may know all His ways?"

A PENITENT SINNER ENCOURAGED.

A CIRCUMSTANCE was related to me as having occurred to a gentleman who was in great perplexity about his soul. He had been a very ungodly man, and was now as fully bent upon reforming his life, as before he had been inclined in an opposite direction. His conviction of sin was intense; and although he thoroughly understood the method of salvation, and addicted himself to prayer, he was without comfort, perplexed with doubts and fears, sometimes supposing that God had cast him away, but still following hard after Him. He had consulted, without any benefit, many eminent Ministers, and was now for a long time in this disconsolate state, when apparently a most trifling circumstance was the means of curing his dejection. An earnest and continued ringing at his bell brought him to his door. He there saw a most pitiable object, in the person of a half-naked sailor, who had just escaped from shipwreck. The sailor addressed him in these words:—"Poor sailor; cast away; lost all; has nothing; looks to your charity for help." In a moment the gentleman perceived the analogy between the sailor and himself; and, transforming the words, says to himself: "Poor sinner; cast away; lost all; has nothing; *looks to Jesus.*" At once a ray of light and joy broke in upon his soul; he lived to adorn his Christian profession, by a holy, happy, and useful life, and died rejoicing that the way to gain everything that God has to give is to lose everything that man wishes to retain.—*Burnside's Lex Evangelica*, pp. 257, 258, *Edit.* 1861.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE late Rev. Peter Roe, of Kilkenny, was deputed to collect money in England for one of our religious Societies, and called on a London merchant of known liberality, just at the time the merchant had arrived at his office; and, upon Mr. Roe mentioning his object, he said at once, "I will give you a cheque for ten pounds." Having handed him the cheque, he requested Mr. Roe to wait till he had read his letters, and put his young men to their business, as he wished to converse with him on the interesting object of his visit. Mr. Roe observed that, as he read a particular letter, his face became pale and agitated. He laid the letter down in a place by itself, and read it again when he had finished reading the others. "This," said he, addressing Mr. Roe, "is the most serious and important letter I have ever received in the course of a long business. It informs me that one of my ships, with a most valuable cargo, has been lost, involving an amount of loss which I tremble to calculate. Give me back the cheque." Mr. Roe supposed that he intended to cancel it. He tore it to pieces, and then gave him a cheque for one hundred pounds; saying, that if he did not feel chastened by the calamity, he should deserve to have all his ships and property sunk into the depths of the sea.—*Burnside's Lex Evangelica*, p. 375. *Edit.* 1861.

Memorials of the Departed.

MARY PRITCHARD, of Welchpool, in the Newtown Circuit, died February 15th, 1859. She was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society upwards of fifty years without intermission; but it was during her residence at Welchpool, in the last twelve years of her life, that she became well-known to the members of Society in the Newtown Circuit, as one in possession of vital godliness. Her attachment to the cause of God was marked, and she was exemplary in her regular attendance at public worship. She entered fully into the meaning of the

Psalmist's words, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" She was greatly attached to the great Missionary work, and to the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society. For the greater portion of the time she resided at Welchpool, she was a diligent collector for the Wesleyan Missions. During the last year of her life she lived in continual expectation of death; and when visited by the affliction which terminated her earthly course, she cheerfully submitted to the will of God. Her sufferings were of such a nature as to admit of but little intercourse with her friends; and yet in the short intervals which were occasionally afforded, she evidenced that her life was "hid with Christ in God." Her Class-Leader, during one of his visits, remarked to her that it delighted him to feel assured that she had peace with God. She replied, with strong emphasis, "O yes; I have no doubt of that." She sleeps in Jesus, and has left an amiable example behind her, worthy of imitation.

Mary Wilkinson was born at Sandbach, Cheshire, January 22d, 1836. She was the child of parents in the humbler walk of life, who endeavoured to train her in the fear of God. Naturally of a docile and amiable disposition, their assiduity was rewarded by early manifestations of gracious influence upon her mind. When very young, she began to attend the Wesleyan Sabbath-school; and with it she continued to be connected, as a scholar, or a teacher, until her decease. It was here that those deep and permanent spiritual impressions were made, which issued in her conversion to God, and in her union with the Methodist Society when only fourteen years of age. From this period, with the exception of a brief interval, she "walked in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." The word of God was her constant companion and daily study; and she endeavoured to walk by its sacred light. About four months before her decease a severe cold induced consumption; and though for some time hopes were entertained of her recovery, she gradually became weaker, showing that the disease had obtained a power over her frame which no human art could countervail. As, however, her physical energies decayed, her spiritual strength was renewed. No murmur or complaint escaped her lips. "Patience" in her had "its perfect work." When asked if she wished to recover, her answer was, "My will is lost in the will of God." Again, she said, "I owe all to Methodism." "It is through Methodism I am what I am." On one occasion she said, "I should like to go once more to the school:" and, being asked why, she replied, "I would tell them all to prepare to meet me in heaven." Shortly before her departure, when the family were gathered round her, she exhorted them to meet her in heaven. When her mother said, "Are you happy?" she rejoined, "Yes, I have been waiting for this for the last fortnight. Glory, glory, glory! I am happy. I am going to glory." Upon her Leader inquiring, "Mary, is all well?" she answered, "Yes." "You feel," said he, "that you are on the Rock?" "Yes," was the reply, "*firmly fixed;*" and, after a brief period of unconsciousness, she fell asleep in Jesus, February 15th, 1859, aged twenty-three years.

The late Mrs. Elizabeth Walter became a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society upwards of forty years ago. She earnestly sought and obtained peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Her life was one of peculiar trial, borne with Christian fortitude, and resignation to the Divine will. Her children attribute to a mother's prayers, and to Christian consistency, the fact that they were brought in their youth to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to the enjoyment of early piety. She ever felt a peculiar pleasure in liberally supporting the cause of God, and in other acts of Christian benevolence. She left her own residence at Shepton-Mallet about eight months previous to her decease, in order to reside with her daughter at Keinton, in the Glastonbury Circuit; where she died, March 13th, 1859. During her last protracted affliction her mind was kept in a tranquil frame; and her death was marked with serenity and peace.

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